ATLANTIC READERS : BOOK FOUR

THE GREAT CONQUEST

RANDALL J. CONDON

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THE GREAT CONQUEST

ATLANTIC READERS. BOOK FOUR

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THE SCIENTIST SEARCHING THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, EVEN TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, TAKES HIS PART IN THE WORLD'S GREAT CONQUEST (*Page 68*)

THE ATLANTIC READERS

BOOK FOUR
Grade VII

THE GREAT CONQUEST

EDITED BY

RANDALL J. CONDON
Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools

"Character is higher than intellect." — EMERSON

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To All Conquerors
In the Adventures of Every Day
This Book is Dedicated

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To all who have helped to make these books the editor expresses deep appreciation.

First, to my mother, who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all His lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain; joy in service; and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school, — for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools, — but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books, from communion with God and nature, and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us, by what she did, to do; and inspired us, by what she was, to become. The lessons of life and service, of beauty and truth, that my mother taught will be found within these pages.

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RANDALL J. CONDON

FOREWORD

THERE was never a time when the schools needed more than now to reëxamine what they are teaching and the way they are teaching, to the end that emphasis may be placed where it belongs, upon life and the things that make for useful and worthy living. Formal, static routine, mechanical processes and material, do not produce an education that will function in terms of life. Life can be learned only through living, and the more abundant life comes from the things of the spirit. Since "character is higher than intellect," we need to turn our thoughts to a consideration of character as the supreme end of education, to set ourselves the task of devising ways and means for the development of personal character and for its expression in terms of social and civic service. But character cannot be taught, nor right habits of action formed, by any didactic process. Character grows out of life, is connected with life, expresses itself in terms of life, and must be established through living experiences and through the formation of right habits of action inspired by and conducted according to the highest ideals.

The Atlantic Readers grew out of a profound conviction that there is need of fine and fresh material dealing with moral problems — of books that will deepen the sense of moral truth and inspire to noble action.

As an immediate guide to the preparation and selection of the material, ten thousand representative teachers throughout the country were asked through their superintendents to send statements as to what they were using, what plans they had followed, what had been found of greatest value, and what more they needed to help them in the work of character edu-

cation. These replies, which afford a composite view of what is now being done by the best teachers in the most representative schools of America, have served as the basis for the plan of these books. If the Readers are different, this is due, not only to our own conviction that they should be, but to the demand of teachers and superintendents everywhere for reading of this character. They are designed to be books, not of information, but of inspiration. Yet they contain material of real informational value, and the utmost care has been taken to verify scientific, historic, and other factual statements. Something of fancy, imagination, and dramatic interest may have at times been sacrificed in the interest of truth, but anything lost in this respect has been more than offset by the gain in accuracy.

In addition to the many teachers, hundreds of men and women in other professions and occupations, representing a great cross section of American life at its best, were consulted about their own early reading and its influence on their lives, and were asked for suggestions from their later reading which might best help the young people of this day and generation. Most valuable material came from this source.

No selection has been included that does not deal with some phase of life or service, that does not deepen reverence, inspire faith, hope, or courage, teach kindness and helpfulness, magnify duty, obedience, and love of home and country, or foster some other virtue. Nor does the teaching end with inculcating respect and love for our own nation, for, while this is placed first, world fellowship, sympathetic understanding, good will, and coöperation are duly emphasized.

In the books for the upper grades, where these characteristics are emphasized, neither a "narrow nationalism" nor a vague "internationalism" is taught, but a strong, self-reliant nationalism that would seek and find opportunity for expression in terms of world helpfulness, peace, and fellowship. In this,

as in all other matters, a conscious attempt has been made to teach tolerance, kindness, and open-mindedness in order that the child may learn to see and respect another's point of view upon questions about which there is an honest difference of opinion, to appreciate the settling of controversies by reason instead of by force, and to apply the Golden Rule in all personal, business, social, national, and international relations, so that he may be ready at all times to stand for right and justice no matter what the cost. In the later books especially we have turned back to the times that tried men's souls, giving something of the atmosphere of the days of old, thus helping the children to visualize the stirring times in which our fathers lived and fought for freedom. "Fought for freedom" — that is the only kind of war that we have recognized as worthy of a place in these books of character. And we have not hesitated to tell the story of the service which men and women have given in war as well as in peace, in order that liberty and justice might prevail. These books teach peace founded on justice, but they teach also the beauty of a willingness to die if need be for the sake of truth and honor, for freedom of conscience and of country.

No selection has been included that would tend to create a feeling of intolerance or controversy in social, religious, racial, or political matters. Many otherwise desirable selections have been discarded because they were found to contain a single paragraph or even a sentence that seemed to violate this standard. Far and near, selections have been sought that would help to deepen a sense of good will and fellowship and kindly consideration for others by emphasizing the fine qualities in all mankind. We have endeavored to teach that our pledge to the flag, "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," means a national unity of spirit that cannot be divided into groups or sects or races, — into rich and poor, into weak and strong, into those who work on farms, in factories, forests,

and mines, and those who do not have to toil, — this one nation to include all, with liberty of conscience and conduct for each; and that full justice must be done to all if America is to realize the great dream that our fathers dreamed, of social amity, with religious and racial equality for all the people.

The story form was early decided upon for the major portion of each book, since strong narrative and fine biography are the best means of conveying the truths and giving the inspiration desired. To these have been added description, essays, letters, and truly distinctive poetry. Only such selections have been accepted as would help to cultivate some fundamental quality of character. These qualities are presented, however, with no touch of didacticism or self-consciousness, but always in such a natural way as to make them seem altogether desirable and worthy of imitation, thus teaching by the subtle influence of example and suggestion.

In the nature selections, both prose and verse, there might seem to be an exception to the consistent plan of presenting well-defined ideals. But this type of material has been chosen deliberately and with the utmost care, in the belief that what Nature teaches makes for the right and best development of character, and that those who in early life come to love the great out-of-doors and to commune with Nature in her intimate forms will be drawn nearer to God and to man and will build their characters on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Like all the rest, the nature selections have been chosen to give inspiration and, by creating a love of nature, to supply the soul with food to nourish it in later life.

A number of selections, in themselves entirely worthy for the purpose, have been omitted because they may be found in other schoolbooks, and we set ourselves the task of assembling the largest possible amount of material not otherwise available. A few invaluable standard selections from both prose and

poetry have inevitably been included. In certain instances we have presented what might appear to be familiar material, but with so fresh a treatment as to render it virtually new. Much of the verse is new so far as its use in schoolbooks is concerned. We have met with a generous response from a great number of publishers and authors, and in more than one case permission has been given for the use of valuable material for which the privilege of reprinting had never before been granted.

There are two other ideas which have been kept clearly in mind in making these books.

First, realizing that children learn to read during the first two or three years in school, we believe that thereafter they should have material to read from which they may learn. In these books, the material is intended to teach the great lessons of life without which all the rest of their learning is of little avail. The question will be asked: Are these books intended as "basal texts"? By all means, for they deal with the most fundamental things in life: character, courage, service. Here is no need of a mechanical vocabulary. There are, it is true, some unusual words, but these come in naturally in order that children may have the satisfaction of adding them to their vocabulary as they go along. The simpler selections, as to both language and content, have been placed in Books I and II, the more difficult in Books III, IV, and V. In general, Book I should be used in the fourth year in school; Book V in the eighth year (in elementary school or junior high school); Books II, III, and IV in the intervening grades. Nevertheless it is our hope and expectation that pupils in the eighth grade will enjoy reading many of the selections in Books I and II, as well as in III and IV, and that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades will appreciate many of the selections in both earlier and later books.

The second idea is this. Children in school ought to have beautiful books made like those they would enjoy reading out of school. Consequently, in style and binding, printing, and general make-up, the attempt has been made to create books that in themselves will give enjoyment — books that a child would like to hold in his hands, that look and feel like those he would read in the library or at home. A great deal of thought has been given to this phase of the subject — the preparation of books, not for schools, but for children. The Readers have been planned to offer the largest possible amount of value for the price that Boards of Education could reasonably be expected to pay for schoolbooks. They have been made for the profit, not of publishers, but of children. This thought has determined the nature of the binding, the size of the book, the ease with which it lies open for reading, the margins, type, paper, and all such matters as go to the making of beautiful volumes. For beautiful schoolhouses and beautiful schoolbooks are inherently inspirational.

Each volume has an individual name and a word of dedication, to make it like any fine book that may be found outside of school; and we hope the Readers may be used not only in the schoolroom but in the library and at home, where parents and children may enjoy them together.

We have followed the advice of many teachers who asked us not to classify or group the selections by topics, but to place them in a natural and somewhat informal order, adding to the variety of interest and allowing teachers and pupils to use them for reading and class discussion in any order they might prefer. We have also deliberately kept from "cluttering up" the books with suggestions as to how the material should be used. All such "helps" are quite as likely to become hindrances. The Readers are for children and young people, who should not be told how the text is to be presented by the teacher. What we have done is to follow the majority of the

selections with Notes which will stimulate both teacher and child to further original discovery. In each volume there is also a brief pronouncing and defining vocabulary of the most unusual words.

We have tried to make living books, filled with living material, presented in a form to stir the emotions and to inspire youth to noble action. Here the teacher will find many opportunities to apply essential lessons to life. For it is action that forms as well as reveals character, and in the daily school, community, and home lives of the children must be found the incentives for the emulation of humble and heroic virtues.

Whether the material shall be used for oral or for silent reading must be determined by the purpose that the individual teacher has in mind. Many of the selections, because of their stirring action or because of the beauty of the language itself, should be used for oral reading, where the sound of the voice may interpret the deeper meanings or may add to the rhythm and melody of the language. Such reading affords opportunity for discussion, comparison, interpretation, and appreciation. Many others and perhaps most of the longer selections will be used to the best advantage if read silently, either as group or as individual assignments, or as the children themselves may wish to read them, preparatory to class consideration of the full ethical meaning. As to this, a single word of warning — do not attempt to force too many lessons or to draw obvious or hidden truths from all the selections read. If left alone, the material will convey its own truth and teach its own moral, and so leave a more lasting impression. The effect is likely to be weakened by too much discussion. Beauty interprets itself, whether seen in nature, in a fine painting or building or statue, or in conduct. By a few skillful questions or suggestions that help to reveal the message, we can bring the children under the spell of the beautiful, and then leave them alone to dream their dreams.

It is our confident expectation that some of the more difficult selections, read but not fully comprehended now, will afford a reservoir from which deep drafts will be drawn in after years to bring strength and comfort as the meaning becomes clear in the light of later experience and the thought turns back in memory to the time when the selections were read in school and only dimly understood. It is a great mistake to give children only what can be fully comprehended. They need something more.

No selection has been written down to the children; we respect them too much for that. We expect them to rise to noble thoughts, expressed in fine language. They always do, unless teachers or parents deal with them on such a low plane that there is nothing to lift them up.

And now the books are printed. They have been made for the children and their teachers. May their use help to create a reverence for God, an appreciation of nature, a greater respect for parents and older people, kindness and helpfulness one to another; and may these books help to fashion citizens worthy of the institutions received from our fathers, and ready to live — or die, if need be — in protection of the flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A NOTE ON SILENT READING

THE purpose of any book must be the determining factor in its presentation to children. As these Atlantic books are planned for children over nine years of age, they presuppose in the reader a fair degree of technique in both silent and oral reading. Here we find our first hint as to the method of handling this material.

Our next hint lies in the character of the selections made by the compiler, who explains in his Foreword that reading is simply a means to a worth-while end.

The third hint comes from the children in whose hands we place the books.

Try for the moment the experiment of substituting a "treasure chest" for the book. Treasure always arouses curiosity. Curiosity prompts exploration. Instantly hands become the keys needed to open the box, and the child is well launched on his road to discovery. Absorbed in his own search, he has no interest at first in other children, who may also have treasure chests. This is an individual quest and will so remain until the initial wonder, at least, has been satisfied. After the contents have been brought to view — in some cases dumped, as it were, out of the chest; in others, carefully examined — the child may spare the time to glance at the treasure of another, and even to compare notes, to explain, to borrow, to loan, and probably to exchange. Then for the first time the discoverer sees detail, and again and again he goes back to the thing that appeals to him particularly. Who would be so thoughtless as to take away this joy of discovery? Who would force the child to take a red package when he wants the one wrapped in silver? Who would have him save the other treasures until another time?

Following this natural cue, the technique for presenting and handling these books becomes clear and appealingly simple. Each book is a treasure chest and should be put into the hands of the child as such. Surely no one would deaden the spirit of inquiry by saying, "All turn to page one." The teacher's first aim is to

arouse curiosity, for curiosity is there in every child, just waiting to be stirred. The second is to foster curiosity until it prompts exploration. The third, and most difficult, is to allow the child to make his own discoveries.

While the child is lost in his exploration, the teacher will have time to remind herself that the opening of a treasure book is as much an individual exercise as is the opening of a treasure chest, and that, if she interferes, she will defeat her own purpose. She must tell herself that the keys in the hands of the child are his ability and desire to read for his personal enjoyment, and that only in this way can the real feeling of discovery come to him. For this, plenty of time should be given to the child and, wherever needed, much encouragement. Sometimes it happens that days elapse before he is ready to share what he has found, or to listen to the discovery of another, but this by no means signifies that the golden opportunity has been lost.

Joy in discovery through reading must be the fundamental thought in the use of books of this type. Where there is real joy, sharing it with another is a perfectly natural step. The teacher must be ready for this opportunity and must see its full possibilities. These include retelling, discussion, oral reading of beautiful selections, and following the varied and alluring hints found in the Notes and new avenues of investigation suggested by the children, which would in their natural course lead to the use of other books and the sharing of real experiences.

When material is presented in this way, silent reading is necessitated by the initial mood of curiosity, which has been deliberately aroused. It becomes the wingèd horse that, by its very swiftness, carries the reader happily to the desired end. Oral reading, on the other hand, by the slowness of its pace deadens the spirit of curiosity and often defeats the very object that it seeks.

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THE GREAT CONQUEST

CONQUERORS OF THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

PEARY

You sent the man: seeking afar
The world-sought, age-long goal,
He pushed through perilous ways and grasped
The secret of the Pole.

However far the purpose run,
Or splendid be the plan,
The glory of achievement means
The story of a man.[1]

I

One hot afternoon in July 1908, a little black ship backed slowly away from her pier in the East River, New York, and swung her nose out into the current. As she left the pier, a great shout went up from watchers on the shore. Tugboats whistled. Ferry-boats bellowed out their long, hoarse blasts. The yacht of the President of the United States, lying at anchor off Fort Totten, barked out a salute. Amid the uproar, the little black ship started quietly northward.

The ship was the Roosevelt. On it was a man who had spent his life in trying to carry out a purpose. That purpose was to find the North Pole, and the man was Robert E. Peary. Many brave men had tried before to reach the North Pole. Henry Hudson had

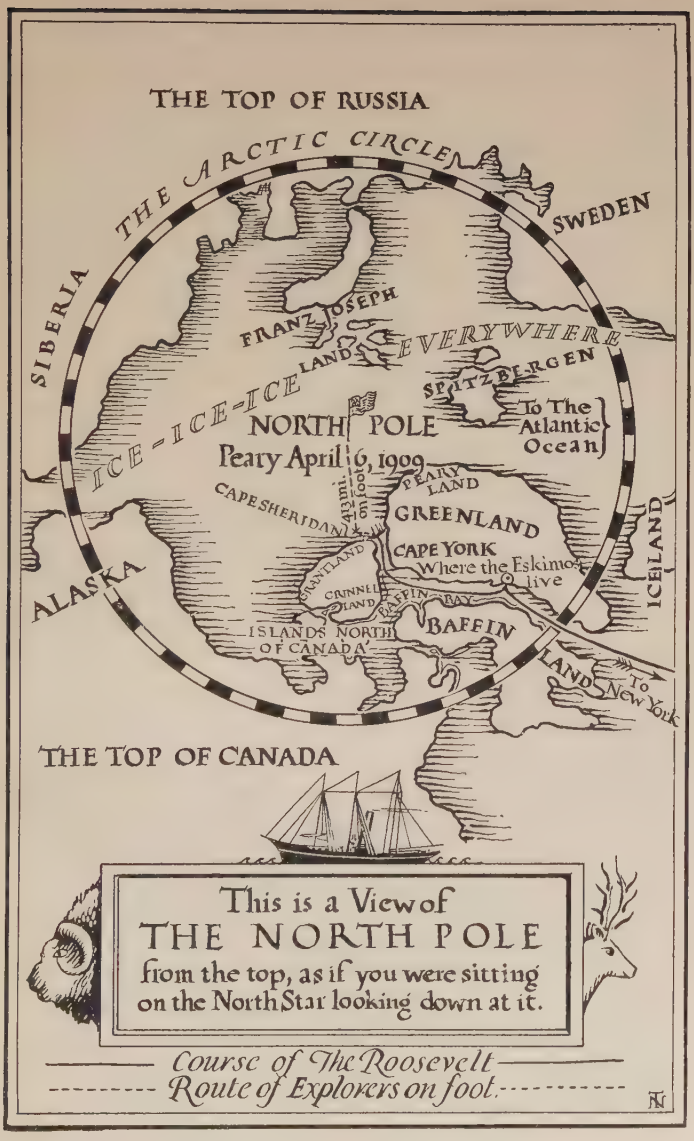
[1] From the address of President Sills at Bowdoin College, February 22, 1920.

tried, and failed. Phipps and Parry and Franklin and Greely and de Long and Cagni and Kane and Nansen had all tried, and failed. Hundreds of brave men had gone into the great cold wilderness of the North, and many of them had never come back. Twice Robert Peary himself had searched for the North Pole, and failed. On the deck of the Roosevelt, that July day, he stood at the beginning of his third and last attempt.

The next day the little black ship anchored at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and President Roosevelt came on board to say good-bye. Peary had named his ship for Roosevelt because he was a man "full of vibrant energy and enthusiasm." She was strong and stalwart and persistent.

Snow and ice and cold, long winters were nothing new to Robert Peary. He had lived as a boy in Maine. When he was first married, he had taken his wife with him to Greenland, and there was born his little daughter, Marie Ahnighito Peary, whom you read about as the "Snow Baby." Five times Peary had gone into the great North, and while he had not reached the North Pole, he had found out many useful things. He had read the histories of the other brave men who had failed, and he had made up his mind that, with the lessons of their failures before him, he would go again and he would succeed.

The Roosevelt steamed on northward, stopping at Peary's home in Maine for some of his faithful dogs. Mrs. Peary and her children — the Snow Baby, who was then fifteen, and little Robert, aged five — went with Peary as far as Sidney, Cape Breton. Outside


THE TOP OF RUSSIA
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE
SIBERIA
SWEDEN
FRANZ JOSEPH LAND
EVERYWHERE
SPITZBERGEN
ICE-ICE-ICE
NORTH POLE
Peary April 6, 1909
To The Atlantic Ocean
PEARY LAND
CAPE SHERIDAN
GREENLAND
CAPE YORK
Where the Eskimos live
ALASKA
ICELAND
GRANT LAND
GRINNELL LAND
SMITH BAY
ISLANDS NORTH OF CANADA
BAFFIN LAND
To New York
THE TOP OF CANADA
This is a View of
THE NORTH POLE
from the top, as if you were sitting on the North Star looking down at it.
Course of The Roosevelt
Route of Explorers on foot

the harbor of Sidney, they left the Roosevelt and returned to the land in a tug. That was perhaps the saddest moment of the trip for Peary. In his heart, as he steamed northward, rang the last shout of his little son : "Come back soon, Dad!"

Passing through Davis Strait on July 26, the Roosevelt crossed the Arctic Circle. They were now in the seas where the summer is one long day and the winter one long night. When they came to anchor at Cape York, they saw Eskimos paddling out to meet them in long, slender kayaks. These plump, brown people waved and smiled to Peary, shouting words of greeting, for he was one of their oldest and best friends. Many times he had come to them in his black ship, bringing them gifts — rifles, needles, spears, axes, beautiful harpoons. The Eskimos had brought up their boys and girls to believe that if they became good hunters, or good seamstresses of fur clothing, some day "Pearyaksoah" would come out of the South and make them rich.

Peary went ashore and greeted each one by name. He asked in their own language for news of his old friends, and whether they had many good dogs, for he wanted some of them to go into the North with him again. He knew that even with their ship and their own supplies and the instruments that science had invented, white men had to have the help of the Eskimos. They must needs wear clothes all of fur, and they must sleep in snow huts made by Eskimo men, and carry their supplies on sledges drawn by Eskimo dog teams, driven by Eskimo drivers. The

journey to the Pole was to be a combination of the white man's skill and the Eskimo's skill.

So, when the Roosevelt steamed still farther north, from Cape York, there were more than two hundred Eskimo dogs playing on the decks with ten roly-poly, bright-eyed Eskimo children. Seventeen Eskimo women, below the deck, were busily sewing the fur clothing that the explorers were to wear. Twenty-two Eskimo men were working over the dog harnesses, and binding the sledges with strong thongs.

The Roosevelt now had before her the hardest part of her trip ; she must push her way through three hundred and fifty miles of almost solid ice in the narrow channel between Etah and Cape Sheridan. Crunching and crashing her way through, butting the ice floes, shivering with the buffets, the stout little ship battered her way along. At the helm was a cheerful, blue-eyed Newfoundlander — Captain Bob Bartlett, a man with muscles of steel and a heart true as the compass. Next to Peary, Captain Bob was the mainspring of the expedition. It was his undying spirit that fairly pushed the ship through the ice. Climbing to the vibrating rigging, clinging to the mast, he kept watch ahead for some narrow channel to push through, while he shouted words of encouragement to his ship.

"Rip 'em, Teddy ! Bite 'em in two ! Go it ! That's fine, my beauty ! Now again ! Once more !"

At last, after fighting every inch of the way, the Roosevelt did reach Cape Sheridan, where they pulled her near the shore and allowed her to freeze into the ice for the winter.

As the days grew shorter and shorter, the members of the party divided into groups, a white man at the head of each group of Eskimos with a sledge. Certain groups went hunting and brought in the flesh of bears, reindeer, and musk oxen, to store away as meat for the winter. Captain Bartlett, with his group, was in charge of carrying supplies ninety miles northwest to Cape Columbia, from which point the party was to leave on foot the next spring, to cross the ice floes to the Pole itself.

The day shortened to two hours; one hour; half an hour. The long Arctic night closed in. On the twelfth of October the sun set, and the members of the expedition did not see it again till the fifth of March. After a few days of twilight, blackness surrounded the ship. The temperature dropped from 40° to 60° below zero. The wind creaked in the rigging; it whistled and shrieked around the deckhouse. All the ground was covered with snow, and the ice pack in the channel outside groaned with the movement of the tides. Inside the ship the men lived, prisoners of the great biting darkness of the North.

Each month the moon circled the heavens for ten nights, lighting the snow to a ghostly whiteness. During these moons the men went out again on hunting trips, covering the country for ninety miles around. When the moon waned, they came back again to the ship to wait. In the cabins the damp air turned to ice as it touched the cold outer walls of the ship.

II

On the fifteenth of February, 1909, Captain Bartlett, always the pioneer of the expedition, started for Cape Columbia by lantern light, with a sledge, a dog team, and three Eskimos. One by one the other divisions started, each led by one of Peary's assistants. On the twenty-second of February by the first light of Arctic dawn, Peary, with the last division, left the ship. A few days later all the divisions met at Cape Columbia. The time had come for the actual start for the Pole.

Between Cape Columbia and the North Pole lay more than four hundred miles of floating ice. Across this the explorers had to make their way. Great masses of ice were piled together in ridges with valleys of snow between. But worst of all, the whole field was moving on the ocean. At any minute such an ice field may crack in two, leaving a wide river of open water. These great cracks the explorers call "leads."

It was this great, cold, treacherous ice field that faced them now. For four days they pushed their sledges over the ice ridges, marching against a wind that blew biting snow across the trail. For food they had pemmican, — a mixture of beef-fat and dried fruit, — ship's biscuit, tea, and condensed milk, which they heated over alcohol stoves. For clothes they wore soft deerskin underneath, with blouses, hoods, and trousers of bearskin.

Now they came to the great terror: an open lead. They found Captain Bartlett camped before a broad

sheet of open water, with no hope of getting across. There was nothing to do but wait.

Five days they camped there, and for Arctic explorers that is perhaps the hardest test. They were eating up their precious food and losing valuable time. One of the party was sent back for more supplies. The Eskimos became restless, and Donald MacMillan, one of Peary's helpers, started to organize sports. So they played games out there on the great waste of ice!

At last the lead froze over. They crossed on the thin ice, and slowly, slowly, pushed on at the other side. Each night they slept with the fear that the groaning ice might open under them and let them through. One night it did crack and some of the party went floating off — but luckily they floated back again.

The time had come for the return of one division of the expedition, whose sledges had been emptied of their supplies. Peary's plan was to send more and more divisions back, as the supplies became exhausted, leaving only a small party to reach the pole itself. He knew they could not all go the whole way, and still have enough food to last through the journey. So one day Donald MacMillan, who had marched bravely on and never confided to anyone that he had a frozen heel, was sent back with the first of the supporting divisions. The rest pushed onward, Captain Bartlett always ahead, breaking the trail.

Later on Borup, another assistant, made his way back with a division. Each time they sent back the dogs who seemed most tired, and kept the strongest

ones. Still they pressed on. They crossed the 86th parallel, which had been Nansen's "farthest north."

On, on over the ice and through the snow, and the party passed Peary's own record of 1906, the 87th parallel. They were now in the land of perpetual daylight, where the summer sun never sets. One day more, and Captain Bartlett, who had broken the trail so bravely all the way, turned his face southward. How he would have liked to go to the Pole! But, like a soldier, he did not question or complain.

Peary, alone with Matt Henson, his colored helper, and four Eskimos, increased his pace. He was across the 88th parallel, where no man had ever trod, and the Pole, "90° north," lay just ahead! His life's dream was almost fulfilled!

For five days the party had been covering nearly twenty miles in twelve hours of marching. With the smaller number, Peary now covered thirty miles in the same time. Their faces were drawn with weariness, but their spirits never lagged. With grim determination they pressed on. On the sixth of April they had covered the five marches which Peary had estimated would take them to the Pole.

As soon as they pitched camp, Peary made an observation. It showed that they were at 89° 57′. The Pole was actually only a few miles away. The last long march northward had been made. Now that Peary was really there, his weariness overcame him. He lay down in his igloo and slept. After an hour or two he rose and wrote these plain but impressive words in his diary: "The Pole at last — the prize of

three centuries! My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

He then took two Eskimos and a sledge loaded with only his instruments, and went northward for ten miles. Here he took another observation, and found that he had actually passed the Pole and was going southward toward Russia on the other side of the globe. On one short walk in a straight line he had been going first north and then — without turning — south!

The following day he and his party planted five flags at the North Pole. The first one was the American flag which Mrs. Peary had given him fifteen years before, and which he had carried wrapped around his body on all of his expeditions. Another was the Red Cross flag. Led by Matt Henson, the Eskimos gave a cheer for the United States!

Peary spent one day at the North Pole, and then started back across the long miles of ice floes that separated him from Cape Columbia. This was no easy march, but they forced themselves to go nearly twice as swiftly as when they had gone northward. The bright eyes of the Eskimos grew dim, and the plump faces grew haggard and drawn. Peary's feet, from which his toes had been frozen years before, ached as he stumbled forward. Even the dogs grew listless and it sometimes seemed as if they would never uncurl themselves from the ice and start forward on the day's march. It was only the indomitable courage in Robert Peary, the spirit that "never knew the

word 'fail,'" that kept them all pushing onward through those wearisome days. At last they reached Cape Sheridan, where they found the Roosevelt still pointing north, with Captain Bartlett coming over the side to meet them.

At Indian Harbor, in Canada, Peary sent to the world the first news of his discovery. It was a telegram to his wife: "Have made good at last. I have the Pole. Am well. Love."

SCOTT

"THE soul of a true man is stronger than anything that can happen to him." (*From Scott's Journal*)

I

THE North Pole had been found. But what of the other end of the earth, about the South Pole? That lay still to be explored when Peary came back from the North Pole in 1909. For four hundred years men had been searching for the North Pole, and now, at last, it had been reached by an American. But the South Pole had lain far, far away, somewhere beyond a great, unknown ocean to the southward, and during all those centuries, while men had been hunting for the North Pole, no one had tried to find what lay beyond that cold southern sea.

Through the ages men had told the legend of a great, lost continent, and in the eighteenth century an Englishman sailed across the Antarctic Circle, only to find a great barrier of floating ice. Not until 1839 did another Englishman push his way through the ice

pack into an open sea. There before him he saw a high range of snowy mountains, the mountains of the lost continent! Far up among the mountains of that continent, somewhere among its snowy peaks, was the South Pole. In 1901 a third Englishman, Sir Ernest Shackleton, made a journey up into those mountains to find the Pole, but then without success. It was in 1910 that Captain Robert Falcon Scott, still another Englishman, set out to conquer that last bit of distance between the known land and the Pole.

The South Pole is on a plateau of land as high as the Rocky Mountains, in the middle of a continent nearly as large as the United States. To get to the South Pole, Scott had to pass between tall, snow-capped volcanoes and mountain ranges. Eight hundred miles stretch from the shore of the Antarctic Continent, uphill to this great plateau where the Pole is. The region is so cold and so far away from other lands that no people live near, and no animals except the seals and penguins in summer.

Captain Scott sailed from New Zealand in November with three motor sledges in the hold of the Terra Nova, and nineteen ponies and thirty-three Siberian dogs. With him were seven other navy officers, — for Scott was a captain in the British Navy, — twelve scientists, two Russians to take care of the dogs, and twelve enlisted men of the navy, together with the officers and crew. The Terra Nova made her way slowly, carefully, among the great, floating plains of ice.

On the thirtieth of December, the Terra Nova

pushed out again into open water, and on the last evening of the old year they saw the sunlight on the high, snow-covered mountains of the Antarctic Continent. The New Year found the Terra Nova putting out her ice anchor in the shadow of the enormous volcano, Mount Erebus. At the end of three weeks the explorers had a hut built at Cape Evans, and their stores were all on shore. With the long Antarctic night coming nearer, the men worked hard, carrying supplies to depots at points on the great ice barrier which they would have to cross the next spring on their journey to the Pole.

On his way home from one of the depot journeys, one of his friends brought Scott the certain news that Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, — who, Scott knew, was also hoping to reach the South Pole in the spring, — was already established in the Bay of Whales. Nothing daunted, Scott said: "The proper course for us is to proceed exactly as though this had not happened; to go forward and do our best for the honor of the country, without fear or panic."

As the long Antarctic darkness set in, the members of the party made themselves comfortable in their hut for the winter. By the time spring came, the ponies had grown strong and full of spirits again.

Months passed, and on the twenty-third of August the sun came back. The men sang and cheered as they stood again in its bright light. Not until early November did they start across the ice barrier. Along the route they left depots with stores for the return

journey. Days of terribly heavy dragging through soft, wet snow followed. At last they came to the Beardmore Glacier, where they had to leave the ponies, and they started to walk the many miles between them and the Pole, dragging the sledges behind them. Slowly, painfully, they made their way up the slope.

By Christmas Day they had climbed eight thousand feet. By New Year's the last supporting party had turned back, leaving Captain Scott to go on with his best friend, Dr. Wilson, and three others. They had now reached the great plateau, 10,400 feet high, and they traveled along on skis, four of them harnessed to the sledge, the other walking alongside. Through enormous drifts they pushed ahead, and on the fifteenth of January were camping only twenty-seven miles from the Pole.

"We ought to do it now," Captain Scott wrote at the height of expectation. Then something happened that took from them the last ray of hope to be first at the goal. A black speck appeared ahead.

"We marched on," wrote Scott on the sixteenth of January, "and found that it was a black flag near by the remains of a camp, with sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws — many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us, and are first at the Pole! It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. . . . To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the daydreams must go. It will be a wearisome return."

Now there are two things that make a man able to walk for long, long distances, through untold hardships: one is enthusiasm; the other is physical strength. Scott's party had lost their enthusiasm; their hearts were heavy, and they were suffering from the cold.

On the eighteenth, in the midst of their disappointment, they arrived at the Pole. There they found a tent, and over it the Norwegian flag, — red with its blue-and-white cross, — and below this a white flag with "Fram," the name of Amundsen's ship, in blue letters. In the tent was a note from Amundsen, saying that he had reached the Pole a month before. Sadly the British explorers unfurled their Union Jack at the great goal whither the Norwegians had outstripped them. England had had the courage to come in second, in man's eager race to the South Pole.

II

Then came the long grind homeward. Eight hundred miles of ice and drifted snow between them and the hut at Cape Evans, and food was scarce; yet they started back. Matters grew steadily worse. New incidents were constantly appalling them. They lost their trail; fell into crevasses; became confused in a sea of drifts. Eventually Scott was able to make this record: "A lot could be written on the delight of setting foot on rock after fourteen weeks of snow and ice. It is like going ashore after a sea voyage."

After a tremendous struggle against heavy odds, the strength of one of the party failed, and in the shelter

of their tent his spent life flickered out. The others pressed forward; and on the first of March Scott wrote: "Very cold last night; 41° below zero. . . . Heavy dragging yesterday and *very* heavy this morning." Two days later he added, "Among ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess. . . . Pulling is getting slower and slower. . . ." On the fourth: "One's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some drift behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped. . . . I don't know what I should do if Wilson and Bowers were n't so determinedly cheerful over things. . . ."

The following day he admitted: "None of us expected these terribly low temperatures. Wilson is feeling them most, mainly, I fear, from his self-sacrificing devotion to Oates' feet. We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit, but it's tough work. . . . One can only say 'God help us,' and plod our weary way, cold and very miserable, though outwardly cheerful. . . . We still talk of what we will do together at home. I should like to keep the track to the end."

March 10: "Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck, and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning and, of course, Bill had to say he did n't know. Apart from him, . . . I doubt whether we could get through. . . ."

March 16: "We can testify to Oates' bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint. He did not — would not — give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. He slept through

THE · ANTARCTIC · CONTINENT

the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning, yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since. . . . We knew poor Oates was walking to his death, but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far. . . . Though we constantly talk of fetching through, I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart."

After Oates' death they made two more marches, pressing within eleven miles of their depot. At the depot, one of their friends from Cape Evans had waited for them for five days with the dog team. Through a blizzard they lay in their tent all day. Captain Scott had frozen his right foot.

On March 22 and 23 Scott wrote: "Blizzard bad as ever — Wilson and Bowers unable to start — tomorrow last chance — no fuel and only one or two rations of food left."

The blizzard continued, and they never left their tent. When they did not appear, their friend at the depot drove back to Cape Evans. He had already waited longer than the last date that Captain Scott had calculated on for their return. On March 29, one week after the above entry, Scott wrote: "Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale. . . . We have had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away,

but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."

Eight months later their friends from Cape Evans found them there, lying in the tent as they had gone to sleep that night. Under Captain Scott's shoulders they found his diary and letters to his wife and friends. One of them was to the wife of his best friend, Wilson, who lay there beside him. It said: —

"My dear Mrs. Wilson: If this letter reaches you, Bill and I will have gone out together. We are very near it now, and I should like you to know how splendid he was at the end — everlastingly cheerful and ready to sacrifice himself for others, never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. He is not suffering, luckily — at least, only minor discomforts. His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope, and his mind is peaceful with the satisfaction of his faith in regarding himself as part of the great scheme of the Almighty. I can do no more to comfort you than to tell you that he died as he lived, a brave, true man — the best of comrades and staunchest of friends."

To Sir James Barrie [1] he wrote: "We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. . . . We are showing that Englishmen can still die with a bold spirit, fighting it out to the end. It will be known that we have accomplished our object in reaching the Pole, and

[1] The author of *Peter Pan and Wendy.*

that we have done everything possible, even to sacrificing ourselves in order to save sick companions. I think this makes an example for Englishmen for the future. . . . Good-bye. I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a humble pleasure which I had planned. . . . I may not have proved a great explorer, but we have done the greatest march ever made and come very near to success."

Their friends built a cairn of snow over them as they lay on the ice of the barrier. In the top of it they put a cross made of skis, and they read a chapter from the Bible, standing there in the snow. As they turned to go, they looked back at that strange, lonely monument, with the barrier almost in shadow and the cairn and cross standing dark against the sunlight. So, under the great gold sky, they left them there where they had fallen, "fighting it out to the end."

AMUNDSEN

"Victory awaits him who has everything in order — luck, people call it. Defeat is certain for him who has neglected to take all the necessary precautions in time; this is called bad luck." — Amundsen

The South Pole

In the name of his native country, Norway, Roald Amundsen reached the South Pole before Scott. He had been born "with skis on his feet," as he himself said. From childhood he was accustomed to deep snows and cold weather. Like Peary, this boy dreamed of reaching the North Pole, and when he grew older

he also traveled in the North and came to know the Eskimos.

In the autumn of 1909 he was planning to make another expedition into the North — this time to find the Pole. But in September the news that had been sent all over the earth from Peary's island in Maine reached Amundsen in Norway. The North Pole had been found. Amundsen thought quickly and quickly turned his face toward the south. If the North Pole had been reached, he determined to be the first to conquer the South Pole.

So it happened that in August of 1910 a sturdy little three-masted vessel, shining with new paint, sailed out of the fjord of Fredriksholm in Norway at the start of a journey of thousands of miles, to the cold Antarctic regions. The schooner was named the Fram and was already a famous boat, for she was the same vessel that had taken Nansen so close to the North Pole, in 1893. Amundsen had kept all his plans secret. Even the crew of the Fram themselves did not know that they were starting this time for the South Pole.

On board, Amundsen had gathered everything that his experience in the cold North and his reading of books about the South had taught him he would need. For, unlike Peary, Amundsen was going to a region that was entirely new to him.

On the deck of the Fram, Amundsen had built a great platform, and on that platform were tied one hundred lively, restless Eskimo dogs from Greenland. Amundsen knew from experience that Eskimo dogs are the very best animals for pulling sledges across

the frigid snow plains of the polar regions. The dogs had been divided into teams, with one man assigned to the care of each team. Every morning each man would come out on to the platform, pat his own dogs, and call them by name.

Below the decks were stowed cases of the very best kind of pemmican, many pairs of skis and snowshoes, very thick clothing made of Norwegian army blankets, a set of furry Eskimo clothes from Greenland for each man, and another set of clothes made from Russian reindeer skins. The cabin of the ship was a bright, attractive place, with flags and pictures and many books. A yellow pet canary sang his cheerful tunes all the way.

It was a long trip from Norway to the Antarctic, for, although the Fram had an auxiliary engine, she used it only for going into port, making the real journey under her own stout sails. At Madeira Amundsen explained his plan to his followers, and one and all agreed to stand by him in his struggle to reach the South Pole. Before leaving, he sent a cablegram to Captain Scott, telling of his plan.

The Fram reached the ice barrier on January 14, 1911. Then the real work of the expedition began. The men were busied with unloading supplies at the Bay of Whales, to the east of McMurdo Sound, where Captain Scott was setting up his own winter quarters. They put up several large tents for the dogs and supplies, and then made themselves a house. "Framheim" they called it, and a snugger winter dwelling never was built. They dug a foundation four feet down into the ice of the barrier, so that the hut was out of

the wind. Later in the winter the snow drifted over it, making it look from the outside like a great snow drift with a chimney coming out of the top; but inside it was all cosy and bright and warm.

When they were settled on the shore, they said good-bye to their companions on the Fram, and off she sailed for faraway Buenos Aires, to bring back fresh supplies and take on the explorers the next autumn.

On February 10 the party began taking supplies southward across the barrier, to make depots for the journey to the Pole the next summer.

When the sun left them, on April 22, they set to work to improve all their equipment, so that in the spring there should be not an extra ounce of weight on any of the sledges, not a harness or a boot that was uncomfortable, not a shirt that was not loose and warm. All through the long Arctic winter the men went to bed each night tired and contented with the good work they had done.

When the sun came back again on the twenty-fourth of August, they were more than ready to start. But it was still too cold — 58° below zero. On the eighth of September they harnessed the dogs; and what a time they had holding them still! Eight men and ninety dogs set out across the snow. That day they covered the thirty miles to their depot. The men, in their fur clothing, did not suffer; but for the dogs, who slept in the snow, it was too much of a strain. Amundsen decided therefore to return to Framheim to wait. Toward the end of September a seal crawled

up on to the ice, and the men knew this for a sign of warmer weather.

Amundsen decided to take only five men to the Pole — five men and four sledges, with thirteen dogs for each. The dogs were hitched in two fan-shaped groups of six dogs, one group ahead of the other, and with one leader out in front. Each man drove his own dogs, who knew and loved him. On the nineteenth of October they started. The dogs flew over the snow so fast that the men finally stood on their skis and let the dogs pull them. They made one hundred and fifty beacons on their way to the Pole, cutting many thousand blocks of snow. On they pushed, covering seventeen miles a day. Strangely enough, the dogs, instead of losing strength, seemed to grow stronger and stronger. In less than a month they had come to the steep mountains, where they camped. The following days are a brave story of forbearance, of dauntlessness, of persistence. In the face of blizzards, along dangerous crevasses, through perils known only to such a journey, the men pressed ahead without demurring, without boasting.

At last they reached the high, level plateau where the South Pole lies. In early December they passed Shackleton's farthest point south. With a great shout, the foremost sledge driver raised the Norwegian flag on his sledge. As they went on, even the dogs seemed to share the anticipation. They sniffed the air excitedly. During the night of December 13, Amundsen awoke. "I had the same feeling," he said afterward, "that I can remember as a boy on the night before

SOUTH POLE
Amundsen Dec. 14, 1911
Scott Jan. 18, 1912
10,500 ft. above Sea Level
Devil's Glacier
Axel Heiberg Glacier
THE POLE
Beardmore Glacier
LEVEL SURFACE OF
BARRIER ICE
850 MILES TO THE POLE
960 MILES
Scott died here
March 29 1912
Amundsen's Winter Quarters
FRAMHEIM
Ice Barrier 100 ft. high
Scott's
Winter Camp
BAY OF WHALES
THE JOURNEY TO THE POLE

Christmas — an intense expectation of what was going to happen."

The next day it happened. As the men were following the sledges, they looked round sharply, for in their hearts they were afraid that Scott might have reached the precious goal first. Suddenly the sledge driver called out "Halt!" His sledge meter had measured the distance that should bring them to the Pole. They were there at last! Amundsen, who had longed since he was a child to stand some day at the North Pole, was now at exactly the opposite end of the earth — the South Pole!

Together the five friends planted the flag in accordance with Amundsen's decision. "It was not for one man to do this," he wrote. "It was for *all* who had staked their lives in the struggle, and held together through thick and thin. This was the only way in which I could show my gratitude to my comrades in this desolate spot. . . ." Five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists they were that raised the waving flag in the air, and planted it first at the geographical South Pole. . . . Pride and affection shone in the five pairs of eyes that gazed upon the flag, as it unfurled itself with a sharp crack and waved over the Pole. As they planted the flag, the five friends said: "Thus we plant thee, beloved flag, at the South Pole, and give to the plain on which it lies the name of King Haakon VII's Plateau." A month later, Scott found the flag flying there, over the Pole which he had hoped to be the first to reach.

On January 25, 1912, Amundsen and his four friends

were back again at Framheim, their home in the ice. The trip to the Pole had taken ninety days; the men and dogs had covered 1860 miles, all the way through ice and snow.

The next day the Fram steamed up again to the great ice barrier, with many hearty greetings for Amundsen, and best of all, letters from home. On the afternoon of January 30, Amundsen and his friends said good-bye to Framheim, and the little old schooner turned her prow once again toward the north.

The North Pole

Roald Amundsen will always be remembered for his discovery of the South Pole. But this is not the end of the story of his polar explorations. Always he cherished the hope of finding land near the North Pole, and when he set out upon this great search in 1925, he had at command two of the best aëroplanes that science could devise. In one of these was the Norwegian captain with his intrepid pilot and a third comrade. In the other were flying the American, Lincoln Ellsworth, and his two companions. Leaving King's Bay, Spitzbergen, on the twenty-second of May, they flew forth, keeping well in sight of each other for twenty-five miles. Suddenly the sun came out in all its brilliance. There in the sky before them a beautiful double halo spread itself, encircling the perfect shadow of Amundsen's aëroplane in the fairest of rainbow settings. These two multicolored haloes, he afterward said, beckoned them enticingly into the unknown.

As the two planes pressed on, the fog closed in about them. Halfway between latitudes 82° and 83° there came a brief clearing in the mists, and the men gazed down in sheer wonderment, fascinated by the vast panorama of dazzling ice and snow beneath. Through frequent openings in the fog they could see that they were passing over the polar pack ice which extends into the farthest North. Deep pressure ridges covered it. No smooth ice was visible, and no land whatever.

A full six hundred miles had been covered before a basin-like sheet of water, their first possible landing place, was sighted. As leaks had already started in the engines of both planes and their fuel supply was now half used, it was decided to descend, in order to determine their position by observations which could not be made in the air. The wings of Amundsen's plane barely grazed the tall ice hummocks, and the plane at length halted, with her nose buried so deep that she could not possibly be backed out. Immediately all three men began hacking at the ice to save themselves from being either frozen in or crushed in the narrowing ice passages.

In attempting to follow Amundsen, Ellsworth's plane had come down to the water several miles distant; her engine was damaged and the leak only increased. Neither party could see the other over the tall hummocks. For hours Ellsworth's crew worked on their leaking plane, while Amundsen and his men struggled to extricate their own machine so that they might fly to the relief of the others. Not a sound was to be

heard save their own voices and the persistent blows of their tools. Snow was falling; storms threatened. It was noon of the next day before Ellsworth's crew sighted Amundsen's flag. Then they became aware that the drifting ice floes had brought them within a mile of each other. Signals were wigwagged for Ellsworth and his comrades to come across to Amundsen.

For several days Ellsworth delayed, in the struggle to save his plane. But finally, on the twenty-sixth, they were forced to abandon it in order to make a supreme effort to reach Amundsen. Late that afternoon they were seen fighting their way through the weird white silence; and to the unspeakable relief of all six explorers, they came once more face to face.

During the rare suspense of the following days, the six friends little realized the grave concern of the world — a world waiting anxiously for word of their existence. Hour after hour these stalwart men thought only of the incessant grind of work. Everything depended on their clearing a way and making a track over which the plane could rise for her homeward flight. For over three weeks they lived together, working with a common will against the elements, with the most meagre of improvised tools. And at last, on the fifteenth of June, the plane made a triumphant lift into the air and they turned its nose in the direction of home! More than eight hours later they passed the edge of the dangerous polar ice pack. Soon they were forced to light on the water, where they rode along for twenty-five miles on their last bit of gasolene. Just as this was exhausted

entirely, good fortune brought into sight a large fishing boat, which eagerly rescued them and proudly bore them into the anxious port on Spitzbergen. It was June 19, and at last they were back again. In spite of disappointment at their temporary failure to reach the Pole and the loss of their companion plane, they were still undaunted. Hope was still burning in their hearts for the next adventure in the great unmastered North.

Through the long winter that followed, Amundsen and Ellsworth planned and planned for the trip of the coming year. This was to be made in a great dirigible. They eagerly studied and watched while the Norge was being prepared. With the recent progress of science to aid them, and their own experience to guide them, the spirit of the adventurers never flagged.

On April 29, 1926, Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, who shared Amundsen's ambition, came to King's Bay, Spitzbergen, with his powerful planes. On the seventh day of May, Amundsen's dirigible, the Norge, also arrived at Spitzbergen. She was in good flying trim, but her need of still further equipment and fuel was bound to put off her start for a few days. Byrd thought quickly and decided that, if America were to be first at the Pole by way of the air, as she had been first with Peary's dogs over the ice, he must brook no delay. And so, at two o'clock on the morning of the ninth of May, the engines of the Josephine Ford, his great triple monoplane, thun-

dered into action. Through the light of the midnight sun, straight to the Pole he flew, and, turning about swiftly over the coveted place, he made off again for the Spitzbergen base. Fifteen hours and a half after his start from King's Bay he was there again, in the fullness of his achievement. "Byrd is coming!" the cry went up. Now came the true test of sportsmanship on the part of Amundsen. Forgetting personal disappointment, in his ardent admiration for the daring exploit, he there offered his sincere welcome to the American flyer who had truly claimed the North Pole from the air.

On May 11, 1926, the great Norge was ready. Fashioned in every way that man's devices could provide to withstand wind and weather, she rose gently and was off in the air, eagerly watched by Byrd and by all the people on the shores of that northland country, until she was wholly lost to their view. Perhaps Amundsen would find land at last! From Italy, where the Norge had been built, he had brought his navigator, Captain Nobile, whose faith in the Norge was supreme. With him, too, was his friend and executive officer from the United States, Lincoln Ellsworth. Every member of the crew was filled with the zest of the venture, while radio stations the world around were keeping in touch with this, the newest Amundsen trip.

Strongly the great ship flew until the instruments showed that she was directly over the North Pole. Here they descended to a lower level and slowed down the engines. With one accord, off came the hats of all the men aboard, and from the throats of the entire

crew there broke a shout of patriotism, as Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile dropped the flags of their three countries. An inspiring sight it was to see these go floating down to the ice, where they caught by their pointed steel rods and stood fluttering their brilliant hues to the breeze — the only break of color in that scintillating sunlit whiteness. Amundsen had now come in second in the great air race to the North Pole! Thus for the second time in three days the Pole had been conquered.

Majestically circling about over the Pole, the Norge then set her course ahead toward Point Barrow. The good luck and fine weather that had so far followed them on their journey were destined to change. Soon after leaving the Pole, mists and fogs closed in thickly about them. They were not even able to tell how fast they were going. Then the most perilous and formidable stage of the journey set in. On the rigging, the mists began to form ice, which dropped off in great pieces. These were caught by the propellers and were shot like ammunition through the ship's envelope.

In feverish haste, the men set to work mending the holes, patching them as fast as they were torn by the flying ice. The radio connections were frozen. The crew of the Norge was entirely separated from the eager, listening world. Looking down through the brief breaks in the dense fog, at the cruel, pointed, polar pack ice beneath them, the men wondered how long the mending and patching could possibly go on, and whether they would ever reach Point Barrow alive.

At last the sun gave a position line, and forty-six

hours later they actually spotted land; for in the distance Point Barrow was just barely visible on the port bow. As the glue had given out, the crew was no longer able to patch new holes as they formed. Orders were given to land anywhere. Nearing the village of Teller, they looked down on an ice-covered lagoon. It was the first time that a dirigible had tried to land without assistance from below, but in their desperate condition they determined to try this unusual feat.

As the great Norge drew near and slowed down over the shores, the inhabitants of the village came running in haste from all parts. Two hundred yards above the lagoon, ice anchors were thrown out. These failed to catch in the ice, however, and the ship continued at high speed toward the village. When the Norge had come to about twenty-five yards above the ground, some of the villagers caught hold of the landing ropes. As soon as possible, several of the crew leaped out of the ship and, running along on the ice, pulled back on the ropes with all their might. They must guide and stop their precious craft before it could strike the houses that it was rapidly nearing. At last the breathless experience was ended by the ship's coming to rest on the ice only one hundred yards from the nearest cottage! Land had been reached. The ice anchors were firmly fixed.

Without delay the joyous news of the Norge's safety was spread by wireless to the waiting world. Amundsen had not discovered new land as he had hoped to do. But a new way had been opened for future explorers.

The conquerors of the ends of the earth have indeed made thrilling progress toward complete victory over both polar regions. Without doubt a northwest passage to China will bind the social and commercial interests of the world. With the following words Roald Amundsen urges the mission on all who have the will to follow: "Now that these things are done, a new generation may continue."

MARY LEE

NOTE. — It was on June 23, 1926, that President Coolidge presented to Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, Jr., the Hubbard Gold Medal on behalf of the National Geographic Society.

"Word that the North Pole had been reached by airplane for the first time," said President Coolidge, "was flashed around the globe on May 9. An American naval officer had flown over the top of the world. He had attained in a flight of fifteen hours and thirty minutes what Admiral Peary, also a representative of our Navy, achieved, seventeen years before, only after weary months of travel over the frozen Arctic wastes.

"The thrill following the receipt of this news was shared by everyone everywhere. It was the spontaneous tribute to a brave man for a daring feat. We, his countrymen, were particularly proud. This man, with a record of distinguished service in the development of aëronautics, had by his crowning act added lustre to the brilliant history of the American Navy. . . .

"We must not forget, nor fail to appreciate, the vision and persistence which led him ultimately to achieve the dream of his Naval Academy days. He never ceased the effort to prepare himself mentally, scientifically, and physically to meet the supreme test. His deed will be but the beginning of scientific exploration considered difficult of achievement before he proved the possibilities of the airplane."

A quest is a search, an adventure. Conquest means victory, even though some who ride fall before the goal is reached. There are conquerors by land, sea, and air; in science, literature, art. And in every quiet corner there are daily miracles of conquest.

TEWKESBURY ROAD[1]

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-gloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools to drink,
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple with mirth
At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

[1] From *Salt-Water Ballads*, by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers, and the author.

SIR RAOUL[1] OF THE CHAMOIS

The Black Prince of England, in the year 1355, made many marauding expeditions through the south of France, and fire, pillage, and destruction marked the track of his army. At Carcassonne he met with stern resistance. The citadel, or old town on the hill, held out successfully. The lower town, too, made a valiant effort, but the Prince was too strong; he burned the place, and then rode off with deep rancor in his heart.

Late in the autumn of that year Raoul, a squire to Sir Estaric, at Carcassonne, was on his way home from a chamois hunt in the Pyrenees. Behind his saddle was his crossbow, resting upon two large chamois skins with the heads and horns — splendid trophies of the chase. He had reached the headwaters of the river on which Carcassonne is situated, and was about to descend the hill, when a succession of glints caught his attention. He halted and looked long and intently.

Out to the northeast a large force was marching in the direction of Carcassonne. The gleam of armor and the rising clouds of dust showed him the long line of knights; smaller dust clouds and less pronounced glints of pike and sword marked the long columns of men at arms. The size of the force, the direction of their march, and the fact that the armor of the knight at the head shone not at all in the low after-

[1] Pronounced *rä-o͞ol'*.

noon sun, stamped them conclusively as the army of Edward, the Black Prince.

Raoul's first thought was to ride forward at full speed and warn Sir Estaric, so that they might have time to add to the town's supply of fresh water; for Carcassonne stands on the crest of a high hill, and its lack of a constant supply of water from within has always been its greatest weakness. On second thought, however, the young squire decided to go a little closer to the enemy, in hope of learning something of definite value.

He had traveled more than two thirds of the distance when, emerging from a forest path on the side of a hill, he spied below him in the valley the Black Prince himself and five of his knights, seated motionless on their big horses, waiting. Waiting, yes — but for what?

Raoul dismounted and led his horse back into the wood, where he tethered him. When the squire emerged again, he saw far down the valley a solitary figure making his way hurriedly in the direction of the six waiting horsemen. Raoul could not suppress an exclamation, for the man was no other than Albret, one of the yeomen at the castle.

"Ha! There's some mischief afoot!" Raoul said to himself.

He straightway began to crawl down the slope. Among a mass of bushes the youth paused, then peered through among the twisting stems. Big Albret, hatless and unarmed, was by that time on his knees in front of the Black Prince, who bade him

rise. Trembling a little, Albret got slowly to his feet. "Gracious Prince, I am come as thou hast bade me, and 't is well. Carcassonne is thine. Sir Estaric alone of all the knights is at the castle; the others have gone to Toulouse."

Raoul's fingers clutched the grass in front of him, and he felt suddenly faint.

The Black Prince spoke, but the young squire did not catch the words. He heard only Albret's reply: —

"Your Highness, they will also lack for water at the castle. I — I have poisoned that which is in the reserve casks."

Raoul, looking out from the bushes, could hardly believe what he heard. He saw the Prince and his knights draw themselves erect in their saddles; saw the instant confusion in the face of the yeoman — his downcast eyes, his twitching lips. One of the knights had drawn a heavy purse out of a bag swinging from his saddle; but Prince Edward turned and spoke in a sharp voice, and the knight thrust the purse back.

"Go!" said the Black Prince to Albret, and with his arm motioned up the valley.

As the traitorous yeoman, with his head still bent, set forth, the others turned their horses to follow. Raoul watched them till they were out of sight; then with a heavy heart he returned to his own horse and swung himself into the saddle.

The sun had gone down; twilight was deepening over hill and valley and forest. And with the twilight came a deathlike chill that seemed to strike to

the boy's heart. The main strength of Carcassonne gone! The reserve supply of water poisoned! He must ride fast and give warning.

But as he turned his horse's head, he heard a dull tramping up the valley; it grew louder as he listened. The Black Prince and his army were on their way to the citadel; no doubt the attack would begin at dawn — or perhaps earlier. Edward was a true prince; he himself would not stoop to use poison; but Carcassonne's successful defiance had touched the royal warrior's pride, and he intended to have his revenge.

Raoul pondered many things. He did not know how long the knights of Carcassonne would be gone, but if he could manage, somehow, to delay these English, perhaps the knights of Carcassonne would return in time to save their castle. He had reached the lower end of the valley, where the hills on either side came together to form a ravine. The place was dimly lighted by the moon, which had pushed above the trees. He clattered down the hillside, crossed the small footbridge over the rocky bed of a stream — and then stopped suddenly.

"I have it!" he cried.

Quickly he led his horse across the road to where the field sloped gently downward to the west. Trailing the reins lightly over a convenient bush, he bade the well-trained animal stand quiet. Then he untied one of the chamois skins, crossed the road with it, and climbed the wooded bank.

He listened attentively. Up the valley he could hear the clatter of approaching hoofs. He draped

the chamois skin over his back, mounted the horned head on top of his own, and peered anxiously up the narrow, moonlit ravine. The hoof-beats rang sharp now on the cool, scented air. In five minutes he caught sight of the silhouetted leaders. Behind them crowded the others, four abreast, riding close and riding hard.

Raoul crouched and waited. On they came at a furious pace. The Black Prince, a little out in front, loomed grotesque, in his black armor. When the Prince was close to the bridge, Raoul hurled himself down upon the road. At the same time he uttered a piercing, blood-curdling scream and waved his arms.

He saw the Prince's horse rear on the bridge. He heard the crash of metal and the splintering of old wood as the other knights came up with their leader; then the boy darted to his own horse, leaped upon him, and was off at breakneck speed across the sloping field.

Raoul felt strangely exultant. His plan had succeeded! The Prince's horse and those just behind were too heavy for the old bridge, which had collapsed beneath the unusual weight.

When all sounds had died on the night air, the boy paused to remove his chamois skin. In half a minute he was on his way again.

The bell in the church was tolling the hour of three when he came within sight of the town. There it stood, bathed in moonlight against the sombre western sky — towers and points and pinnacles gleaming,

serried battlements standing like teeth against the starry sky.

"Open!" he cried. "Down with the drawbridge!"

Footsteps sounded beyond the walls. "Who art thou?" came a sleepy voice.

"It is I — Raoul. Open quick! Down with the bridge!"

The drawbridge began to lower. Raoul urged his horse forward. The animal sprang lightly upon the lowering end, crossed, and flashed through the massive gates. The boy raced on, mounted the incline, and then, leaving his horse, ran to the château where Sir Estaric was sleeping.

The knight rose from his canopied bed as the squire pushed the door open. "Raoul! What brings thee here at such an hour?"

"Sir Knight," cried the squire, "the English Prince in black armor is on his way to assault the castle! He should arrive ere dawn!" Then he hurriedly told his story.

Sir Estaric sprang to his feet and raised his voice. Immediately sleepy pages and servants began to appear, and the knight gave his orders rapidly.

"Thou, Raoul," he said, "must see to refilling the casks. Make haste!"

Probably never did a squire pass a more thrilling night. Under Raoul's direction, yeomen and men at arms turned cask after cask on end, and the moonlight played on the poisonous liquid as it leaped in cataracts from the inner battlements. Then the casks were lowered, lifted over the outer walls, and lowered

again, to go bouncing and rolling down the hill to the peaceful, shining river. Men stumbled and sweated as, four at a cask, they carried them up again. Meanwhile, lights had appeared within the church and the numerous keeps. Hoarse, excited shouts mingled with the ringing of hammers on heated metal, the clink and clank of armor, the shrill whinnying of nervous, exited horses. And when the first pink of dawn touched the high Pyrenees to the south, the refilled casks were still coming up the hill.

The pink of the sky changed to gold and blue; the curved rim of the sun flashed up from behind the rolling hills; and suddenly a mighty shout rose all along the eastern battlements: —

"They come! They come!"

A trumpet blared forth on the still morning air, and the men in the stronghold set feverishly about the last preparations to meet the attack. Raoul, tired and trembling, had a glimpse of the formidable host advancing directly in line with the rising sun, and then Sir Estaric, armed for battle, was beside him.

"Raoul," said the Knight, "an ordeal awaits thee. Yon host is strong. Our knights departed on a mission for Toulouse yestermorn, but happily they will return at noon to-day. I bid thee be alert, and thou wilt learn much."

Raoul saw that Edward's force had divided into three parts. First, knights riding in fanshaped formation, spreading out as if to surround the castle. Then foot soldiers, marching close; finally, a long train of carts and pack-animals carrying huge timbers.

Not till the foot soldiers came within close range did the attack begin in earnest. In the great expanse of country to the south and east, men and horses moved about in active preparation, building mantelets, or huge, heavy screens on wheels, and constructing battering-rams. Far at the rear a hundred or more men were at work on a "cat," a long, low affair with a peaked roof like that of a house.

Raoul had seized a crossbow and was crouching beside Sir Estaric on the battlement when four of the mantelets, with some fifty or sixty men behind them, started slowly up the hill. A rain of stones and arrows met them, but on they came. When the mantelets were a short distance from the gate, out sprang the brown figures of men bearing turf and branches, which they cast into the dry moat, only to rush back to cover again. In less than an hour, following the arrival of six more mantelets, the moat was full. Then on came the partly constructed "cat," followed by two long, heavy battering-rams.

Noon came and passed, and Sir Estaric cast anxious glances in the direction of Toulouse. By mid-afternoon the "cat," fully constructed, was in front of the gate. The two battering-rams under it, protected from stones by its slanting roof, were hammering away at the iron-studded timbers, and the Black Prince's army had drawn in close.

Just before the sun swung out of sight, the defenders of the town were forced to retire to the second line of fortifications. Twilight deepened into night, and still the attack continued savagely. The rams were

at work on the inner wall now, biting their way like indefatigable monsters, scattering little sparks from their ironclad heads. Then it was that Sir Estaric used the one cannon that the castle possessed. The powder was rammed in; the heavy ball followed; and Sir Estaric raised his hand and shouted, "In the name of God!"

The match flared. Suddenly there came a blinding flash and a terrific roar, and Raoul felt himself hurled backward. The piece had exploded. Rising slowly, he thought first of all of his knight. Close beside him lay Sir Estaric, but with the aid of the squire he got to his feet.

"Raoul," he said thickly, "the west secret gate! Go! Go hot speed for Toulouse!"

Only for an instant did the boy hesitate. Then, "Le Bœuf!"[1] he called to a man at arms. "Where is old Le Bœuf?"

The man made a movement with his head toward the church, and Raoul ran in that direction. In the vestry he found an old man at work mending crossbows. Raoul spoke hastily to him, and the man rose and hobbled away, to return shortly with a great bunch of keys and a bundle of tapers. In and out among the cloisters the boy followed him, and then down a steep flight of stone steps. At the bottom the old man paused to light a taper and then hurried along a narrow passage that opened out before them as in a nightmare.

At the end of five minutes Le Bœuf unlocked a

[1] Pronounced *lẽ bûf'*.

great door, paused to listen, and then in a whisper asked, "Whither?"

"To Toulouse," replied Raoul, guardedly.

"God speed ye!" said Le Bœuf.

Raoul left him and, plunging up the incline, soon felt the fresh warm night air in his face. He wriggled through a narrow, grass-fringed opening into a dense thicket. In a few moments he was at the edge. Soon he was on the broad main road, running, walking, running again, never stopping. All was silent — silence of the moon-drenched night; silence, and stars, and the perfume of wild thyme and mint and freshly cut hay. Then far-off bells tolled; were silent; tolled again.

Suddenly, without knowing how far he had traveled, he heard a heavy pounding in front of him. He stopped in a broad patch of moonlight. Horses! A multitude of them! He lifted one hand high over his head. They were the home knights; he was sure of it!

One of the knights urged his horse a little ahead and then stopped. "Who art thou?" he demanded.

"It is I — Raoul from the castle. And thou, Sir Knight, art — Oh, thou art Sir Philip! . . . The English Prince in black armor — "

"Ha! 'T is as we feared!" cried several.

"Quick, to horse!" cried Sir Philip.

One of the squires motioned Raoul to the back of a spare horse, and instantly the whole party was on its way again. On the wild, headlong ride under the moon and stars Raoul learned from the other squire the cause of the delay. Edward, thinking no doubt

to cut the knights off from the castle altogether, had sent part of his force toward Toulouse the night before. But Sir Philip had vanquished the English and driven them off to the west.

Shortly before dawn they came within sight of Carcassonne, the south side of which was wreathed in smoke and fire. Almost before Raoul knew what was happening, his horse was carrying him across the open field up the slope. In front of him thundered a long double row of knights, riding so close that the flanks of their horses almost touched. On both sides and behind him galloped the squires. Up, up, up the hill they pounded.

Raoul was aware that the foot soldiers of the Prince broke and fled, but that Edward and his knights had formed and charged. The clash of steel as the two forces met was deafening. Then part of a lance struck the youth, and he sank to the turf, unconscious.

When he opened his eyes he was alone there on the side of the hill. He blinked, pushed himself to his knees, and gazed off to the south. There he saw a sight that thrilled him. The knights of the Black Prince were in retreat, followed closely by Sir Philip. The Prince's foot soldiers were scurrying like sheep.

Something touched Raoul's shoulder lightly; it was the flat of a sword held in the hands of Sir Estaric. The boy turned in surprise, then caught his breath and lowered his head.

"In the name of God and of Saint Michael, I dub thee knight. Be brave, ready, and loyal. Arise, Sir Knight!"

"IN THE NAME OF GOD AND OF SAINT MICHAEL, I DUB THEE KNIGHT. BE BRAVE, READY, AND LOYAL. ARISE, SIR KNIGHT!"

Raoul could only gasp and look at the tall, pale figure that trembled a little as it stood there, bareheaded. "Oh, my sweet mother?" he murmured.

"She is safe and wishes to see thee. Sir Raoul, thou must choose thy crest."

Raoul had risen. "I think," he said slowly, "I will choose the chamois."

"Ha! 't is well chosen," said Sir Estaric. "Sir Raoul of the Chamois!"

RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

NOTE. — The ancient fortifications at Carcassonne in France are celebrated for their strength and their completeness. The old town, on the summit of the hill above the river, is surrounded by a double rampart, protected at intervals by towers, with entrance by two gates only. These gates are themselves elaborately fortified. Within the walls is the castle. A part of the inner rampart is said to have been built in the sixth century, the outer wall more near the time when Raoul lived and won his knighthood.

It is told by Sir Thomas Malory in the chronicles of King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table, how Sir Launcelot died and was brought to Joyous Gard, the castle which was his own, and laid in the chapel choir. As he lay there, his brother, Sir Ector, came and spoke these words, which, old-fashioned as their form is, describe, for all time and among all people, the perfect knight: —

"Ah, Launcelot, thou were head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights."

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Consciously or unconsciously, every great writer paints his own portrait in his work. From the characters that he draws, the sentiments that he utters, and the philosophy that he upholds, the reader is sure to gather a definite and accurate picture of the man himself. The love that readers feel for Robert Louis Stevenson is the love of all mankind for the high purpose, the courage, and the broad charity that could fix a goal so worthy — yet so undeniably attainable — as that which he presents in the familiar passage from his "Christmas Sermon," which is inscribed on the face of the Stevenson fountain in San Francisco, "to remember Robert Louis Stevenson": —

TO BE HONEST — TO BE KIND — TO EARN A LITTLE AND TO SPEND A LITTLE LESS — TO MAKE UPON THE WHOLE A FAMILY HAPPIER FOR HIS PRESENCE — TO RENOUNCE WHEN THAT SHALL BE NECESSARY AND NOT BE EMBITTERED — TO KEEP A FEW FRIENDS BUT THESE WITHOUT CAPITULATION — ABOVE ALL ON THE SAME GRIM CONDITION TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF — HERE IS A TASK FOR ALL THAT A MAN HAS OF FORTITUDE AND DELICACY

THE RIDERS

Sir Galahad came riding,
came riding,
came riding,
Sir Galahad came riding
Across the fields of May.
For valor and for verity,
For service and sincerity
He set his gallant lance in rest
And put upon his knightly quest,
Which nothing might dismay.
And why may not a later lad
Of common mould and plainly clad
Still be another Galahad,
And so come riding, riding,
Across the world to-day?

The Maid of France came riding,
came riding,
came riding,
The Maid of France came riding
Across the war-worn land.
She left the tasks of womankind
To serve a larger humankind.
Against the lords of war and hate,
Against the crafts of Church and State
She raised her girlish hand.
And why may not a modern maid,
Though wearing neither casque nor blade,

Be valorous still and unafraid,
And so come riding, riding
To meet the world's command?

Eternal Time comes riding,
comes riding,
comes riding,
Eternal Time comes riding
To tramp us into clay.
For every day's a battlefield
In shop, or ship, or cattle field.
Yet banners of the flaming skies
Still beckon us to high emprise
And cheer us on our way.
So why should not a venturous youth
Though backward and a bit uncouth,
Still break a lance for trust and truth,
And still come riding, riding,
Across the world to-day?

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

NOTE. — "The Maid of France" was Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who led her countrymen to victory.

HOW LINCOLN LOOKED TO A SOLDIER IN THE UNION ARMY

THE winter of 1863 was the darkest time in the whole Civil War for those who wanted the North to win. It was during this winter that a young Quaker sergeant of the Union Army came back on a furlough to visit his friend John W. Gilbert, at Greenville, Pennsylvania. There, for ten happy days, the young man enjoyed himself with his kind Quaker friends. How he enjoyed eating the good meals that Mrs. Gilbert put before him! What a comfort it was to sit before the fire of an evening, discussing the Emancipation Proclamation with his friend John, or talking of President Lincoln, who was shouldering all the terrible responsibility of the war. What a pleasant, undisturbed sleep he had at night between the cool sheets of his comfortable bed! And how he enjoyed his games in the daytime with the children! One happy day after another slipped by, and at last the time came when young Jim Stradling had to go back to his regiment at the front.

A little sadly, perhaps, he said good-bye to his friends, and, carrying a package of good things that Mrs. Gilbert had made for him, he boarded the train for Trenton, on the way to Philadelphia and Washington. Beyond Washington travel was not easy; the fighting front was not far from Washington in those days, and all the regular trains and boats had stopped running. The sergeant knew that he must

be with his regiment the next day. His furlough said clearly that on that day his leave expired, and he knew that if he stayed longer in Washington he might be arrested by the provost guard and sent back to his regiment as a deserter. Now young Stradling was no deserter. So when a steamboat captain on the river refused to take him to the front, what do you suppose he did?

Let us find out by reading from a letter [1] that he wrote to his friend, John Gilbert, after he had managed to join his regiment once again.

CAMP BAYARD, VIRGINIA
March 6, 1863

MY DEAR FRIEND JOHN, —

I arrived safely in camp yesterday afternoon, and found Captain Boyd and the boys all well. The captain was so glad to see me that he sent me in charge of a squad of men out on picket that night on the Rappahannock River.

Returning from my furlough, I had a number of quite exciting experiences. . . . On leaving thy beautiful home . . . I took the stage for Lambertville, New Jersey, where I soon boarded a train for Trenton and another one at Philadelphia for Washington. . . . I arrived in Washington about nine-thirty the next morning, and at once hunted up a restaurant, for I felt quite empty. There is one thing, John, that thee may be sure was left out of that meal,

[1] This letter is used by special permission of James G. Stradling, the son of the writer.

and that was "hardtack"! For one meal, they were left off the bill of fare.

After finishing my breakfast, I walked down to the river, where I found a steamer which was being loaded and which was going to the front that night. I presented my furlough paper to the captain and told him I should be pleased to go with him to Acquia Creek that night. To my great astonishment, he refused to take me on board. I said to him that my furlough expired the next day and I was anxious to get to the front. I told him that if I remained over, the provost guard might pick me up and hustle me off to the front with a lot of real deserters, but I did not want to go that way. My pleading with him, however, had no effect. So I walked up to the Capitol and through it, and walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, toward the White House. I was thinking hard all the time and wondering what I was going to do.

While trudging down the Avenue, a sudden thought — Why not see the President? — flashed into my mind, and I started for the White House. I supposed that all I would have to do would be to go down to the White House and knock on the front door, and if the President was not in Mrs. Lincoln could tell me where he was and would probably invite me in to wait until he returned. (I know, John, that thee and Letitia and the girls will laugh your heads off when you read this, and then you will exclaim, "We did not think Jim was that green!")

When I reached the front door of the White House,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the statue by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in Chicago

I found two or three policemen on guard, who said to me, "Well, country, what do you want?" I told them I wanted to see the President; when they showed me into a very large room which was full of people. Of course I was very much bewildered and did not know which way to turn. I finally picked up courage to ask a gentleman near to me if these people had assembled to hear the President make a speech. He replied, with a twinkle in his eye, after he had sized me up, that the people were assembled to see the President, but that he was not going to make a speech; everyone would have to wait their turn to be called into his room for a personal interview.

After thanking him, I looked around the large room to see if I could see anyone I knew. Presently I saw General Hooker, standing over on one side of the room near a side door. At that moment a guard opened the door and General Hooker passed in. I asked one of the guards where people landed when they passed through that side door. His reply was, "Why, greeny, that goes to the President's room."

As soon as I could, I edged my way around to that door and told the guard that I was a soldier in distress and asked if he could help me. I told him I had been home on a furlough and — "You want to get it extended I suppose," he said. "I do not believe the President will do that."

"I want to get to the front to-night."

I told him there was a steamer going down to-night, but the captain of the steamer had refused me passage. . . . I said to him that if I could get

a chance to put my case before the President, and get him thoroughly to understand that I was endeavoring to get to and not from the front, he would assist me. . . .

He took my furlough paper and, calling another guard to watch the door, disappeared. He was gone for a long, long time. While I was waiting, a very nicely dressed gentleman came to the guard, and showing him his card, he was passed in. I asked the guard who it was that could go in simply by showing his card. He replied, "That was United States Senator Ben Wade of Ohio."

While still waiting, another fine-looking old gentleman and a lady came up and handed the guard a letter, which he at once sent in to the President. The lady's eyes were very red, and soon she commenced to weep again, and I heard her remark to her escort, "I must see the President to-day, or my son will be shot to-morrow."

Of course I was anxious to learn who they were and what was the trouble with her son, and I was about to ask the guard, when the other guard — the one who had my papers — appeared and said, "Follow me." I followed him into a small room where there was a gentleman sitting, and my guard addressed him as Mr. Hay. He said, "Please be seated, and the President will see you very soon."

While waiting there, Mr. Hay was passing in and out all the time, but he found time to tell me that he had given my papers to the President, with the statement that I was endeavoring to get to the front

while most of them were trying their best to get away from the front. . . . While sitting there, waiting, I began to realize where I was and what I would have to go through, and what I would have to say to the President. I became, as thee used to say, John, weak in the knees and warm under the collar.

I did not have long to wait, however, for in a few minutes Mr. Hay came in and said, "The President will see you." I followed him into the President's room, when he announced "Sergeant Stradling," and passed out. As I came abreast of the people in the room, there sat Ben Wade and two other gentlemen I did not recognize. General Hooker was standing up and saying good-bye to the President.

As I approached, the President hesitated a moment and asked me to take a seat, when he went on and said to General Hooker, "General, we shall expect to have some good news from you very soon." I saluted the General, which he returned and then passed out.

In my efforts to acknowledge the President's invitation to take a seat I had finally blurted out that I would rather stand. The President then arose, and I did not think he would ever stop going up. He was the tallest man, John, I think I ever saw. He then turned around to me and extended a hand which was fully three times as large as mine, and said, "What can I do for you, my young friend?"

He had a grip on him like a vise, and I felt that my whole hand would be crushed. I had a small fit of coughing, during which time I regained my composure. Then I told him my case as briefly as I could.

He then signed my furlough paper, on which Mr. Hay had written, across the face of it: *To any steamboat captain going to the front; Please give bearer transportation*, and handed it to me and said, "If I have any influence with the steamboat captains, I think that will take you to the front."

I thanked him and was taking my leave, when he said to Senator Wade, "Senator, we have had the head of the army here a few minutes ago, and learned from him all he cared to tell. Now we have here the tail of the army; so let us get from him how the rank and file feel about matters. I mean no reflection on you, Sergeant, when I say 'the tail' of the army."

I said I understood him and knew what he was driving at.

He said a great many men had deserted in the last few months, and he was endeavoring to learn the cause. He felt there must be some good reason for it. Either the army was opposed to him, to their generals, or to the Emancipation Proclamation, and he was very desirous of learning from the rank and file about the conditions in the army. "None of the Generals desert or resign — and we could spare a number of them better than we can spare so many privates."

Turning around to me, he asked if I could enlighten him on any of these points. In the meantime I had become perfectly cool, perfectly composed. The weakness had disappeared from my knees and the heat from under my collar. I braced myself to tell him things which I knew would not be pleasing to him. I determined to tell him, frankly and truthfully, all

about the feeling in the army as far as I knew it.

First I said, "Mr. President, so far as I know, the army has the utmost confidence in your honesty and ability to manage this war. So far as I can learn, the army had no faith in the ability of General Burnside. In fact, it had but very little faith in him, and no respect for his ability. He appeared to us as a general who had no military genius whatever, but fought his battles as some people play the fiddle, by main strength and awkwardness — not the best way of fighting a battle, surely."

The President asked me if I was in the battle of Fredericksburg. I replied in the affirmative.

"Did you see much of the battle?"

I replied that, when the fog lifted, we could see nearly the whole line. I explained to him that the battleground consisted of a level plain . . . with the Southerners entrenched on a number of low hills skirting this plain on the south, while at the foot of Mary's Heights was a sunken road. Their batteries and more infantry were on the heights proper, while the sunken road was full of infantry and sharpshooters. This was the position against which General Burnside launched General Hooker's corps, the flower of the army. I added, "You know too well the result, for I can observe the great gloom which still hangs around you on account of that battle."

Senator Wade then asked me if I thought there was any excuse for such a blunder. . . . The President spoke up and said, "This is very interesting to me, so please go ahead."

I said the country was an open one. There were no mountains or large rivers to cross, but both flanks of the Confederate Army were susceptible of being turned. Even we privates wondered why such an attack was made. General Burnside must have known of the sunken road, for we of the cavalry had been over it with General Bayard in 1862, and he must have informed General Burnside all about it. If General Burnside had possessed any military genius, he would have flanked Lee out of his position and fought him where he could have had at least an equal chance.

All of those present listened very attentively, when the President said, "What you have stated, Sergeant, seems very plausible to me. When General Hooker left us but a few minutes ago, he said, 'Mr. President, I have the finest army that was ever assembled together, and I hope to send you good news very soon.' That was just the language General Burnside used when he left me shortly before the battle of Fredericksburg. And such a disaster that followed still makes my heart sick. . . ."

I said, "Mr. President, even privates, when on the ground, cannot help seeing and wondering why certain movements are made. . . . Our duty, however, is not to criticise, but to obey, even if we get our heads knocked off. I have found that soldiers are willing to obey without hesitation and take the chances, when they feel that their show is equal to that of the enemy."

The President went on: "You have said nothing about how the soldiers feel toward the Emancipation Proclamation."

I replied, "Mr. President, I approach the Emancipation Proclamation with great reluctance, for I know how your heart was set on issuing that document. So far as I am personally concerned, I heartily approve of it. But many of my comrades did not. . . . The issuing of the proclamation caused many to desert, no doubt, and the presence of General Burnside at the head of the army caused many others to leave. . . . "

The President sat still a moment or two, when he said, "Sergeant, I am very glad indeed to have had your views. I am exceedingly glad you have mentioned the Emancipation Proclamation, for I shall take this opportunity to make a few remarks which I desire you to convey to your comrades.

"The proclamation was, as you state, very near to my heart. I thought about it and studied it in all its phases before I began to put it on paper. I expected many soldiers would desert when it was issued. I expected many who cared nothing for the colored man would seize upon the proclamation as an excuse for deserting. I did not believe the number of deserters would materially affect the army. On the other hand, the issuing of the proclamation would probably bring into the ranks many who otherwise might not volunteer.

"After I had made up my mind to issue it, I commenced to put my thoughts on paper, and it took me many days before I succeeded in getting it into shape so that it suited me. Please explain to your comrades that the proclamation was issued for two reasons.

The first and chief reason was this: I felt a great impulse moving me to do justice to five or six millions of people. The second reason was that I believed it would shorten the war. I believed that under the Constitution I had a right to issue the proclamation as a military necessity. I have faith that it will shorten the war by many months. How does the rank and file view General Hooker?"

I replied that General Hooker was a hard fighter. "The boys have great respect for him, as well as great faith in his ability."

The President then extended his hand, and said, "I thank you very much, and I trust you will reach the front in the morning."

When I came out, I endeavored to find Mr. Hay, but he was gone. The door guard was still on duty, and I slipped up to him and said, "You need not call me greeny any more, for I have learned more to-day than many people learn in fifty years." I then thanked him for his assistance, and left the White House. I started for a lunch counter, for thee may believe, I was hungry. After filling up on good things, I walked to the boat. I showed the Captain my furlough paper with the President's name on it. He gazed at it a moment and then said, "Git aboard!"

About the time I reached the deck, General Hooker climbed aboard too. He took the captain's cabin, while I took a pile of bags filled with oats. I pulled the bags around and made quite a nice bed, where I slept all night. We landed at Acquia Creek next morning and I reached the regiment in the afternoon.

What a lot of experience I had met! I am no longer a greeny — at least, I do not believe I am.

Mr. Lincoln was a very sad, woebegone, gloomy-looking man. He did not smile; his face did not lighten up once while I was in his presence. It haunted me for days afterward.

I give his exact words, as near as I can remember them. To have the President of the United States talk to me, and to be allowed to talk to him, was such an event in my life that I may be pardoned, I think, if I did feel a little "set-up," as it were.

Now, John, I have written thee a long letter, much longer than I intended to write when I commenced, but there seemed to be things to say and I could not resist the temptation to say them. Please thank thy wife for the basket of good things which she put up for me before I started, and also say to my dear little Sarah that her "Dim" reached the camp in safety. With very kindest regards, I remain

Sincerely thine,

J. M. Stradling

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[Walt Whitman served in the army hospitals during the Civil War. The poem was written after President Lincoln's death. The "ship" is the ship of state and our Lincoln is the "captain."]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN

UNDER WATER

[The author of the following selection, Mr. William Beebe, is most widely known for his studies of bird life. While associated with the New York Zoölogical Society he founded the collection of living birds at the New York Zoölogical Gardens — one of the finest in the world. He made a famous trip around the world just to find out all that could be known about pheasants. This scientist, traveler, and author has written of other marvels he has seen with his own eyes. He has told of the jungle and of the sea; he knows the islands of the Indian Ocean and the mountain splendors of the Himalayas. He has led an expedition to the Galápagos, or World's End, as he calls it.

In Mr. Beebe's under-water adventures the helmet he has worn is of his own devising. This helmet as shown in the frontispiece is merely a big iron can with a glass front set in, two bands on the front and back for the attachment of the lead weights to hold it down, and a common garden hose connected with a tire pump in the boat above, through which air is steadily supplied to him. The helmet sits on his shoulders where it is held by lead blocks, and a stream of bubbles oozes out from underneath. By lifting it from his shoulders, he is able at any time to swim to the water's surface.]

GOLDEN GROUPERS

I ANCHORED the glass-bottomed diving boat as close to the cliffs of northern Narborough as I dared, in a cove where the water was so deep that the swells remained unbroken until shattered against the lava itself. This, my seventieth descent, took me into a strange submarine world. Swallowing as I went, I climbed down and down, and stood at last on a gigantic, rounded bowlder, thirty feet below the surface.

The dominant note of the underwater scene in this

marvelous island eddy was the seaweed. Great fields of it extended to the limit of vision, with bare or sponge-covered bowlders between. Sargassum, with small berries, grew on long, slender fronds, two or three feet in length, which gave completely to every surge, more so than any land growth to the wind. Like a tide which changes every twelve seconds instead of every twelve hours, the whole underworld swayed outward and then, with infinite grace, inward again. All the innumerable strands of greenish olive bent and flattened away from me, and then, with the slow movement attained only rarely by such growths as weeping willows, rolled toward and wrapped around me, reaching out toward the steep ascent marking the beginning of that upper world which seemed so little a part of my life at a moment like this.

As the grass shifted and vibrated, many weird little inhabitants were disclosed for a moment and then scuttled back to shelter — wrasse never seen before or since, twisting worms, crabs, and snails, all identical in color with the weed. The numbers and size of the fish were remarkable, almost every species being represented by larger individuals than elsewhere, perhaps due to the unusual abundance of food on these current-bound shores. My old friends, Xesurus,[1] the yellow-tailed cows, were grazing in schools of two to three hundred, shadowing slowly about the corners of bowlders.

I was halfway up a steep slope, and by twisting the boat around with me I succeeded in reaching the

[1] Pronounced *zĕ – sōō′ rŭs*.

summit, where I could look down upon a sinister valley, narrow and dark and deep, with the opposite ridge covered with long, waving weed. As I stretched full-length upon a mat of the sargassum, a gang — they were too ugly and dangerous looking to be called a school — of giant groupers parted the fronds and drifted through toward me, all dark in tone with olives and browns. They mouched along, their ugly jaws chewing eternally on the cud of life, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, there came a distinct glow, and next to the last grouper came one of the golden ones. In their evident opinion there was no difference. He impatiently nudged a neighbor and in turn was pushed aside by the fish following him. The most careful dissection shows absolutely no physical difference, and yet, instead of being clad in mottled olive green of the dullest, darkest shade, he is solid gold from mouth to tail. The weed was appreciably illumined when he passed through it.

One strange thing has been that, rare as the golden groupers are, both two years ago and during the present trip it has been only these gorgeously colored individuals that have attacked the propeller of our little outboard motors. Whether the color of the glistening brass attracts this shining caste more than the other, duller grouper persons, I have no idea.

A few minutes later a shadowy school, a second lot of even larger groupers swept past in the blue distance, with another golden brother in their number. He is all the more wonderful because there are no intermediates — one either has regal golden blood, or

is of mottled brown *polloi* caste. Here is materialized the mental effect which creates in fairy tales the one most beautiful creature or prince or lady among a host of dull or ugly ones.

Once again a huge sea lion gave me a start. As I stood watching a mist of grazing Xesurus, I felt a sudden water pressure against my back and legs, and turned in time to see a monstrous black shape back and veer away, having rushed in a lightning sweep within a foot of me. His eyes were no longer the dull, soft, deerlike, half-seeing organs with which he gazed at me on land, but bright and clear and keen; the long whiskers stood out white and bristling, the mouth partly opened as he turned, and the dog teeth gleamed wickedly. As my eye caught the form I leaped involuntarily toward the ladder, forgetting that I was in a land where mighty acrobatics could be achieved with a push. I landed on a bowlder at a height of about four rungs up, and some eight feet beyond the ladder — a standing high jump which broke the world's record in the upper air by feet. The strangest thing was that whenever I did such a thing as this I accomplished it slowly. I took off with deliberation in spite of my strongest effort, I went through the water with conscious elapse of time, and I landed as in a slow motion picture.

The instant I leaped I realized my mistake, and watched the wonderful form as it swung up from me. It turned just below the surface and again shot down. I think a considerable percentage of these manœuvres was executed for the benefit of a smaller — probably

a lady — sea lion who hung between earth and air a short distance away and watched. The big male — he was certainly over seven feet long — began his second rush at an acute angle, heading for the bottom, some distance away. Turning like a meteor the moment his head touched the waving seaweed, he again cleared me by inches. I could not help flinching, not so much from a fear of being bitten as from a disbelief that such a great body could possibly stop its impetus and avoid smashing into me.

As he passed, I stretched out a hand and felt the smooth, hard body brush against my fingers. This was apparently a surprise to the animal, who in alarm inserted an extra curve into his simple parabola, and in the effort gasped out a mouthful of bubbles. This time he shot to the surface and half out, followed by his admirer, while the string of bubbles ascended slowly, coalescing, as it went, into larger and fewer spheres, like the puff of smoke from an aëroplane engine or the blossoming of white shrapnel against a blue sky. In each bubble I could see a distorted reflection of myself, my helmet, and all my surroundings.

A glance around showed that every fish had vanished, and not until two or three minutes had passed did they begin slowly to come into view. The sea lions are the masters of these waters, and I was surprised to see even a great turtle slide hastily out of the way when one came too near. Sharks always disappeared with the fish.

Even if the fish had not returned I could have

watched the movement of the seaweed for hours, it was so unlike the movement of wheat or grass. The whole mass seemed alive, a field of Medusa growth, each stem writhing and curling and twisting of its own volition, in its own particular way, and yet the whole ebbing and flowing as one frond in obedience to the rhythmic breeze.

I sat me down on a couch of golden, blowing weed, with beautiful green-armed starfish sprawled here and there, and, leaning back, watched the bubbles of my life's breath tumble out from beneath my arms and shoulders. From invisibility, from the colorless, formless stream of gas flowing down the length of black hose, they became definite spheres painted and splashed with all the colors in sight. Once, when I was making my first flight in a plane, I had for a short space of time the soul-devastating sensation of being suspended motionless in the ether while the earth dropped away from me. That has never been repeated; but here on the bottom of the sea, looking upward, I can as often as I wish conjure up the belief that I am actually looking at a constellation, a galaxy of worlds and stars rolling majestically through the invisible ether. The background is as mysteriously colorless and formless as space itself must be, as I peer out through my little rectangular windows.

My moonings are brought to an abrupt end by a glint of gold which appears on each globule of air — a fiery pin-point which becomes an oval, and soon a great spot, as if a sun were rising behind me. If I were looking at a real planet such a thing might be

a tremendous volcanic eruption on the surface. Twisting slightly and peering obliquely through my little periscope, I saw what after all is the most joyous thing in life, an old friend in a new guise — another great golden grouper just behind me, revealed by his reflected image on my ascending breath.

IN THEIR CHOSEN ELEMENT

To my left the rope from the anchor weight led up in a graceful curve to the distant, dark silhouette of the boat. Now and then a window opened in the ruffled ceiling and framed the anxious face of my faithful assistant, peering down, on the lookout for approaching danger. The face vanished, the window slammed shut as the water glass was withdrawn — and I was again visually lost to the upper world.

The ripples of the surface above me had scarcely died away to the usual heaving, opaque, moonstone appearance of my water sky, when a cloud came drifting past. If I had been looking behind me some time before, and had eyes which could penetrate the wall of blueness in the distance, this cloud might at first have seemed no bigger than a man's hand. Overhead, however, it was large enough to darken the whole bottom, and, except along the rim, formed a solid mass. At least twenty thousand slender little Galápagos snappers floated over and around me. They were only two to three inches in length, slender and sinuous, grayish black above, silvery below, with seven or more narrow dark stripes running parallel down the head and body. This was the clear-cut

vision I had as the host drifted slowly, almost without individual movement, toward and over me.

Some danger, unknown to me, wrought a whirlwind in this living cloud, and instantly every fish vanished, the whole becoming a mass of blurred lines — a great gray something out of focus. As quickly, fear passed, and every fish again became clear-etched in its place among its thousands of fellows. Slowly all passed from view, a few hundreds along the lower edge sifting through the uppermost fringe of weeds. It occurred to me then that their man-given name was a singularly appropriate one — *Xenocys*,[1] "strange swift"! It should have been *Xenocys xenocys;* they were too delicate, too immaterial, for any noun.

My sea lion returned for a last look, but slewed off; and then a turtle, almost as long as myself, swam into my ken. He was much more satisfactory a constellation than those in the heavens, of most of which I have never been able to make head or tail. But he was also a turtle at its best. Until one has looked up and seen eight hundred pounds of sea turtle floating lightly as thistledown overhead, balanced so exactly between bottom and surface that the slightest half inch of flipper motion is sufficient to turn the great mass partly over and send it ahead a yard — until then one has never really seen a turtle.

Two years ago when I visited these islands, I watched the little penguins waddling about; I saw the cormorants awkwardly climbing over land, even hauling themselves along by means of a crook in their

[1] Pronounced *zĕn' ō-sĭs.*

necks; the sea lions unlovelily caterpillaring along the ground; and great hulks of turtles ploughing their way as much through as over the sand of the beaches. It was now my privilege to see these same creatures in their chosen element, graceful, glorified reincarnations of their terrestrial activities, whereas here at the sea bottom I sprawl awkwardly, clutching at waving weeds to keep from being washed away by the gentle swell, peering out of a metal case infinitely more ugly than the turtle's skull, and superior to them only in my hearty admiration of their perfect coördination in an exquisitely adapted environment.

My nice turtle friend still floated motionless. I was resting lightly on a bed of weeds, with a generous tuft of them in each hand. I was aware that with every surge there was a very decided movement of the whole mass, but as everything in sight was equally shifted my mind registered no definite motion. Of one thing only was I certain: that, however we plants and organisms at the bottom were blowing and vibrating back and forth, the turtle at least, isolated in midwater, was as still as the distant rocks themselves. Becoming cramped, I decided to stand upright for a while, and gently lowered my feet until I felt them fit into convenient crevices of the concealed rocks beneath me. This gave me safe anchorage, and in a minute more all my surroundings, my whole world, went trailing off as far as it could; then, with equal unanimity, all faithfully returned. I glanced upward and was as astonished as if, when on land, I should suddenly see the moon or sun begin to bob back and

forth in the sky, for my turtle was behaving like everything else and was being swayed back and forth, suspended in the invisible medium, exactly as we at the bottom.

To look back upon it, no more silly lack of reasoning could be imagined on my part; but when you leave the world for which God made you, and willfully enter other strange ones, it is reasonable to suppose that your senses and brain have to become readjusted as well as your more physical being. For five minutes I derived infinite delight from alternately swaying with the weed and holding to the rock, and thereby at will giving to my turtle absolute stability or rhythmical swaying through space. He seemed quite unaffected by the theory, but appeared fascinated by the sight of this strange copper-headed, white-skinned, wormlike being, with an enormously long, curving tentacle from the tip of its nose forever pouring forth a mass of white, bubbly gas.

And still the turtle hung in the sky when two penguins arrived. For a time they swam around in little intersecting circles, constantly plunging their heads beneath the water to stare at me. Finally curiosity overcame them; they could stand it no longer, and down they came, clad in mantles of silvery bubble sheen. They encircled me once and started on another round, but then became fascinated by the black hose and, after an examination, half paddled, half drifted to the surface and were gone.

WILLIAM BEEBE

(Abridged from "The Sharks of Narborough")

THE RUNAWAY

ONCE when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He is n't winter-broken. It is n't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only the weather.' He'd think she did n't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with clatter of stone,
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that is n't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

ROBERT FROST

NOTE. — We, too, might be afraid of the snow, if we did not understand it. We might be afraid of the dark, or of trouble, or of many a circumstance, if someone had not made us know that they were "only weather."

A LETTER FROM WILLIAM JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER

[William James was an eminent American philosopher and author of books about the mind. When his own young daughter was going through strange feelings of sadness and rebellion, no one knew better than the father how to sympathize and how to help. In this fine letter he shows with rare kindness and understanding how a person may come to a right and happy outlook toward himself and those about him.]

Villa Luise, Bad-Nauheim,[1] *May* 26, 1900

Darling Peg, —

Your letter came last night and explained sufficiently the cause of your long silence. You have evidently been in a bad state of spirits again, and dissatisfied with your environment; and I judge that you have been still more dissatisfied with the inner state of trying to consume your own smoke, and grin and bear it, so as to carry out your mother's behests, made after the time when you scared us so by your inexplicable tragic outcries in those earlier letters. Well! I believe you have been trying to do the manly thing under difficult circumstances, but one learns only gradually to do the *best* thing; and the best thing for you would be to write at least weekly, if only a post card, and say just how things are going. If you are in bad spirits, there is no harm whatever in communicating that fact and defining the character of it, or describing it as exactly as you like. The bad

[1] Pronounced *bädt nou' hīm.*

thing is to pour out the *contents* of one's bad spirits on others and leave them with it, as it were, on their hands, as if it was for them to do something about it. That was what you did in your other letter which alarmed us so, for your shrieks of anguish were so excessive, and so unexplained by anything you told us in the way of facts, that we did n't know but what you had suddenly gone crazy. That is the worst sort of thing you can do. The middle sort of thing is what you do this time — namely, keep silent for more than a fortnight, and when you do write, still write rather mysteriously about your sorrows, not being quite open enough.

Now, my dear little girl, you have come to an age when the inward life develops, and when some people — and on the whole, those who have most of a destiny — find that all is not a bed of roses. Among other things there will be waves of terrible sadness, which last sometimes for days ; and dissatisfaction with one's self ; and irritation at others ; and anger at circumstances ; and stony insensibility . . . which, taken together, form a melancholy. Now, painful as it is, this is sent to us for an enlightenment. It always passes off, and we learn about life from it, and we ought to learn a great many good things if we react on it rightly. For instance, you learn how good a thing your home is, and your country, and your brothers, and you may learn to be more considerate of other people, who, you now learn, may have their inner weaknesses and sufferings, too.

Many persons take a kind of sickly delight in hug-

ging it; and some sentimental ones may even be proud of it, as showing a fine, sorrowful kind of sensibility. Such persons make a regular habit of the luxury of woe. That is the worst possible reaction on it. It is usually a sort of disease when we get it strong, arising from the organism having generated some poison in the blood; and we must n't submit to it an hour longer than we can help, but jump at every chance to attend to anything cheerful or comic, or take part in anything active that will divert us from our mean, pining, inward state of feeling.

When it passes off, as I said, we know more than we did before. And we must try to make it last as short a time as possible. The worst of it often is that, while we are in it, we don't *want* to get out of it. We hate it, and yet we prefer staying in it — that is a part of the disease. If we find ourselves like that, we must make ourselves do something different, go with people, speak cheerfully, set ourselves to some hard work, make ourselves sweat . . . and that is the good way of reacting that makes of us a valuable character. The disease makes you think of *yourself* all the time; and the way out of it is to keep as busy as we can thinking of *things* and of *other people* — no matter what's the matter with our self.

I have no doubt you are doing as well as you know how, darling little Peg; but we have to learn everything, and I also have no doubt that you'll manage it better and better if you ever have any more of it, and soon it will fade away, simply leaving you with more experience. The great thing for you now, I

should suppose, would be to enter as friendlily as possible into the interest of the Clarke children. If you like them, or act as if you liked them, you need n't trouble about the question of whether they like you or not. They probably will, fast enough ; and if they don't, it will be their funeral, not yours. But this is a great lecture, so I will stop. The great thing about it is that it is all true. . . .

Your mother is sleeping, and will doubtless add a word to this when she wakes. Keep a merry heart, — "Time and the hour run through the roughest day" — and believe me ever your most loving

W. J.

NOTE. — Now is a good time to read about "Mendelssohn," elsewhere in this volume, and find there a letter in a spirit much like that of the letter from this father. In the world's history those who have accomplished great deeds have had to meet the little daily problems that call for self-conquest and forbearance. To read their words is like taking the strengthening hand of a friend and looking into eyes that understand. And we know suddenly that we are conquerors with them, in their intimate company.

PLAN FOR A GIRL'S GARDEN

MAKE all the borders very pleasant,
Have a green hedge, and little paths that wind,
With homely herbs and old perennials present
To rest the mind.

Plant roses, shining in their beauty,
Golden and creamy, red and rare;
Plant zinnias, with a quiet air
Doing their duty;
And fringy blue delphiniums
And sturdy stocks,
Bright Canterbury bells slow ringing,
And snowdrops faintly swinging,
And four-o'-clocks;
With child-faced, trustful pansies near
Pale petaled phlox;
Larkspur and marigold,
All that a plot will hold,
And slender, girlish hollyhocks
In ruffled frocks.

Plant tulips, each a carven cup
Crimson with sunlight to the brim,
And morning glories lifted up,
Dew-pearled along the rim;
Violets, shy, contented,
Verbena, lemon-scented,
And jonquils passing fair;

And lilacs, white and lavender —
If but a soft wind stir,
If but a light rain fall,
They loose a fragrance on the air
Dearest of all.
Plant lilies of the valley,
And darling mignonette,
And all those bonny, sweet,
Tousled and honey-sweet
Bushes where velvet bees go musically,
Where butterflies break flight
With tilted wing,
And little wandering birds in sheer delight
Tarry to sing.

Put in the seed,
Set the small slips, tend willingly the soil,
Bend to each humble need,
Grudging no care or toil;
Work, watch, and wait,
Spending love soon and late,
With patience ever long, hope ever new —
And He who was the Maker and the warden
Of the first lovely place where flowers grew
Will bless your garden!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — A jar of flower petals, mixed with spices, scents a room with garden memories long after the summer days are gone and other summers have come and passed.

Gather the petals of the rose in June, and spread them out to dry in the sunshine. The petals of red roses are most fragrant, but others also make sweet blendings, and a few whole

flower heads should be mixed with them. The dried petals are put into a crock in layers, with a sprinkling of salt between. Then from time to time they are stirred and shaken, and other flowers are added as the season advances — there may be lavender, and lemon verbena. There should be cinnamon, and clove, and sandalwood perhaps; a bit of lemon and orange rind; a drop of rare perfume.

Small quantities of the dry, ripened mixture may be put into little covered porcelain rose jars at Christmas time, for friends to keep. (A small vase with a painted cork will hold the garden memories as well.) Then, when the house is clean and cool, and the shades are half drawn on a quiet day of another summer, the cover is laid aside and the fragrance of the rose jar steals into the room.

THE SOLITAIRE

Of all the birds on the Rockies, the one most marvelously eloquent is the solitaire. I have often felt that everything stood still and that every beast and bird listened while the matchless solitaire sang. The hermit thrush seems to suppress one, to give one a touch of reflective loneliness; but the solitaire stirs one to be up and doing, gives one the spirit of youth.

In the solitaire's song one feels all the freshness and the promise of spring. The song seems to be born of ages of freedom beneath peaceful skies, of the rhythm of the universe, of a mingling of the melody of winds and waters, and of all rhythmic sounds that murmur and echo out of doors, and of every song that Nature sings in the wild gardens of the world. I am sure I have never been more thoroughly wide-awake and hopeful than when listening to the solitaire's song. The world is flushed with a diviner atmosphere, every

object carries a fresher significance, there are new thoughts and clear, calm hopes sure to be realized on the enchanted fields of the future.

I was camping alone one evening in the deep solitude of the Rockies. The slanting sun rays were glowing on St. Vrain's crag-crowned hills and everything was at peace, when from a near-by tree top came the triumphant, hopeful song of a solitaire, and I forgot all except that the world was young.

One believes in fairies when the solitaire sings. . . . My friends have predicted that I shall sometime meet with an accident and perish in the solitudes alone. If their prediction should come true, I hope it will be in the summer time, while the flowers are at their best, and that during my last conscious moments I shall hear the melody of the solitaire singing as I die with the dying day.

ENOS A. MILLS

NOTE. — The solitaire, so called because of its shy habits, is the fly-catching thrush of the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains. To the thrush family belong many of the finest songsters of the world. We have the bluebird, robin, wood-thrush, the northern hermit and olive-backed thrushes, and the tawny thrush or veery, with their songs of richest melody. In England the robin redbreast, which stays throughout winter while "the North Wind doth blow," belongs to this same family, as do the nightingale, the English blackbird, and the missel thrush that feeds on mistletoe berries.

A Boy's Prayer

Give me clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts. Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong.

Save me from habits that harm.

Teach me to work as hard and play as fair in Thy sight alone as if all the world saw.

Forgive me when I am unkind, and help me to forgive those who are unkind to me.

Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE

NOD

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

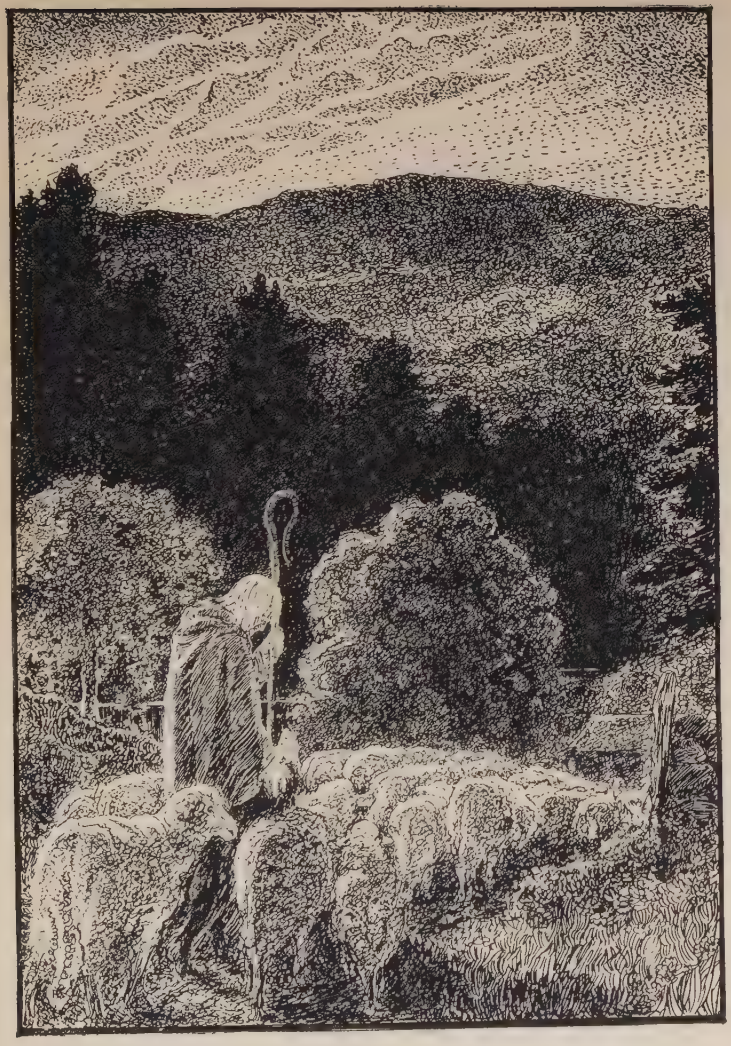
The hedge is quick and green with brier,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

Walter de la Mare

Note. — A cony is a rabbit, and at night rabbits play.



SOFTLY ALONG THE ROAD OF EVENING OLD NOD, THE SHEPHERD, GOES

WILD TULIP [1]

MOTTLED like the tiger-lily leaf,
With black necklace clinging,
(Of course it has a green cloak!)
God has made a tulip.
He made the glacier like a moving jewel,
He made the tulip
Like a red cloud lighted by the sun.
I wonder how it feels to make a flower
Or a glacier like a great dream!

HILDA CONKLING

THINKING IN PICTURES [2]

FOR eighteen years King D. Ganaway was employed as a butler in a home on Lake Shore Drive, in Chicago. On every alternate Friday he had a whole day to himself, from morning till night. What he did with this day nobody knew or cared until it was announced that the first prize of one hundred dollars in a national photographic contest had been awarded to one of his pictures. It is called "The Spirit of Transportation," and portrays the two sections of the Twentieth Century Limited train as they come to the end of their journey in Chicago. Over a hundred other pictures which show the same forceful composition, the same accurate craftsmanship, the same true

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Shoes of the Wind*, by Hilda Conkling; copyright 1922, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

[2] By courtesy of the *American Magazine* and the author, copyright 1925, by The Crowell Publishing Company.

artistic feeling, have become known as the work of this colored butler.

Far from being the result of a moment or an hour, each of these pictures required an almost unbelievable amount of time and patience. Of the prize-winning photograph, Ganaway said: —

"I almost lost that picture as soon as it was taken. I had been working on the composition through two winters and had used dozens of plates, but never could get the effect I wanted. In my imagination I could see the picture I sought, and every second Friday, on my day off, I would spend the morning at the depot taking exposures. But after developing them, I was always disappointed. The photograph had to be taken on a very cold day, so that the steam would be especially thick, and the sun had to be very bright. Often the two sections of the Century would be standing together, in the right position, only for a few seconds.

"One frosty day in February everything seemed wholly favorable for the picture. The steam was forming into beautiful clouds; the sun was sending down big shafts of light; and, rarest of all, the two engines took exactly the position I had in mind. This was in war time, and just as I pressed the bulb a detective came running up to ask what I was doing. Although I tried to explain, he could not imagine why I wanted a picture of those trains. The more I talked the more suspicious he became. Every minute I expected him to seize my camera and put me under arrest.

"Finally I pointed to the beams of light and said, 'Did you ever see anything more beautiful than the way the light falls on that smoke?' I then showed him the main points of the composition, and how the different masses balanced each other. In a few moments he was as enthusiastic about the scene as I. When I reached home I developed my last exposure, and found that I had the very picture I had been working for all the time!"

In all of Ganaway's studies there is a majestic energy that fairly throbs with the life of the city. He can take a massive grain elevator, or a murky stretch of river, and produce the effect of a beautiful painting. His talent seems to lie in discovering the "romantic aspect of commonplace things," as he himself expresses it.

King Ganaway's home was in a small town near Chattanooga, Tennessee. His mother was the friend of the whole neighborhood. Everyone went to her for advice, and she was the first to offer help when trouble came. Consequently, their house became the centre of every gathering. They owned the one piano in the vicinity, and the home was full of books and magazines. Most of the colored people around them were wretchedly poor, starved for a little happiness and a little companionship. From his mother's patience and tenderness with these people King learned to value every sort of human being, no matter how lowly.

Every day after school he used to help in his father's grocery store. Their chief competitor was an aged

Dutchman across the street. As King was locking up the store late one night, he was surprised to see the old man come out and beckon. He wanted the boy to work for him! King went home and told his mother. After a good deal of discussion it was decided that he should accept the offer. This position, which he held until he was twenty, enabled him not only to go through high school but to send his sister through Fisk University at Nashville.

When Ganaway was twenty-one he went to Chicago. One day, on the elevated platform there, a woman asked him the way to the South Side. When he told her, she inquired if he knew of anyone who wanted a position as butler. As she described the opening attractively, the young man modestly suggested that he might be able to learn the work. This woman was his employer for eighteen years, and he afterward found out that her inquiry about directions was only an excuse to talk to him. She had thought him a likely boy, and had already selected him for her butler before he said even a word.

"No occupation open to a poor boy hungry for culture could have been more inspiring," King Ganaway has said of this position. "My mistress gave me every encouragement to improve myself. I was allowed to use her library, and when she had a few spare moments she would call me in and discuss the books I had been reading. Even though I was only the butler, I felt as if this were my home.

"Prominent men and women in the city were constant visitors. Sunday evening supper was an event

to which everyone was eager to be invited; and I looked forward to this with as much anticipation as any of the guests. I knew from experience that the conversation would be keen and inspiring, and if I could help it, I never missed a single word. While I was serving, I would be arguing mentally with some prominent lawyer, or sizing up some nationally known politician.

"No one can begin to realize the education that a man in such a situation may acquire, provided he has an open mind. I learned things about life, about manners, about all the thousand and one refinements that go to make a gentleman — things which I could not have learned in a hundred years in any other occupation."

Almost as far back as he could remember, Ganaway had begun to draw, and under the influence of this home his interest began to revive. Now he wanted to paint. He could see pictures all round him: in the swirl of the lake, in the stately trees of his employer's Lake Forest home, but most of all in the smoke-grimed factories and freight yards of Chicago's industry.

For a while he tried to draw, but the results were discouraging. He had neither the time nor the money to obtain the proper instruction, and after a hard day's work his fingers would be stiff, his eyes drowsy. Soon he saw that to gain skill in drawing would require years and years of practice. Then he began experimenting with the camera. He had only one day in two weeks for his hobby — and on that day

he labored from early morning until twilight, learning for himself the whole technique of photography.

Often he was disappointed. For days, perhaps, he would be shut up in the house, compelled to watch a beautiful snowstorm which he knew would be gone before he could get out of doors. When his holiday did come, the weather would frequently be so unfavorable that he could not work. These days, however, were not totally lost, as he would spend them in finishing plates or studying books about art. After that time, photography took so firm a hold on Ganaway's life that, as he himself phrased it, he had come to "think in pictures."

"I see pictures and designs in everything," he said. "As I am riding on a street car, I am constantly watching the changing lights and shadows along the way. Using the car window as a frame, I compose pictures as we move along. Often they are made out of material which many photographers would discard as uninteresting. Then, too, because of my limited time, I have had to take what I could get, and make the best of what was close at hand.

"One winter we had a wonderful snowstorm, followed by an intensely cold interval. I could not get out in the daytime, but after ten o'clock in the evening I was free. I went to Lincoln Park and prowled around in the biting weather until I found a scene to my liking. It showed Grant's monument under a blanket of white, with snow-covered trees massed around it. As the only light I had was the boulevard lamp reflected on the snow, it was necessary to

make a long exposure. Several belated motor cars passed me, and one or two people stopped to see what I was doing out there in the freezing cold. I suppose they thought I was crazy to be taking pictures at that time of night.

"I tried several, but as none of them came up to my expectations, I went back the next evening. And every night for several weeks I spent two or three hours in Lincoln Park, making and remaking a group of photographs, until they satisfied me. I chose scenes that would not be at all distinctive in the daytime — a long avenue under snow-laden trees, or monuments in weird reflected light. The result of my work was a series of five or six pictures which were different from anything I had ever seen before. If I had had plenty of time during the day I never should have thought of taking these photographs at night.

"I had long hoped to make a study of a peasant mother and child, when one morning a business errand took me to a certain home. An intelligent woman, with a very expressive face, came to the door. I saw at once that she would be a splendid model for my picture. After finishing my business with her husband, I asked if I might photograph her, and he instantly gave his consent.

"Under the kitchen window I placed a washtub, with the mother bending over the washboard and the little girl standing close by. The mother seemed to grasp the idea immediately, and her face took on the very expression I had in mind. But something still seemed to be wrong. I could not quite catch the

peasant effect I desired. Suddenly I saw one of the little girl's aprons hanging on the back of a chair. I picked it up and tied it around the mother's head, giving exactly the Old-World touch I needed. This picture is one of the most realistic I have ever obtained. No one has even suspected that it was not a genuine study of a foreign mother."

King Ganaway's aim has always been to give a sympathetic interpretation of a scene. He knew that any commercial photographer can go out with his camera and bring back a picture which shows every detail truthfully and precisely. He realized, however, that it is not so easy to take a commonplace scene or object and produce a picture which will interpret its underlying meaning.

At all times it is the city that holds the sympathetic eye of this artist. His admiration for Chicago — her industry, her momentum, her very hugeness — is unlimited. "Most Chicago people," he has said, "are so close to the city that they cannot see her greatness. It is my very nearness to Chicago with her many wonders and glories, that enchants me. The more intimately I am identified with her, the more I appreciate the opportunities and privileges which she offers.

"With this conception of my city, I take my camera along the river, the docks, the railroads, the highways, and into the slums, to catch a glimpse of Chicago at work. So I strive to express in my pictures something of her strength and boundless energy."

EDITH M. LLOYD (*adapted*)

NOTE. — Some city pictures to draw and paint might be: —

A street in the rain, with colored umbrellas and rubber coats reflected in the wet pavement;

The inside of a foundry, with great cranes looming out from the heights, blazing violet arc lights, and figures of men;

A ferryboat at night, repeating in the water its necklace of windows, and a shore light wading on stilts;

Three heaps of sulphur rising in yellow pyramids against a chemical factory, near salt marshes green as jade, blue railroad tracks in the yard under dazzling sky of other blue, with white steam and deep purple shadows;

A trolley car on a trestle, poised like a bright insect.

VILLAGE LIGHTS

THE village lights are glistening
As though the stars were dead,
And each one had appointment
To be a star instead.

It seems so sweet and natural
To watch them map the town,
Marking the way for friends to go
Up the streets and down.

And yet they lack a certain charm
That mystifies a star:
They are not held by angels' hands,
The way God's lanterns are.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — They are kindly people who leave their window shades undrawn and let their hearthside light glow through the panes into the street at night. Many a passing heart is cheered by that glow and the happy faces round it.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

SAINT PAUL

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

Good deeds ring through heaven like a bell.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

WHEN THE WHITE HOUSE WAS NEW

If you go to Washington some day, you will walk out Pennsylvania Avenue to the west of the Capitol, and you will come after a while to the White House, where the President of the United States lives. From the north side, you will look across a green lawn, toward a tall, pillared portico over the door where many famous people have entered. Then, if you walk round outside the iron fence that shuts off the White House grounds, you can look across sunny stretches of green turf, across the smiling waters of a little pond, past the tennis court, to the pleasant south front of the old house, with its own curved portico. Jasmine vines blossom on its railings, and in the grass, in spring, bloom daffodils and hyacinths that make the whole air sweet.

The White House is not a state palace. It is just a dignified colonial house, such as many of our ancestors built in the early days of our country; bigger than an ordinary house, but well proportioned and simple, so that it looks as if it had been built as a place in which a pleasant, big family was meant to live. Many families have lived there, and something of the memory of each of them clings about the sunny old home, with its gardens and its flowering shrubs and sloping lawns. As you look at the White House, you can feel lingering near it something of the spirit of the people who have lived there, and the flowers that have blossomed there in years past.

But the White House has not always been as we see it to-day, filled with the dignity of associations, blossoming with flowers planted and cared for through many generations of presidents. A little more than a hundred years ago this same house, now so mellow in its beauty, was a raw, unkempt, unfinished thing, standing amid mud and rubbish. This was the way the family of John Adams, our second president, found it in 1800, when the government was moved from Philadelphia to the new, partly built city of Washington, which was to be the future capital of the United States.

When Abigail Adams climbed the steps under the portico, after a long, rough drive from Baltimore, the White House was not white! That pretty name was not given to it until it was painted white in 1814. When the wife of the second president arrived, she saw a house of Virginia freestone, which was called, grandly, the "Executive Mansion." It had been begun in 1792, and the architect, James Hoban, had copied the lines of a great old house at a country seat near Dublin in Ireland. Inside, the house was not yet finished, and its name, perhaps, was the grandest thing about it.

So Abigail Adams, who was used to the neat, smooth lawns, the trimmed hedges, the small, compact houses of New England, came to live on a half-finished, untidy plain of pink Maryland soil, where it was planned to build a great city. And she came to dwell in a house still littered with the boards and nails of carpenters.

Here is a letter that Mrs. Adams wrote from the White House in 1800 to her daughter, far away in the neat orderliness of New England: —

. . . I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling Black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach the city — which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them.

The river is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables. The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, are another very cheering comfort. To

assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house; and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits; but such a place as Georgetown appears! But no comparisons. If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased.

I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man said it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into a new country.

You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying-room of,

to hang the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee room.[1] Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but when completed it will be beautiful.

Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind, congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, with Mrs. Washington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon. . . .

Thomas comes in and says a House[2] is made; so to-morrow the President will meet them. Adieu, my dear. Give my love to your brother, and tell him he is ever present upon my mind.

NOTE. — The old city of Georgetown in the District of Columbia is now part of Washington. The river over which Mrs. Adams looked was the Potomac, which flows down past Alexandria — where the Washington family went to church — and past the peaceful acres of Mount Vernon.

[1] The room for the holding of receptions by the President.
[2] The House of Representatives.

APRIL [1]

APRIL is a gentle maiden with eyes sky-blue, and clad in a green kirtle braided with wild flowers.

She has smiling lips; and her smile is warm though her hands are cold, the snowflakes being not quite melted from them yet.

Her voice is the bluebird's voice. . . .

April is the willow's greening and the elm in bloom, and the adventurous grass blades' surprising emerald in places sheltered from the winds but open to the sun. . . .

At last April is singing, with lips wide apart like the lips of a flower; and her voice is like rapture, and her song is Spring! Spring! Spring!

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

FOR FRANCE AND THE FAITH [2]

IT is not easy being a soldier. It is not easy to be without fear. But a true soldier, when he meets fear, becomes the master; he refuses to let fear become master of him. That is the way it was with Alfred Eugène Casalis, who, though only nineteen years old, volunteered to join the French army in the first January of the Great War. South Africa had been his birthplace, but in 1915, before his enlistment, he

[1] From *God's Calendar*, by Bishop William A. Quayle; copyright 1914. Reprinted by permission of the Abingdon Press.

[2] Adapted by permission of the Association Press from *For France and the Faith, Letters of Alfred Eugène Casalis*, translated by Warren Edwin Bristol.

and his family spent a happy Christmas together in Paris, while he enjoyed the holidays from his seminary in France.

Before making his decision to go into the army, Alfred had written in a letter home : —

"One must search to discover if he can fight — if he has a heart vibrating enough with love to fight for others, and not merely to save his own skin ; if he is quite decided to be a champion of right, of justice, and of liberty. Then, too, it is necessary to be on the watch — on the watch for the least suffering which surrounds us, in order to relieve it; on the watch for the least injustice within our reach, in order to crush it; on the watch for all justice which points upward, in order to go to its aid and make it triumph. That is our call to arms."

And that was the kind of soldier Alfred proved to be — always "on the watch." He had enlisted of his own free will, even though fighting was against his nature, but, as he said, "What else could be done?" His first barracks were in a schoolroom ; the coat of his first uniform was too small for him, and the sleeves, which were too short, had been darned and resewed, one with white thread, the other with red.

"Some people have thought," he said, "that after the disagreeable experiences which I underwent at the barracks, I must regret very much having enlisted ! I have sent word to them that if it were to be done over I would do it again, and with more enthusiasm than the first time."

Alfred Casalis must have been a true out-of-doors

boy; when the weather was clear, he found it delightful to swing along the road in the fresh morning air. Or in the evening, as they went forward, he would watch the leafless trees in the magnificent moonlight. One night, he said, "the moon was surrounded by a marvelous halo, the most beautiful I have ever seen; it was so large that the Great Dipper would go in it almost twice over." When he and his comrades marched rapidly in the still air, only one step could be heard, so perfect was the time they kept. He liked to work "with a snap." One day, when the lieutenant asked the company for fifty volunteers to leave for the front, it was no longer possible for him to hesitate, and he gave in his name immediately.

"Mother dear," he wrote home, "I beg of you not to be concerned about me. *I could not do otherwise than offer myself.*"

With this determination, Alfred was able to go forth calmly and with confidence. He could write: "I shall fight with a good conscience and without fear, I hope, without hate, surely, because I believe our cause is just."

It was springtime and the weather was fine and cool. Along the hedges the hawthorn was in bloom, and here and there hung long clusters of clematis. Everywhere were violets, daisies, and buttercups, and the men were in such good spirits that they hummed tunes all along the way. These words he sent to his father and mother: —

"I leave contented, confident, at peace. I thank you, father, and you, my darling mother, for all the

love and tenderness you have given us, for all the confidence in life, and for all the hope you have inspired in me. I embrace you with all the love in my heart."

As they passed through territory where there had been a great deal of fighting and villages had been destroyed and burned on all sides, Alfred still went on without fear. "I am ready," was his word. He thought of the future of his country. Often in the morning, when there was an opportunity, he would slip away to a hillside to pray.

It happened that Alfred Casalis had been a scout leader, and of course he could not forget his scouts as he drew near to the front. This is the way he would write to them: —

"You have before you a magnificent task. Your fathers, your brothers, and your friends have fought and are fighting still in order to protect the soil of France, and especially in order to make the French spirit of righteousness, justice, and liberty victorious. It is up to you to make it the spirit of our entire country, that each Frenchman may have only one ideal: to bring in the reign of justice.

"While looking at some soldiers' tombs, I was repeating to myself these words: They did not love their life; they had no fear of death. Their duty was to die if necessary. When they received the order, 'To the assault!' they saw the enemy at the loopholes of the trenches ready to deal certain death, almost at the end of the muzzle, and they charged without hesitation.

"Your duty, yours, is to live — not as plants and animals that merely exist, but as men who have a purpose in life and struggle to attain it. Our elders had no fear of death; you should not fear to live. For you to live means to be as well and as vigorous as possible, to be as straightforward, as loyal, as faithful, as devoted to others, and as pure as lies within your power. That means to try very hard each day to do, not *one* good turn, but *only* good turns. In fact, that means to be true scouts, men who blaze the way for others in order to show them how one must live and where to find the strength to live aright.

"If you accept this ideal, your elders will not have suffered in vain, and you will have the right in your turn to enter the race. Therefore let your watchword be: 'Faithful even unto death.' That is to say, during all our life we will remain faithful. I wish you one and all to be able to live thus.

"Your friend and brother Scout"

When Casalis finally came to the famous trenches, with all the sounds of cannon, of exploding shells, of aëroplane motors, he found to his surprise that at moments the song of the larks could be heard. In the fields of grain separating the trenches he rejoiced to hear them singing as if nothing were going on. And from that centre of strife he sent home this message: "You cannot realize how near you seem, you and mother, and how delightful that is to me," assuring them that although his first attack was approaching he was ready to die without fear, if necessary.

"There will be some wounded, some killed, but we shall go forward and far" — these were the last words of an unfinished letter found in his pocket at the time of his burial.

After the young soldier fell, his Major was able to write to the family: —

"I welcomed your boy into the battalion with joy; I was not slow to appreciate all that this modest youth held in reserve: his kindness, his calm, his quiet courage, his intellectual and moral value. The comrades of your dear son went into the attack with an enthusiasm which won for us the thanks of the Colonel commanding the brigade. They charged heroically against all odds."

And one of these comrades had it in his heart to write: —

"Alfred Casalis, your son and my friend, is dead. On the morning of May 9 he dashed courageously forward in the attack on the trenches. His memory will remain engraved in my heart as that of a comrade and a sincere, affectionate friend."

When, at the price of great effort, the bodies of the killed could be brought back and devoutly buried, they found in the pocket of his greatcoat his will, written in a firm hand four days before the attack. It closed in this way: —

"Know that at the moment of my departure, looking steadfastly within, I believe that I can say without arrogance and also without false shame, that 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith,' and I would that all my friends,

all those who are every moment with me and whose hearts beat with mine, could repeat the word of hope: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'

"A. E. Casalis"

BLIND

The Spring blew trumpets of color;
  Her green sang in my brain. . . .
I heard a blind man groping
  "Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitied him his blindness;
  But can I boast, "I see?"
Perhaps there walks a spirit
  Close by, who pities me —

A spirit who hears me tapping
  The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories
  That I — am worse than blind!

Harry Kemp

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR

All of the world's great events have been written down in books. Some of them have been written over and over again by different authors who delight in telling tales of real happenings. Their books are called histories. Often one or another poet will write of a victory or a brave defeat, and his poem makes him in a way an historian. There are, too, great paintings of heroes which help to make history live in the minds of all who see them. Still another way to record great lives and great deeds is through the art of sculpture.

Now the stories of the American Revolution have been perpetuated in histories, in poems like Longfellow's about the midnight ride of Paul Revere, and in paintings, including the familiar one called "Yankee Doodle." With all these tributes, and many more, there stands in Concord, Massachusetts, a statue called "The Minute Man," and anyone who has once seen this figure, alert to the call, cannot forget how ready men of those days were to defend their country. This Minute Man was one of the first statues to be designed by Daniel Chester French.

French was born in New Hampshire in the year 1850. Before he was eighteen, he had not known for what line of work he might be best fitted. But one morning he came out of his room, holding a little image in his hand, which he had carved out of a green

THE MINUTE MAN, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Here stands the earnest farmer-boy, calm but determined

turnip with his penknife. It was an amusing figure of a bullfrog dressed in the fashionable clothing of the day. As soon as his mother saw it, she exclaimed, "Daniel, there's your calling!" This small animal had given the first sign of his artistic bent.

The boy began to follow his inclination with eagerness. There lived then in the town of Concord Miss May Alcott, whose sister wrote *Little Men.* Miss Louisa Alcott was really thinking of May, when she told of "Amy" in the story of *Little Women.* Now May Alcott was a friend of the French family, and, as she herself was an artist, she took an interest in the lad, showed him how to mix and mould clay, and loaned him a set of modeling tools. The first evening that he had this equipment, he drafted his whole household into the enterprise, and they all sat round the dining table until bedtime, trying their unskilled hands at fashioning statuettes. The subject Daniel chose this time was a dog's head.

It happened that when young French was a little more than twenty, with all his fame as a sculptor yet to make, the citizens of Concord were planning to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the opening battle of the American Revolution. At that time they planned to erect a monument on the very place where the farmers stood when they fired the shot "heard round the world."

Mr. French urged his son to send in a design, and this, indeed, proved to be the very one chosen. The young genius went about his work with such sympathy and such ability that the result was quickly

appreciated by genuine critics; indeed, his memorial still satisfies patriot and artist alike. If one half closes his eyes before this statue, he cannot fail to realize how the steady vertical lines speak of calm strength, while the eager forward reach of the oblique lines speaks of energy, of movement, of will. This typical soldier of the day is strongly poised for action; here, by the skill of an artist, stands the earnest farmer-boy, calm but determined. It is one of the marvels of art that one thinking mind can direct the motion of tools upon rough material so that form and line may tell other thinking minds a lasting story of nobility and truth.

While this sculptor's father was serving as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Washington, he kept in one corner of his office a full-size plaster cast of a bust of Emerson, the great author and poet. It was a bust his son had fashioned at quite an early age. Emerson himself used to love to tell about his sittings in French's studio and his pleasure at watching the gradual development of a formless lump of earth into the likeness of his own head and face. When the bust was finished, the old philosopher was so delighted that he declared, "There is the face that I shave!"

Daniel French studied not only in this country but abroad as well. He knew that a sculptor ought to be the complete master of his craft before he can fully express himself. He knew, too, that he could never reach his aims by taking the easiest ways of doing things.

The Civil War made a lasting impression on Mr. French in his childhood. Two of his best-known statues are of Abraham Lincoln. The one that stands in Lincoln, Nebraska, is clearly the work of a master who recognized Lincoln's strong qualities. His other statue of the martyred president is in Washington, D. C., where French was chosen as the American sculptor who could most truly express the great character of Abraham Lincoln for a national memorial.

A person who passes the statues and monuments that adorn the public places of our great cities may give hardly a thought to the method of their making. If he chances to push open the great door leading into one of the studios where these works of art are coming into being, his first feeling will be one of amazement at what is before him. Here he will not find a trace of the artistic setting and luxurious surroundings associated in his mind with the studios of some of our successful painters. Instead, his impression will be that of a vast workshop.

In the midst of apparent confusion are great masses of rough and uncut marble, and fantastic shapes of plaster and clay, surrounded by scaffolding and ladders, forges and benches, and the litter of chips and broken stone. Here he may discern dimly, through clouds of marble dust and smoke, crowds of workmen in blouses, overalls, and paper caps, busily engaged with their humming pneumatic chisels, hammers, and measuring instruments. These men are liberating from the rude blocks of stone the form of some grace-

ful nymph, or perhaps the robust figure of one of our distinguished statesmen.

In such a studio as this French's statue of Abraham Lincoln was made for the capital. Its marble base rises to the imposing height of over thirty feet. Such an undertaking as this could be entrusted only to the hands of the most experienced marble cutters. Mr. French and his associates sought the coöperation of the most skillful sculptors, and decided upon the six Piccirilli[1] brothers. In their spacious studios, after a year of incessant labor, this work was successfully completed.

The monument could not possibly have been cut from a single block of marble, even if such an enormous piece could have been found and transported. It was necessary to use twenty-eight blocks of the finest Georgian marble, weighing from five to forty-two tons. The original model by Mr. French was only two feet, six inches high; later he made a working model that was enlarged to five feet. This was used as a basis of measurement, and was carefully divided and marked by over two hundred thousand tiny points. By especially constructed instruments these measurements were applied to the great blocks with the most minute care, until, by patient cutting, an exact reproduction on an immense scale was attained.

In passing from one studio to another to see the work progressing in separate stages, it might seem to an onlooker that the final joining of so many parts would present insurmountable difficulties. But the

[1] Pronounced pĭ-chĭ-rēl'lĭ.

intricate measurements had been made with such exactness that, when the anxious moment — so long awaited — arrived, each part adjusted itself perfectly, and the completed statue seemed like the solid and harmonious work of one hand.

Among other notable designs by Daniel Chester French are the bronze doors of the Boston Public Library; the statue of a deaf-mute pupil with his teacher, in Washington, D. C.; the colossal statue of the Republic, in Chicago; and the four groups, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, in front of the New York Custom House. These and many more have come from the gifted man who began by cutting away a green turnip until it looked like a bullfrog.

Note. — The perfect sculpture of the ancient Greeks has lived through all the years. And Michelangelo, who wrought in stone and bronze, towers among the master minds of the world. Everyone who gives expression to a great thought is a conqueror; and in so far as that thought endures, so does his conquest reach down the ages.

A SPIRITUAL HERITAGE

AMONG the inscriptions to be found on the fine Interstate Bridge between Washington and Oregon there is one that speaks of "the spiritual heritage of courage, faith, and high endeavor bequeathed to this generation."

Our spiritual heritage. That is something for this generation to think about. We have thought a good deal about our physical heritage — this great land of swift rivers, vast forests, rich-stored hills, and fruitful fields. But we are come into a larger legacy still.

It is not enough that the pioneers felled forests and broke difficult ground; that they planned cities, and followed strange rivers, and set new boundaries from coast to coast. They did more than that: they handed down to us an example that it should be hard for us to forget. Danger was a part of their daily lives; they were afraid, but they did not flinch. Over and over, disaster crushed their hopes; they looked up and hoped again. In the face of incredible hardships, cold, famine, pestilence, the very shadow of death itself, they pressed on and did not fail.

This is our principal treasure, more precious than gold and grain, finer than power and glory — the knowledge of that high-hearted courage, that unfaltering faith, that dauntless endeavor. A great heritage, in truth, the spiritual achievement of those intrepid adventurers, who wrought in a desolate wilderness until they made America for their sons — ourselves.

BEAUTY TAKES HER TIME

Old Earth, cold Earth, dingy, dun, and brown,
How your weary, dreary winds wander up and down!
Surely happy Spring has fled to a better clime!
"Wait a bit," the old Earth said; "Beauty takes her time."

In the shabby borders, where
Bitter frost had lain
Scarlet tulips, lifting up
Each a carved and lovely cup,
Caught the drifting rain.

High upon a wintry hill,
Slender, golden, gay,
Stood a little daffodil,
Laughing at the mist and chill
In a merry way.

Fair mayflowers, pink and pearl,
Hidden in the shade
Of the lonely woodland places
Lifted small, confiding faces,
Shy, but unafraid.

Violets thronged the meadow through,
Nodding lightly, sweetly;
When a bluebird spied their newness
And alighted, in such blueness
He was lost completely.

Then some purple flags unfurled
By the brook's bare brim;
Ferns came nodding soft between,
Feather-light and fairy-green,
Crowding to the rim.

Softly by the garden gate,
Leaning low and near,
Lilacs whispered, scarce astir,
Lacy-white and lavender,
Delicate and dear.

Then — the sun! And all the land
Sudden was alight,
Shining as the shadows broke,
Wearing color like a cloak,
Glad and beauty-bright!

O Earth, see, Earth! Every little hill,
Every little wood and dell, is glowing with a will!
"So they are. The hours moved slow, but now they'll dance instead.
Beauty takes her time, you know," the old Earth said.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — Patience is a generous friend, who rewards us sometimes a thousandfold.

BIRDS AND FAITH

It is not given to all birds alike to soar high, or to continue long upon the wing. The wing must be shapely, the muscle must be ample, the nerve strong, if a bird is to hang long in the air without weariness. Small birds, with short and blunt wings, are always near the ground. Quails and partridges, grouse and woodcock love the earth, and run upon the ground with more delight than they fly in the air. Therefore their enemies easily find them and their nests — the rat, the weasel, the polecat, the swine, and other hunters many.

Small seed-eating birds, finches, sparrows, thrushes, build low and fly low. Their courses are neither wide nor daring. They hop along the twigs in hedges, or hover, giggling and simple-hearted, in low-branched trees. In fence rows, cats lurk for them. In the woods, small hawks, blue jays, and shrikes devour them. Even darkness does not cover them from the goggle-eyed owl, whose soft wings are as noiseless as death. Then come bolder birds, that seldom descend below the tops of forests, that live high up above mousing enemies, and are more familiar with the sun than with the shade.

And higher than all are the long-winged birds that hang over the ocean, that beat about in storms — gulls; petrels. Or, still higher, falcons, condors, eagles, that brood upon the sunlight and lie upon the mere air as if it were water under their breasts and they

were fowl swimming on the sea. In these glorious solitudes they live secure. Noises never rise so high; storms and thunder sound below them. The sun comes earlier to them, and lingers later. Their days are longer. There are no fences there parceling out the great domain. No trees or forests shadow the empyrean; no mountains divide it, nor rivers water it. Only the sun himself inhabits there, solitary, though the father of multitudes, dropping down showers of light which he does not see, and giving life to infinite broods that never knew, nor are known of their father, who through ages is giving and forgetting, begetting and forsaking, creating and devouring.

And yet, no wing was ever framed that could soar forever. The gull at last alights. The falcon builds a nest, and seeks it. The eagle has a home among the rocks. Only man's thoughts rise higher than the eagle's wing, higher than the sun, and walk in the celestial city where is no night, nor weariness, nor sorrow. But even Faith itself may not always abide in these high delights. The heart must come back to its nest.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

NOTE. — Henry Ward Beecher was an eminent American clergyman and author. In his preaching, love of humanity was a note he constantly emphasized.

SNOWFALL IN WHITE RIVER VALLEY

The snow comes early in these crannies of the hills,
Comes sifting through the sugar groves, and fills
The rock ravines, and gathers in the glens,
And rounds the tussocks in the river fens,
And sweeps along the stubble fields, and piles
The climbing roadway even with the stiles.

And in the glimmer of the piney glade
The little hemlock maidens, slim and staid,
Pull up their thick, white, fluffy shoulder-capes;
The spruces huddle into greatcoat shapes;
And nightshade berries on their shriveled vine
Cling to the butternut, and swing and twine;
Their scarlet lanterns dim and dimmer grow
All filmed and fairy with the falling snow.

And powdery and faster in the brown
November dusk the flakes come pearling down.
A field away the snowy curtain drops
Across the contour of the far hilltops;
And northerly, with soughing, moanful wail,
The night express goes whistling up the vale.

Christine Turner Curtis

Note. — When such a train goes by, shattering the darkness and the loneliness for a moment, do you ever try to imagine where all the people are going and what may be their different missions? And then do you think of the men at throttles and in signal towers all along the line, guarding the night flight of these travelers?

Your class might write a romance of the night express, each member taking the part of a passenger whose story he tells. After the travelers' tales are done, there should be chapters told by the railroad men. Gather the different stories together, with a description of the train, its destination, or the country through which it passes. Let a poem written by the class stand on the first page, and bind your romance into covers like a book.

The poem, "Snowfall in White River Valley," tells of Vermont country, where the maple sugar groves are; but your night express may be pictured in any land and in any climate.

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

Edwin Markham

Note. — In your own room you may hang a picture of this, with quaint letters, and the duties looking as inviting as you wish. They might be such duties as you would like to imagine coming out of the picture and sitting on your bedposts, conversing pleasantly. They might have pointing fingers, and the four sides of their frame might be the four lines of the wise, wise words of this poem.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FRANCIS of Assisi was a great lover of all things God has made — of the sun and the moon and the stars, of the birds and flowers, of the animals, of music, and all the beautiful things of this world. More than that, he so loved his fellow men and his God that when he died he was called a saint. But while he lived he had another name, Il Poverello,[1] which means "The little poor one." This was because he came to see that people can be happy without riches in this world, if only they live joyfully and serve the Lord.

Among the mountains in the centre of Italy there is a great, flat valley with a river in the middle. On each side purple hills rise higher and higher until they turn into mountains, with shining, white snow along their tops where they meet the blue, clear sky. On the flat plain there are orchards of silvery-gray olive trees. Vineyards climb up in little terraces along the steep sides of the hills. On some of the hills there are white places that shine in the clear sunlight; these are towns, perched on the hilltops. When the sun catches the white plaster of the houses, it makes them shine like the snow that is so far above them against the sky.

One of these little towns is called Assisi. Here Francis Bernardone[2] was born in 1182, three hundred years before Christopher Columbus sailed away from Europe and found our New World.

[1] Pronounced ēl pŏ-vă-rĕl′lŏ.

[2] Pronounced bār-när-dō′nā.

Francis was not always poor. His father, Peter Bernardone, was a rich merchant who traveled from one castle to another, from town to town in Italy and France, selling silks and velvets to the gay lords and ladies of that time. Peter was away in France when his son was born. The land of France was a merry place in those days, a land where troubadours wandered from place to place singing songs about knights and fair ladies. They brought with them "jongleurs," or jugglers, who did tricks and made people laugh and feel happy. Peter Bernardone listened to these traveling minstrels, and had such a good time in the gay land of France that, when he came home, he named his little new son after that pleasant country across the mountains — Francesco, or Francis, which means "the French one." When the boy grew older, Peter taught him to talk French. So, when the troubadours came to Italy with their songs of chivalry, Francis learned the songs, and carried something of their spirit in his heart.

He grew up to be a very gay young man. He was careless and happy and free. His father's fine silks and velvets were made into clothes for him, and he was more richly dressed than any young noble in the town. He sang better, and rode horseback better, and fenced better with his sword, too, and the young nobles loved him for his merry heart. They made him king of their festivals.

In the mornings, Francis helped his father, in his shop in the market place. He worked joyfully, too, the way he played. One day a beggar came to the

shop, asking for money in the name of God. Francis was busy with a customer.

"Go away! Don't bother me!" he shouted to the beggar. But as he saw the beggar limp away, he felt very sorry indeed.

"What would I have done," he asked himself, "if this man had come to me in the name of a count or a baron? Should n't I be equally kind to him when he comes in the name of God?"

Francis loved the songs the troubadours sang about knights who rode forth to war in shining armor. When one of the other white towns on the hilltops went to war against Assisi, he rode out gladly into battle, but he was taken prisoner. For a year he stayed in prison in Perugia. Even there, Francis was gayer than all the rest. He used to cheer the others by telling them stories about imaginary adventures.

After he was set free, and had ridden back to Assisi, he was ill for a long time. He thought that if he could get once more outside the city, and look out over the smiling Umbrian plain at the blue mountains, he would feel well again. So he took a staff and, leaning on it, walked slowly out beyond the city gate.

Below him stretched the broad valley, with its forests and its silvery olive trees. Above his head towered the great slopes of Mount Subasio,[1] the winter's snow still lying on its head. Sunlight filled the deep, blue spaces all around. Surely now, he thought, he would again feel the joy of life. But he did not feel it. Instead, he felt a great sadness. He

[1] Pronounced sōō-bä'zyō.

found that in the midst of all this beauty his life was empty, and useless. His heart ached. He found that the old gayety was not for him, and he gave his armor to a friend. He was not to be the kind of prince who wears armor.

The people of Assisi noticed that their merry Francis had changed. He was not the same careless youth he had been. He was serious and quiet, and went for long walks on the hills by himself.

"He must be thinking of getting married," they said.

"Yes," Francis told them, "I am thinking of marrying one more beautiful, more wise, more lovely than anybody you can imagine."

The people of Assisi did not know then what he meant by this, but afterward they found out. Francis was beginning to see that life is not really happy when all the time is spent in wearing fine clothes and amusing oneself. He went on a pilgrimage across the mountains to Rome. In the courtyard of Saint Peter's Church in Rome he saw beggars kneeling on the pavement, asking for alms. He asked one of the beggars to exchange his ragged clothes for his own gay ones. All day he knelt on the pavement, learning how it felt to have nothing. When he went back to Assisi he gave more and more money to the poor. His father did not understand this. What was the matter with his son?

One day Francis rode his horse out of Assisi and as he came back he met a leper, who lived in a hospital below the town. When Francis saw the sick man, he turned his face away and rode faster till he

had passed him. Then suddenly he was filled with pity. He turned his horse, galloped back to the plain, and went to the leper hospital. There he stayed many days, caring for the sick.

On a hill above the hospital, halfway up to the town, there was an old chapel. Francis climbed up one day to this place. He took a narrow path that wound through sweet-smelling bushes of lavender and rosemary, and when he reached the chapel he turned to look out through the cypresses at the lovely plain and the purple hills beyond. He went in and knelt before the altar. Suddenly, as he knelt there, he saw how empty and how useless his own whole life had been. And he decided from that day on to try to live as Christ had lived.

But what should he do? Here was the little chapel, crumbling about him — one of God's houses falling down. Francis decided to rebuild it. He must have money. Quick as a flash he made a plan: He went home and took two bolts of bright-colored velvet which were to have made his own clothes. With these he rode to the nearest market town. He sold them, and sold his horse. With the money he trudged back to Assisi on foot.

Peter Bernardone was very angry at what his son had done. He called the young man before the Archbishop of Assisi, and met him on the steps of the cathedral, while a great crowd stood by. The Archbishop told Francis that he should not have taken his father's goods and sold them, even to build up the house of God.

"Listen everybody, and understand," said Francis. "From now on I am going to serve God. I give back my father's money. I give back my clothes, and everything that he has given me."

The Archbishop threw his own cloak round Francis, and led him away, and later the Archbishop's gardener gave him a shirt. And so Francis, who had always dressed so gayly, went out through the gate of the town.

He climbed a hill where the snow still lay in patches in the shady places. All about him was the spring sunshine, opening the flowers in the grass at his feet, and filling the great valley below with pale, sweet color. Francis drew a deep breath. The joy of life, that he had not felt for so long, was coming back to him. The ache was gone from his heart. He threw back his head and sang. As in the days of old, he sang one of the gay, sweet songs of the troubadours of France. Life, after all, he felt, was very good.

In the woods he met brigands.

"Who are you?" shouted the brigands.

"I am the herald of the Great King!" called Francis.

At that the brigands tumbled him in a snowdrift, and took his cloak. But he did not mind. He kept on singing as he walked in his shirt through the crisp air to a friend's house. The friend gave him a coarse gray cloak, like what the peasants wore. Round this Francis tied a piece of rope. And in this strange, new costume he went back and stayed with the lepers at the hospital.

He did not forget that he had promised to repair the little chapel. But he no longer tried to get money for the purpose. Instead, he went round asking people for stones. On his shoulders he carried the stones up the narrow path, through the lavender and rosemary, and with his own hands he mended the walls of the house of God.

On the plain below Assisi, in the middle of a great forest, there stood another little church. It was a tiny place, small as a child's playhouse, and the people of Assisi called it Saint Mary of the Little Portion or, in Italian, the "Portiuncula." This chapel too, was deserted and falling to pieces.

Francis collected more stones, and repaired the chapel of the Portiuncula. When it was done, one day before the altar Francis knelt as the priest chanted the service, and as he knelt, he heard a voice saying: —

"All along your road, preach, and say, 'The Kingdom of God is near.' Cure the sick. Make the lepers clean. Chase away demons. You have received freely; give freely! Do not take gold or silver or money in your purse, nor own two shirts, nor carry a stick, because workmen deserve their living, and you will be fed."

"That is what I was hunting for," said Francis to himself; and as he said it he pulled off his shoes and threw them out of the door. "From to-day on I will put it in practice with all my might." And he threw away his purse and his stick. From that day on-

ward, Francis never wore shoes or carried a purse. He went about in his simple gray cloak, with the piece of rope round his waist. He never carried money, but worked for people and helped them, so that they were glad to give him his food.

Soon two of Francis' friends came and asked if they might live with him, and spend their lives helping other people as he was doing. "Tell us what we should do," they said to him. For answer he led them into the little chapel of the Portiuncula in the forest, and read to them out of the Bible: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Francis' two friends gave all their money to the poor, and made themselves rough cloaks like his, and tied their own cloaks with pieces of rope. The three friends went about preaching, and helping people with their work, eating only food given them, and sleeping on the ground or in the porch of some church.

Later more friends came to join Francis. People called them the "Little Brothers," and loved them dearly, because the Brothers helped them with their work, and talked to them about the love of God. The Little Brothers labored with the farmers in the fields. And when they were through with the day's toil, the Brothers sang with them, and they came home cheerful and happy to the town. Francis wanted all his Brothers to be cheerful. "Keep thy sadness to thyself, Brother, and to God alone," he said one day. "But before me and others be cheerful, for it becometh not a servant of God to show sadness." Francis

talked of himself as a knight in the tales of the troubadours. He had married his bride, he said, but his bride was the Lady Poverty.

More and more Little Brothers came to join Francis. They built huts of tree branches in the woods about the Portiuncula, and here they lived when they were not traveling round the countryside. They ate their meals off the ground, and prayed and sang hymns before they went to work in the morning and after they came home at night.

One day there came to Francis a beautiful young girl named Clare, a daughter of a rich nobleman of Assisi. Why could not she, too, serve mankind, like the Little Brothers, so she asked Francis. And Francis told her what to do.

In the morning, very early, before it was light, Clare stole away from her father's house, and fled down a steep path that led from the town to the plain below. In the gray light of dawn she ran through the thick woods, and as she ran she heard the Little Brothers chanting their morning hymn. Out of the tiny chapel they came, carrying tall candles that flickered in the breeze among the shadows, and as they came the forest echoed with their song.

Francis came forward to meet Clare, and led her into the church. Before the altar he cut off her long hair, and it fell in a shining mass of gold at his feet. Then he gave her a cloak like his own, with a hood for her head, and Clare vowed to help the poor and the sick all her life.

Francis got for her the little chapel of Saint Damien, which he had mended first; there Clare lived with other Sisters in a plain, bare house, and they helped the poor people of the town. Whenever Francis found someone who was ill and had no one to take care of him, he sent the sick person to Clare. Clare and the Sisters put these people to bed, and nursed them till they were well. Sometimes, when Francis was very tired and discouraged, he would go and talk with Clare, and she was so wise and kind and good that he always went away again feeling the sunshine of springtime in his heart.

One sweet April day, Francis set out with two of his Little Brothers on a pilgrimage. As they went, they sang. Suddenly Francis paused in his song and stopped, listening. In the trees near by he heard the twittering of many birds.

"Wait for me here by the road," he said, "and I will go and preach to my little sisters, the birds." So he went into the field. The birds began to hop toward him on the grass, and the birds in the trees flew down and hopped about him, cocking their pretty heads and watching him with their bright eyes.

"My little sisters, the birds," said Francis gently, "you owe a great deal to God, your Creator, and you ought to praise Him always. For He has given you liberty to fly about everywhere. And He has also given you warm clothes. You do not plant seeds, neither do you reap harvests, and yet God feeds you and gives you the streams and springs to drink from, and the mountains and valleys to live in, and the

high trees, where you can build your nests. Because you do not know how to spin and sew, God gives you clothes.

"You see, your Creator loves you very much, since He has done so much for you. So, my little sisters, be careful not to be ungrateful, and be sure always to sing praises to God."

Francis' Brothers saw the birds bow their heads as Francis raised his fingers to bless them. And then they saw the birds fly up toward Heaven, singing a clear, sweet song.

Even the fishes were Francis' friends. One day he asked a fisherman to row him across a lake. The fisherman gave him a great carp that he had caught. But Francis put the poor, gasping fish in the water, and let him swim away. "Bless ye the Lord, Brother Fish," he said, as he watched it disappear.

Not long after this Francis fell ill. This was a worse illness than he had ever had, because this time he was beginning to become blind — he who loved so deeply the purple hills, and the birds, and the flowers. They led him back to Assisi, and took him to the hospital at Saint Damien. With their own hands Clare and the good Sisters made him a hut in the garden, where he could look out through the cypress trees to the smiling valley and to the Portiuncula below. At first Francis wept each day. He could not bear to lose sight of the lovely world that lay there before him. But with the help of Clare's tender care he grew better, and he began to see again the beautiful world about him.

One day he went out into the sun before the chapel. Picking up a stick he laid it on his shoulder, as if it were a violin. Then, playing on it with another stick for a bow, he sang the "Canticle of the Sun": —

Most high, all-powerful good Lord,
Yours are the praises, the glory, and honor, and every blessing.
To you alone, O Most High, they belong,
And no man is worthy to mention your name.

Be praised, O my Lord, with all your creatures,
Especially my Lord and Brother the Sun, who gives the day,
For it is by him that you show us your light.
He is beautiful and radiates with a great splendor;
Of you, O Most High, he is the symbol.

Be praised, O my Lord, for Sister Moon
And the Stars.
In Heaven you have made them,
Clear and precious and beautiful.

Be praised, O my Lord, for Brother Wind,
And for the Air and the Mist,
For the clear Heaven,
And for all the seasons of the year
By which you give life to your creatures
And support them.

Be praised, O my Lord, for Brother Fire,
Through whom you light up the night.
He is beautiful and jolly,
Strong and full of courage.

Be praised, O my Lord, for our Mother Earth,
Who sustains us and keeps us,
And brings forth different tasting fruits.
And flowers of many colors,
And the grass.

Let us all praise and bless my Lord,
And thank Him, and serve Him with great humility.

When Clare heard Francis sing this song, she knew he was well again. Each day, sitting in the sun before the little chapel, he sang his canticle. Then he called Brother Peaceful, and other Brothers who had good voices, and taught it to them. He told them to go and sing in other towns, like the troubadours of old.

"Say to the people: 'We are the Jugglers of God,'" Francis told them. "Say, 'We want to be paid for our song. But our pay shall be this: that you shall live better lives. For are not those who serve God really like the jugglers, who come to cheer up the hearts of men and carry them joy?'"

Francis himself went out again, cheering people's hearts and carrying them joy. But he fell ill again, and this time his sight became more feeble. Francis was ill all winter. He went from one hermitage to another on the tops of the mountains, where he could see his beautiful Mother Earth, and Brother Sun and Sister Moon, and feel his Brother Wind blowing fresh in his face, but he grew weaker and weaker. When April came around again, he felt himself sinking away from the bright, beautiful world into darkness. He longed to see once more the broad plain of Umbria, with its purple mountains, and the white town of Assisi on the hill above the Portiuncula. So the Brothers started to carry him home.

They had to go by a long route to pass around Perugia, their old enemy town. They went along the tops of the hills, up and down, carrying their beloved master. At last they drew close to Assisi, and the people came running out to meet them.

Every day Francis sang on his bed, and often he sang nearly all the night. He begged them to carry him down to the Portiuncula, and one day the Brothers did put him on a litter, and started along the narrow path through the sweetness of the rosemary and lavender. Halfway down Francis asked them to lower his bed, letting him face the town. Then he raised his arms toward Assisi, though he himself could not see it shining on its hilltop, and he blessed it and said good-bye.

It was beautiful in the great forest about the Portiuncula. Francis could smell the falling leaves, and feel the warm sunlight of the autumn.

And so he died.

The Brothers put his cloak over him, and sang again the "Canticle of the Sun." And as they sang, hundreds of larks flew upward, singing their clear, sweet song.

Some day, if you go to Italy, perhaps you will go across the mountains to where the white town of Assisi still stands upon its hilltop, looking down across the sunny Umbrian plain. You will see there a lovely church, where Giotto painted pictures of Saint Francis. You will stand at the city gate, where Francis used to go to look out across the lovely valley, and look up at the slopes of Mount Subasio.

Then you will take the path that winds down through the rosemary and lavender, under the olive trees, and through the cypresses, down the road toward a great church that rises on the plain. Through

the open doors you will go, and there, under the dome, in the middle of the great church, you will see a tiny church, as if it were a child's plaything set down there and forgotten when the child went home. It is the Portiuncula, where Saint Francis and his Little Brothers used to pray.

Beyond the little chapel a Brother, dressed like Saint Francis in a coarse cloak with a cord around his waist, will open a door for you, and you will go out again into the sunlight of a small cloister. Here you will see roses, tall and short, raising their lovely, crimson faces to the light. It is the garden plot that Saint Francis kept always for his sisters, the flowers.

And the good Brother will tell you how these roses, even after seven centuries, have never grown any thorns, because of him. And there in the bright, soft sweetness of the garden you will feel something of Saint Francis' spirit still lingering.

Mary Lee

Note. — In England the minstrels were called "gleemen," and in Germany they were known as "Minnesingers." The most celebrated of the Minnesingers, like Saint Francis, loved the birds. He was called "Walter of the Bird Meadow," and in accordance with his directions grain was kept at his grave for his sweet-voiced friends of the air.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE[1]

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WILLIAM B. YEATS

NOTE. — William Butler Yeats is the son of the distinguished artist J. B. Yeats. He was born in Dublin, and the haunting charm of Irish folklore is in his words.

The prefix *Innis-* is found in many Irish names of places. In the old language it means an island or a green spot, a riverside meadow, or a resting place.

[1] From *The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

OVERTONES

I HEARD a bird at break of day
  Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
  So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
  Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird
  Alone, among dead trees.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

NOTE. — Have you ever heard the wood thrush sing in a lane at evening, when the bars are down and the cows have gone home for the milking?

AT THE LAST STAND OF THE UTES

[THE following incident comes from *The Story of a Varied Life*. The Utes (pronounced *yūts*) are a tribe of North American Indians.]

I STAYED at the quarters of Major R——, whom I knew well. He was a silent man, seldom speaking of himself, or of the many battles during the Civil War in which he had been engaged; but one night, as we sat up late and alone, he told me the story I greatly wanted to hear: the story of the last stand the Utes made, and of his almost mortal wounding.

The regiment was mounted, and it pressed the retreating Utes so fiercely that once more they stood at bay, in terribly cold and snowy weather. There was scarcely time given them to throw up a low line of cover, when they were charged. With admirable discipline, the Indians held their fire till the mounted men were close to the rifles, and then, with one terrible, accurate volley, they emptied sixty saddles.

Before the shaken squadron could re-form, night fell. R——, leading his men, was shot through the lungs, and lay in front of the Indians' line, too far from his command to receive aid. How long he lay, almost unconscious, he did not know; but as the first shock of his wounding wore off, he realized where he was, and believing himself dying, commended his wife and children and himself to God. The cold was awful, but the burning thirst, caused by the loss of blood that had poured from the wound of a 45-calibre bullet clear through his lung, was worse. And so paralyzed was his whole body that he could not even moisten his lips with snow.

He was fast lapsing into unconsciousness when he became aware of something crawling toward him through the snow. He could not move an inch, but he could see it coming, nearer and nearer. Was it a wolf? The terror of it brought him partly back to life. Still nearer it came. And now he saw it clearly. It was a crawling Ute.

Then he knew his last hour had come. He made a prayer and closed his eyes, waiting to feel the steel at his throat. He thought that he had bidden

good-bye to life; that he was ready for death; but the horror of that moment — the Major said — passed all his power to describe.

He felt the Indian touch him. He could not plead for his life. He could not even moan. Then — he felt an arm passed under his head; it was lifted gently. A cup of water was pressed to his lips, and he drank. And his savior crawled away, silently as he had come.

"Then I knew I should live," said my friend; "and life seemed very sweet to me."

When at length Chief Joseph surrendered, some time after, Major R—— did everything possible to find out something about that Indian. "I could learn nothing," said the Major. "But that Ute was a better Christian than I."

W. S. Rainsford

Note. — Chief Joseph was a royal-minded leader who permitted no outrages among his followers. When pursued by the United States regulars, he took his people through the mountains of Montana in a masterly retreat. He finally surrendered, with these words: "From where the sun now stands, I fight no more against the white men."

Athenian Oath

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many.

We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us, who are prone to annul or to set them at naught.

We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty.

Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

A SONG OF TENDER THINGS

The little, lapping, loving things,
How tenderly they lie,
Their bodies sacred to the sun
And mothered by the sky;
The gentle, purring, pretty things
With delicate, dear breast —
The kitten on the window ledge,
The squirrel in his nest.
The little, glossy, trembling things
With whimpering, soft cries —
I see God look at me sometimes
Out of their limpid eyes.
And often in the twilight hush
I think I hear Him speak
Through fragile, frightened, furry things
That are so greatly weak.

The tiny, tender birdling things,
How wondrously they fly,
The flutter of God's happiness,
The laughter in His eye!
And all the bubbles of bright song
Flung from a thousand throats —
The bobolink's, the meadow lark's,
The thrush's liquid notes,
Oh, fields of buttercups are there, —
Or so the story's told,—

To catch the shower of sweet song
In chalices of gold.
The little, darting, chirping things
With downy wings and sweet,
I think they chatter oft of us
Who trudge with mortal feet,
And wonder why we seldom sing
And still more seldom play;
The rhythms of eternity
Flow through them all the day.

O Life that leaps within them all,
Mysterious and fine,
Thou hast a myriad shapes of light
Within this world of thine;
The stars, the flowers, the roads, the hills,
People, and rocks, and trees —
Thou hast a host of children, Life,
But none so dear as these.

ANGELA MORGAN

NOTE. — While final preparations were being made for Amundsen's flight in 1925, his aëroplanes stayed for several days at King's Bay, Spitzbergen, and Lincoln Ellsworth made trips into the surrounding country, studying and photographing the living creatures of the frozen North. There he found mother seals with their little white baby seals. The "puppy" seal is born pure white, and, as it lies on the snow and ice, cannot be seen by the eye of any marauder. It is covered with long fur like an Angora kitten, and mews as the kitten does. For fourteen days it lies near its mother, who cares for it tenderly, never leaving it except to slide into her water hole now and then. Lincoln Ellsworth found the seals very tame, except when the men tried to photograph the babies. Then the mother seals would jump into the water and splash vigorously.

MENDELSSOHN

About two hundred years ago there lived in a town in Germany a Jewish scribe named Mendel. The home of this man was one of direst poverty, but in that home he cherished what was dearer to him than all the wealth of the Indies — his little hunchbacked son. By the time the little one was five years old, he had learned all the letters and figures the father could teach him. Then one winter morning before daybreak Mendel wrapped the child tenderly in a threadbare coat, to keep the biting winds away, and carried him in his arms to the home of a new teacher, one of the learned rabbis of the day. The child was Moses Mendelssohn, — that is, Moses, the son of Mendel, — who became an eminent Jewish philosopher, a man of the greatest nobility of mind and character, whose work was revered by the whole world.

In time the great philosopher also had a son, whom he called Abraham. With such a father, Abraham Mendelssohn grew up in an atmosphere of all that was noble and strong and beautiful. He became a business man of great wealth, and throughout his life acted upon the highest principles and gave the greatest thought to the benefit of those who came in contact with him. His wife, Leah, had as fine a nature as her husband, and their home in Berlin became a centre of culture. At the Sunday concerts here, the most eminent people gathered — musicians, painters, poets, actors, sculptors, and scientists.

There were four children — Fanny, Felix,[1] Rebecca, and Paul, and from the first Fanny and Felix were marked out as musicians. By the time Felix was eight years old he was able to read the most difficult music. Both children were the joy and delight of their teacher, the old musician Zelter, who loved them like a grandfather. And the children loved each other so sensitively that it is said they could improvise duets at the piano and no chord would be out of harmony with another.

Fanny grew into a beautiful and gifted woman and married the portrait painter Hensel, who then came into the charmed circle of that wonderful home of the Mendelssohns. And Felix grew into so bright a being and so rare a genius that people looked on him as if he were a god. The years of his life were swift and magical. Wherever he passed, he left the radiance of his presence and the good of some wrong righted, or some long-wished-for happiness achieved. He labored ceaselessly and if he took infinite pains with his own work to attain the most sincere perfection, so also did he spend himself to bring about advantage for others. Oftentimes the accomplishment which the world looked on as marvelous was reached at the expense of the heart's blood of this artist.

When Felix was a boy, Zelter took him to see his friend, the poet Goethe, and a tender friendship sprang up between this old man and the young

[1] *Felix* means "happy." Felix Mendelssohn was born in 1809, when Hans Christian Andersen was four years old. Andersen in after life often made one of the brilliant group in the Mendelssohn home.

musician, who would play to him by the hour. "The amount of sound in his voice is wonderful," wrote Felix about the great poet. "He can shout like ten thousand warriors."

In the Mendelssohn home was a small orchestra which Abraham Mendelssohn engaged especially so that the young people might be constantly surrounded by music. Through this orchestra, which he conducted, Felix learned how to obtain the best effects in instrumentation.[1] When he was seventeen he wrote the overture or opening piece to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and later composed all the music for that magic play of Shakespeare's.

On birthdays and other holidays Felix insisted that everyone in the family should take some part in the musical celebrations. Mr. Hensel, the brother-in-law, was an excellent artist, yet musically he possessed no sense of tone. In order that he should not be left out, therefore, Felix once wrote a special part for him to sing, consisting of a single note. But alas! On the all-important occasion poor Mr. Hensel's note went sadly off the key!

One day when Mendelssohn and a friend, a young actor, were looking through some old music, they came across the score of a great oratorio by Johann Sebastian Bach — his "Passion, According to Saint Matthew." It had lain forgotten by the musical world for almost a century. In a fever of excitement, these two young men discovered the beauties

[1] The arrangement of harmony among different instruments like a painter's use of different colors.

of first one page, then another. They could not wait; they assembled musicians; they arranged a magnificent performance of the noblest devotional music ever written. People were astounded at the beauty of this long-buried masterpiece. Bach's compositions began to be heard in other cities all over Europe, and through Mendelssohn's untiring efforts the works of the great master came at last to have their proper recognition.[1]

Mendelssohn always kept his happy disposition. Everything that delighted a well-rounded, active man, he enjoyed. He loved swimming, dancing, sketching, sports. This is one of the gay letters he wrote to his family: —

WEIMAR, *May* 21, 1830

Since my travels began, I can hardly remember such a bright and fresh day for journeying as yesterday was. Early in the morning the sky was gray and overcast, but the sun came out later on. Then the air was cool; and besides this, it was Ascension Day. People were dressed in their best; in one village I saw them going into church, in another coming out, and again in still another bowling on the green. Everywhere the gardens were full of gay-colored tulips, and I drove fast through it all and saw everything.

At one town they gave me a little basket carriage, and in another a regular open droshky. The luggage was piled up behind, my hat and cloak along with it.

[1] Mendelssohn himself wrote the two beautiful religious oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah."

I bought myself a couple of May nosegays, and so sailed through the country as if on a holiday.

Just beyond here some upper-school boys came and looked enviously at me. Then we drove by a notable gentleman in such a little carriage that it scarce could hold him, and the two ladies who were with him envied me no less. We trotted up the hills, as the horses hardly needed to pull, and we overtook a party of heavily laden wagoners. They envied me indeed, for I was worthy of their envy. The countryside looked so springlike and decked out, bright and variegated, and then the sun went down so solemnly behind the hills. The Russian Ambassador came by, morosely and full of importance, with two great four-horse chaises, and I flew past in my droshky like a rabbit. At evening I had government horses again, and a little vexation because of them (that is part of the pleasure, according to my theory), and I composed nothing at all the whole day, but enjoyed myself. It was a glorious trip, that is the truth, one not to be forgotten.

I close this description with the remark that the children here play "ring a round a rosy" just as they do with us, and that they did not in the least mind the strange gentleman's presence (meaning Mendelssohn himself), in spite of the fact that he looked very grand. I should have liked to play with them!

How busy his days were may be gathered from the many delightful letters he wrote to his family. This is one sent from Munich: —

MUNICH, *October* 5, 1831

It is a delightful feeling to wake up in the morning with a long bright piece to arrange for any number of oboes and trumpets, and then to have it be the fairest of weather outside, giving promise of a long walk in the fresh air at noon. This is the way I have been for a whole week. The friendly impression that Munich made upon me the first time I was here is this time even stronger. I know hardly any other place where I feel so much at home, so much one of the townspeople, as I do here. It is particularly pleasant to live among happy, cheerful faces, to join in and be cheerful myself, and to know all the people in the streets.

Now I have my concert before me, which is a handful; my friends break into the work every minute; the fine weather entices one outdoors; the copyists oblige one to stay indoors. All this together makes life most pleasant, and most exciting.

On Monday the seventeenth, about half past six in the evening, think of me and the thirty fiddlers and the wind instruments striking up. The first part of the programme starts with the C minor symphony, and the second with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The first part closes with my new G minor concerto, and at the close of the second, alas! I have to improvise.[1] You may believe I don't look forward to this,

[1] That is, to play a piece directly out of his own head, on a theme suggested by the audience, composing as he plays. Of course, the success of this depends largely on the mood of the musician, and the sympathy of the audience.

but the people insist upon it. The place will be a great hall, and the proceeds are for charities.

Every morning now I have to compose and revise in preparation for the great event. Then it is one o'clock and I go to the coffee house, where I already know all the faces by heart and find their owners in the same places every day: One and Two playing chess, Three looking on, Four and Five reading the newspapers, Six eating dinner — myself making number Seven.

After dinner B—— usually comes and carries me off and we go over concert plans together or else go for a walk, then back to the house to work again. For the evenings I have rigorously declined all invitations. There are, however, so many charming houses where I may go uninvited that I seldom have my study light burning after eight. My room is flush with the street, and was once a shop. With a single step I can be on the sidewalk, if I unbolt the shutter before the glass door. Whoever passes looks in the window and says good morning.

Three days a week, at four o'clock, we have music in my room — a sort of musical picnic. But on Wednesday evening we had a great affair. Several wagers had been lost among us, in which we were all supposed to share, and after many suggestions it was decided to hold a musical evening in my room inviting all of our creditors. This made a list of about thirty persons. Several others came uninvited and had themselves presented to us. Space was sadly lacking; we had to put several people on my bed, and a flock of patient sheep were led into my little

room. The party was incredibly lively and a great success.

First I played my old E flat minor quartet; then one of the men sang. Then Mr. S—— played variations on the violin (with many apologies); then B—— played Beethoven's first quartet (F major), which he himself had arranged for two clarinets, basset horn, and bassoon; then came an air from an opera, which was furiously demanded over again from the beginning. And for the grand climax I had to improvise; declared I would not — but they made such a frightful din that I had to give in much against my will, although I had nothing in my head but tumblers, chairs, and cold meat.

In the adjoining rooms the Cornelius girls were calling on my landlord's family, in order to listen. On the floor above, others were making a visit with the same object. Inside the hallway there was a crowd, and outside in the street there was another. What with the heat in the room, the furious noise, the variety of company scattered about pell-mell, and, at last, refreshments, the whole thing became absolutely wild. All manner of sentiments were expressed with hearty applause, while the people of quality sat in the centre of the swarm and held themselves stiff and straight, with severe countenances.

The following evening was the direct opposite. I had to play for the Queen and the court. There everything was proper and dressed up and polished. One's elbow continually ran into an Excellency. The finest, most flattering speeches flew about in the room,

and there was I in the midst of it all, with my last night's headache! I made out as well as I could, however, and in the end had to improvise upon a theme set by royalty, and was much applauded.

So you see how my days at Munich pass. But I have forgotten to tell you that every day at twelve o'clock I give little L—— a lesson in double counterpoint,[1] four-part composition, and so on. She is to me one of the loveliest visions I have ever seen. Imagine a delicate, pale little maiden with noble, though not beautiful, features, so interesting and unusual that it is difficult to look away from her, and all her movements and words full of cheerful kindliness. She has the gift for composing songs and singing them in a manner the like of which I have never heard. It is the most perfect musical pleasure that has ever yet fallen to my lot. Perhaps I may send you a few of her songs, which she has written for me out of gratitude for teaching her what she already knew naturally, and because I have done a little to attach her to good and earnest music.

Think of me, and be well, and remain so. — FELIX.

From London this merry-hearted, much loved genius wrote about his triumphs there, and how touched he was at the welcome given him by his friends in England. Some of Mendelssohn's travels in the British Isles have been pictured in his music, and already he had thought of the beautiful "Hebrides" overture.

[1] Counterpoint is one melody accompanied by another so that both flow beautifully together.

LONDON, *May* 11, 1832

I can't begin to tell you how happy this first week here has been, but I must just describe for you one delightful morning. Of all the marks of public recognition that I have yet known, this was the pleasantest and most touching. On Saturday morning there was a rehearsal of the Philharmonic, at which, however, nothing of my own was performed, as my overture was not yet completed. After the performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony,"[1] during which I was in my box, I went down into the hall in order to greet some old acquaintances. Hardly had I come down when someone in the orchestra exclaimed: "There is Mendelssohn!" and on that everybody began to shout and clap so loudly that for a time I did not know what to do. Then as the noise began to die down someone else cried out: "Welcome to him!" and then the uproar began over again, and I was obliged to go down through the hall and climb up on the platform, whence I conveyed my thanks. I shall never forget it, for it meant more to me than any distinction. It showed that the musical people liked me, and were glad that I had come, and it gave me greater joy than I know how to tell you. — FELIX.

Truly Abraham Mendelssohn, who had once been regarded as the son of his distinguished father Moses, now came to be looked on as the father of his

[1] Beethoven wrote nine, and only nine, symphonies. This is the sixth, in which we feel all the happiness of country life — of woods and fields and running brooks, shepherds' pipes and songs of birds.

illustrious son Felix. But in that son's heart he held a place of love and honor like that of the patriarchs of old. And can it be said, after all, which is the greater, the son who climbs to the heights and gives his shining gifts to the world, or the father who works in the shadow to bring these things to pass?

Dear Sisters (wrote Felix from Rome, November 22, 1830), You know how much I hate giving good advice to people several hundred miles and fourteen days away, but for once I will do it. For I really believe you are making the same kind of mistake that I once made.

I have never in my life known Father to write in such an irritable tone as since I have been in Rome, and I want to ask you if you could not perhaps, through some household remedy, lessen this a little? I mean just that sort of consideration by which you might put forward more the side of things that Father likes to see, and let the other side be in the background — keep silent on topics which annoy him: instead of "shameful" say "unpleasant," instead of "gorgeous" say "rather good." It helps sometimes more than you would believe; and I should like to ask you softly if it might not do so just now? When I began to be a musician on my own account and Father was continually in the worst of tempers, railing against Beethoven and all fantastical people, he often upset me and made me rebellious. But presently it occurred to me that it was possible to say a great many true things, and yet avoid those which Father

could not bear to hear. And then things went better, and came out quite right in the end. Perhaps you, too, have forgotten that here and there it is needful to give way; Father thinks himself older and more excitable than, thank God, he really is, but it is our part to yield to him now and then, be the right ever so much on our side, just as he has so often yielded to us.

So praise a little the things he likes, and don't find fault with the old-fashioned, long-standing ideas that are rooted in his heart. I should like to see you draw him prettily into your circle and make much of him. In short, try to smooth away the difficulties, and remember that, traveled man of the world though I am, I have never yet found a family that — taking into account all our impatience and faults and weaknesses — has been so happy as we have been. — FELIX.

Thus in the midst of his vivid days, full of gay and interesting happenings, this fine-souled musician had the care to write of the thoughtful and dear things that made the Mendelssohn home, the home which Abraham Mendelssohn established, an inspiration for all time to come.

META KNOX HANNAY

THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again!"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

NOTE. — William Blake was an English poet, engraver, and painter. He invented a new method of reproducing sketches by the use of metal plates, and earned his livelihood largely from the sale of the prints he made. These Blake and his wife, the "dark-eyed Kate," often tinted in color. "The Piper" is the introductory poem to *Songs of Innocence*, a little volume of verse first given to the world with Blake's own illustrations.

It is told that, even as the poet-painter lay dying, he carefully completed a drawing on which he was at work, finishing it with his choicest colors. Then, as he tossed it aside, saying, "There, it is done; I cannot mend it," his wife at the bedside began to cry. "Kate, Kate, stay in that position," said Blake, "and I will draw your portrait as you are; for you have ever been an angel to me." And so he sketched her there.

LOUIS PASTEUR

"A MAD wolf! A mad wolf!"

Terror spread through the little town of Arbois. A wolf, running wildly, frothing at the mouth, had come down from the mountain forests, near where France joins Switzerland. People scurried into their houses and waited there until the creature had been killed. But he was not killed in time. One man was bitten. The good people of Arbois shook their heads, because they knew that the bite of a mad wolf meant death. And they knew that if any of their dogs had been bitten by the wolf, they too would go mad, and bite other people, and spread death.

They led the man who had been bitten to the blacksmith shop in the town. Behind him ran little boys, their eyes wide with curiosity, whispering to each other in excitement. The boys crowded into a corner of the shop and watched, holding their breath in terror. They watched a red-hot iron being put into the wounds that the wolf's teeth had left on the man's arm. This was the only cure for madness that people knew in those days.

Among the crowd of children who pressed into the corner of the blacksmith shop that day was one boy, the son of a tanner in the town, whose name was Louis Pasteur. He never forgot that scene. The boy worked hard in his school and in college, and in the course of time he became a great scientist. In his laboratory he made many wonderful discoveries,

working hard until he was an old man. He had done so many great things for his country and for humanity that people thought it was time for him to cease from his work. But Pasteur remembered that he had one more thing to do : to find the cure for this terrible madness that attacked animals and made them kill men.

For many years scientists had been seeking without success the cure for rabies, as this madness is called. Pasteur made up his mind that he would find it. It was a dangerous search, but he did not consider danger. With the utmost devotion and painstaking research he worked at the problem until at last he succeeded in finding the cure. Then from all parts of the world children came to be saved by the great Frenchman. Four children went all the way from New York, in far-away America. Pasteur saved them, as he had saved French children. From all the countries of the world people turned to France for the cure of the terrible disease.

Now there were several reasons why it happened that the boy from the Jura Mountains, the tanner's son, was able to do so great a thing for his country and for the world. Pasteur's father had been a soldier in the army of Napoleon. He had fought bravely for his country, and he had come home from the wars with a deep love for France. He brought his son up to love France and to hope that some day he, too, might do something to help her. He taught Louis to work hard, and to persist in tasks till they were finished, no matter how hard they might be. His

mother was the daughter of a market gardener, and she taught him to love the beautiful fields and hills and growing things and to go joyously about his duties.

The young Pasteur wanted to fit himself to go to the greatest scientific school in France. By hard, persistent work, he was admitted as a pupil when he was twenty-one. Here he turned to his beloved science. The boys called him the "laboratory pillar," because they always found him there when they came in, and left him still working when they went out. He became interested in trying to solve a certain problem in chemistry that great scientists and teachers had been trying to work out for years, but without success. After he graduated, he stayed on in Paris, teaching in the evenings to earn his living, and continuing to seek the solution of that problem. At last he found the answer.

One of the great scientists of Paris heard that this young student had solved the problem that others had been working on so long. He called the young man to his laboratory at the College of France, where he asked him to repeat his experiments. This Pasteur did, and the eminent scientist saw that his answer was the right one.

"My dear boy," he said, taking Pasteur's arm, "I have so loved science all my life that this touches me to the very heart!"

This discovery made Pasteur famous, and when he was only twenty-seven he was made professor of chemistry at a great university in the north. The young professor fell in love with the daughter of the

president of this university. He wrote the president a letter asking for his daughter's hand in marriage — a letter which shows what kind of young man Louis Pasteur was.

"My father is a tanner at Arbois," he told the college president, "a little town in the Jura. My sisters help my father in his business and in the house, taking the place of my mother whom we had the misfortune to lose last May. My family is comfortably off, but not rich. I estimate the value of all we possess at not more than fifty thousand francs, and as regards myself, I have long ago resolved to surrender to my sisters the whole share which would eventually be mine. I have therefore no fortune. All I possess is good health, a good heart, and my position in the university."

In 1849 Pasteur was married to the daughter of the college president, and all his life Madame Pasteur helped him to do his best work. "She has never turned him from his course," one of Pasteur's friends wrote of her. Science came first in Pasteur's life — everything else afterward. Madame Pasteur tried to guard his health and keep him strong for his science. She would go to the laboratory for him at lunch time, and fetch him home. And again at dinner time she would remind him that it was time to stop. But she would never let other people trouble him nor interrupt his experiments. As for Pasteur himself, he was completely absorbed by his labors.

"I am approaching mysteries," he wrote, "and the veil which covers them is gradually lifting. . . . The

nights seem too long. All the same, I do not complain, for I have five whole days each week to devote to the laboratory. . . ."

It was Pasteur who first showed people that disease germs existed in the dust that floats in the air. Men had not realized that diseases came through any such cause. Pasteur showed them that all air has dust in it, and that dust carries hurtful germs, and that if dust could be kept out of people's food, and out of people's wounds, many kinds of disease could be prevented. He also discovered that certain harmful germs cannot live in liquid that is brought to a high temperature. That is why milk that has been heated in a way to kill germs is said to be "pasteurized." The milk dealer of to-day is using Pasteur's method.

In England there was a great surgeon named Joseph Lister, who listened to the lesson that Pasteur taught. He began keeping things absolutely clean and free from dust when he performed operations. Before that time, five people died out of every ten who were operated on. After Pasteur had taught the importance of perfectly clean instruments and dressings, the majority came through safely.

So Pasteur went on, discovering one useful thing after another, bringing distinction and honor to his country of France. One day when he was forty years old he was taken very ill; his whole left side was paralyzed. Madame Pasteur and the doctors, who loved and respected him, watched by his bedside. They feared that he could not live, and Pasteur shared their fear.

"I am sorry to die," he said quietly, "I should have liked to render further services to my country."

But Pasteur did not die. Slowly, slowly, he got well. And then a terrible thing happened to his country. France went to war with Germany. All Pasteur's students left to join the army. His own son went to the war. Very sadly he and Madame Pasteur and his daughter moved to his father's house at Arbois to wait.

"Let us work," Pasteur would say to them. But he could not work. He would hear the bugle blowing in the little town, and limp out to the bridge to hear the news from the front. He was thinking all the time of his son, fighting for France.

At last the war was over, and Pasteur went back with renewed zeal to his science. In spite of his lameness and his feeble health, he worked harder than ever. "Come," he told the younger scientists, "we will transform the world with our discoveries. . . . Poor France, dear country, why cannot I help to raise you up again from your misfortune?"

Pasteur did help to raise France up. He found the cause of anthrax, the worst disease that attacks sheep, and he showed people how to cure it. He found the cause of cholera in chickens, and its cure. He found the cure for a serious disease that attacks pigs. And as he taught the people how to protect their animals from disease, all the while he taught that some day human beings could be protected in the same way.

On the Fourteenth of July — which is in France what the Fourth of July is to us — the citizens in

Pasteur's birthplace set a tablet in the wall of the house where Pasteur was born, because they wanted to honor their townsman, who had become so great. Standing in the street before that little house, Pasteur's thoughts went back to his childhood.

"Oh, my father and my mother!" he said. "Oh my vanished dear ones, who lived so modestly in this little house, it is to you that I owe everything! Your enthusiasms, my brave mother, you passed on to me. If I have always associated the grandeur of science with that of my native land, it is because I was permeated with the sentiments with which you had inspired me.

"And you, my dear father, whose life was as rough as your work, you showed me what could be accomplished by untiring patience. It is to you that I owe indefatigableness in daily toil. You not only possessed those qualities of perseverance which make lives useful, but you also admired great men and great things. To look up, to learn from above, always to try to rise higher — that is what you taught me. . . .

"May you both be blessed, my dear parents, for what you were, and let me transfer to you the homage paid to-day to this house. . . ." But here Pasteur could go no further. He wept, and his son had to read the rest of his speech for him.

After Pasteur had found out how to cure rabies, people not only of his own town but from all over the world wanted to honor him. They decided to build him a great, new laboratory in Paris to be called "The

Pasteur Institute." From many countries came contributions. "There was not a stone in its walls," Pasteur said, "which did not represent a generous thought."

On the great man's seventieth birthday a crowd of distinguished scientists from all over the world gathered in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne University in Paris. The Republican Guards played a triumphal march as the President of France entered, with Pasteur on his arm. The scientists of the world sprang to their feet before the man who had brought wealth and glory to France.

Sir Joseph Lister, the great surgeon from England, said to him: "I have the great honor of presenting to you the homage of Medicine and Surgery. Truly, there does not exist in the whole world an individual to whom medical science owes more than to you. . . ."

Pasteur answered: "You, the delegates of foreign lands, who have come so far to prove your sympathy with France, you bring me the greatest joy that a man can feel who firmly believes that science and peace must triumph over ignorance and war; that nations will unite, not to destroy, but to instruct one another; and that the future will belong to those who have done the most for suffering humanity. . . ."

Then Pasteur turned to the students in the audience, the scientists of the future. "First ask yourself, 'What have I done for my country?'" he said to them. "Thus some day that supreme happiness may come to you, the consciousness of having contributed in some manner to the progress and welfare of

humanity. But whether our efforts in life meet with success or failure, let us be able to say, when we near the great goal, 'I have done what I could.'"

NOTE. — "I am approaching mysteries," wrote Pasteur, "and the veil which covers them is gradually lifting."

"I should like to keep the track to the end," wrote Scott, the explorer, in his diary.

And when in 1492 the sailors would have turned back, Columbus gave command, "Sail on!"

THE DAY'S WORK FOR TO-DAY

THE day's work for to-day —
That and no more, no less.
Turn not aside to weigh
To-morrow's business,
To halt for backward glance
At some neglected chance
Of yesterday.
Here in these measured hours
Set between sun and sun,
Content and careful stay,
Finding for all your powers
A task that must be done,
A present part to play,
An instant race to run.
The day's work for to-day!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

[The following account of the events leading up to the death of the martyr hero, Nathan Hale, is from an address delivered by Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale said: "I owe the honor of being asked to deliver this commemorative address to the good fortune of birth. I am the oldest living son of Nathan Hale, who was the oldest son of Enoch Hale, who was the brother of Captain Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, whom we commemorate. Enoch Hale was his classmate in college, and bound to him by the closest affection."]

"We have not been able to obtain the least information," said Washington, on the sixth of September [in 1776], "of the enemy's plans." In sheer despair at the need of better information than the Tories of New York City would give him, the great commander consulted his council, and at their direction summoned Knowlton, to ask for some volunteer of intelligence, who would find his way into the English lines, and bring back tidings that could be relied upon. Knowlton summoned a number of officers, and stated to them the wishes of their great chief. The appeal was received with dead silence. It is said that Knowlton appealed to a noncommissioned officer, a Frenchman, who was an old soldier. He did so only to receive the natural reply, "I am willing to be shot, but not to be hung."

Knowlton felt that he must report his failure to Washington. Then the youngest of his captains spoke. Nathan Hale said, "I will undertake it." He had come late to the meeting. He was pale

with recent sickness. But he saw an opportunity to serve, and did the duty next his hand.

We have on record from his college classmate, Hull, the statement which Hale himself made at the moment. Hull says he himself put fairly before Hale the danger of the task and the ignominy attached to it in event of failure. Hale replied, "I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to perform that service are imperious." These are the last words which we can report from him till the moment of his death. He promised Hull to take his arguments into consideration, but Hull never heard from him again.

In the second week of September he left the camp for Stamford, Connecticut, with Stephen Hampstead, a sergeant in Webb's regiment, from whom we have the last direct account of his journey. With Hampstead and Ansel Wright, who was his servant in camp, he left his uniform and some other articles of property. He crossed to Long Island in citizen's dress, and, as Hampstead thought, took with him his college diploma, meaning to assume the aspect of a Connecticut schoolmaster visiting New York in the hope to establish himself. He landed near Huntington, or Oyster Bay, and directed the boatman to return for him at a time fixed by him, the twentieth of September. He made his way into New York, and there, apparently for a week or more, prosecuted his inquiries. He returned on the day fixed, and awaited

his boat. It appeared, as he thought, and he made a signal from the shore. Alas! he had mistaken the boat. She was from an English frigate which lay screened by a point of woods, and had come in for water. Hale attempted to retrace his steps, but was too late.

He was ordered to remain, was seized and examined. On his person were the notes he had taken, written, as it proved, in Latin. They compromised him at once. He was taken on board the frigate, the captain of which expressed his grief that he had to detain so fine a fellow. There was not a day's delay, and Hale was sent back immediately to New York.

He landed there when the city was in the terrors of a great conflagration. It was on that twenty-first of September when nearly a quarter of the town was burned down. Nearly five hundred houses were destroyed. In the midst of the confusion and terror, Hale was marched up to Howe's headquarters, and there he met his doom. The trial was short. Hale was not there to prevaricate. Nay, the papers on his person were his condemnation. He was to be hanged the next morning. And only one thing worse can be added to the agony of such a death. He was to be hanged by William Cunningham, provost marshal of the English army.

Of the sleepless night which followed, we have little memorial. He wrote to his father and family; Cunningham destroyed the letters before his eyes. "The rebels shall not know they have a man who can die

so bravely." He asked for a Bible; his request was refused.

At morning, he is marched out to the gallows. Cunningham, in derision, bids him speak to the people. And Hale turns and says, in words which are immortal: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The first news Washington receives of the adventure is by the flag of truce with which Howe sends him special word that his messenger is hanged.

Thus ends a martyr's life. Hardly three months have passed since he was twenty-one years old.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

NOTE. — In City Hall Park, New York, stands the statue of Nathan Hale, by Frederick William MacMonnies. It is a bronze figure of a young man, standing on a round granite pedestal. His head is thrown slightly backward in defiance, and his eyes, slightly lowered, look straight ahead. His arms are bound behind him with a cord at the elbows, and the hands hang helpless at his sides, while his feet are bound with a similar cord. The inscription at the base of the statue reads: —

NATHAN HALE
A CAPTAIN
IN THE REGULAR
ARMY
OF THE
UNITED STATES
WHO GAVE HIS LIFE
FOR HIS COUNTRY
IN THE CITY OF
NEW YORK
SEP^{T} 22ND
1776

I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY

Frederick William MacMonnies, Sculptor

"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY!"

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

O great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine!

Joaquin Miller

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred Tennyson

THE MAN AND THE DOG

THE dog was old, but the man was still young. This the dog, of course, could not know, for between real friends of long standing there is never any consciousness of a difference in age.

At first, in the days of the dog's far-off puppyhood, his master had played with him more and at different games, but that was natural. There was now an admixture of gray in the black hair about the dog's muzzle. He could not run as he used to do. It was pleasanter to lie in the sun; and when he attempted to get up, after lying long, his legs seemed stiff. Moreover, he could not see so well as he used to, nor hear so readily.

But how should the dog know that conditions were not the same with his master? He, too, had given up his old sports — running and jumping and throwing stones; and although he was always busy about the fields or in the barn, he now moved sedately. No doubt they were growing old together. Poor, simple canine heart, how could it understand that a man at thirty is young and a dog at fifteen very old!

But the man knew, and had long known, although he had said nothing. It was his wife who mentioned the matter first, and after that spoke of it often, and dwelt upon it with a growing insistence that ended at last in the definite declaration, "You must!" and when a man is thirty and has a new wife, he finds it hard to ignore a declaration as definite as that.

This it was that had got the man up so early — and after a sleepless night. The rays of the sun still slanted at a long angle to the earth, and the birds were in the full tide of their morning chorus when he crept down the stairs.

The dog lay in his accustomed place, by the hearth in the kitchen, and was already awake; for the old sleep lightly. His greeting to his master was a quiet thump, thump of his tail on the floor. He got up stiffly and followed him out into the morning sun.

The man rested his hand on the dog's head a moment and stroked his ears. Then he said, "Come, Nep, old fellow, come with me," and started down across the dewy fields toward the pond.

There was a boat on the shore. In it the man placed a large rock, which he brought, with some exertion, from the bank; and round the rock he tied a rope that he drew from the locker in the stern. Then he got into the boat and took up the oars. The dog, meanwhile, sat watching him, unknowing, yet never questioning; trustful, confiding, and content; and when the man called and patted the seat in front of him, the dog got in and sat quietly in the stern.

The pond was a pool of quicksilver, reflecting all the summer morning beauty of earth and sky. Not a breath of wind stirred it, no ripple marred the definition of the picture photographed on its sensitive surface.

Glancing over his shoulder now and then, the man set his course for a point near the lower end of the pond, where the shore, except for one little cove, was steep

and high. He was heading for "Corey's Hole," close under the shelving bank, the deepest spot in the pond.

The boat came to a standstill, and the man drew in his oars. He turned and looked long at the old dog, and spoke a few words to him, gently. The dog's tail thumped an answer. Then the man groped behind him on the floor of the boat till his hand touched the rope he had tied round the rock. He drew it forward, made a noose in the end of it, and stood up to slip it over the dog's head.

The dog, still trustful, never questioning, with no thought in his mind but that which had governed all his life — the wish to do his master's will — the dog, too, stood up, and unexpectedly stepped forward. It changed the trim of the boat and disturbed the man's balance. He tried to regain it, set his foot accidentally upon an oar, slipped, and in a moment was over the side. It was a scant twenty yards to the shore, but when one cannot swim, twenty yards means death as surely as two hundred.

In the same instant the dog's paws were on the gunwale. He yelped once, and plunged. Ten feet away a head and two clutching hands appeared. The dog started toward them, but before he got there they were gone. Uttering little whining yelps, he swam in a circle until, once again, the head and clutching hands appeared. This time they were nearer. By springing forward in the water, the dog managed to fasten his teeth in a sleeve; and at once, when he felt that his hold was firm, he started for the shore.

The drag of the man's weight drew the dog's head

down, but love and loyalty and the dire need quickened his blood and gave him for the moment something of his old-time strength. He stiffened his neck and raised his head higher and blew the water from his nostrils, and kept on.

Even the few necessary yards were slow, killing work. The man hung dead upon him — a log, a raft of sand, a coal barge; and the only engine to move it was a dog's old, decrepit, but faithful heart.

The man, after his first wild terror, made an effort to help. He tried to paddle with his free arm and to kick with his legs, but it was of little service. The dog's breath came in shorter and shorter catches, till it was a succession of heart-breaking gasps. Once, when they were almost within reach of the shore, the dog's teeth tore out of the old sleeve, and the man went under; but when he came up, a black head touched his elbow and a firm grip took him by the shoulder.

Inch by inch they made it, — ten feet, eight feet, six, five, — till at last, when the man's breath was a mere sobbing gasp and the dog's a frantic, instantaneous snatch at the air, the man's feet grated on the gravel, and he stumbled forward, fell upon his face in the sand, and lay still.

But the dog, crawling slowly till he could drag himself far enough up the sloping beach to get his head out of water, did not stop even then. He crept on until he reached his master's side; and with little coaxing, sympathetic whines, began to lick the man's hands and face.

As the years passed, old Nep went less often into

the sunny dooryard and kept more closely to his snug corner by the hearth; but no harsh word ever reached him, and no touch but a caress. And when at last, in the time of apple blossoms, they bore him to his resting place in the orchard, it was to a grave wet by tears that were unashamed.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — Among the finest words ever spoken in praise of a dog are those of United States Senator George Graham Vest of Missouri, in a speech delivered during a lawsuit over "Drum," a foxhound, who had been killed. This was the conclusion: —

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. The people who are prone to . . . do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. . . .

"When all other friends desert, he remains. He is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him — to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes and death takes his master in its embrace . . . there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

GREAT AND FAIR IS SHE, OUR LAND

GREAT and fair is she, our land,
High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still,
In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.
Hers are riches, might, and fame;
All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride —
Hath she need of aught beside?

Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All forgetful of the Soul!
Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust,
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand,
Moulded by thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall!

WILLIAM WATSON

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

DICKENS

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.

FRANKLIN

This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

SOMETIME you will want to see the historic buildings of Boston, Massachusetts — Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, the Old North Church, and the Old South Meeting House. When you visit them, you will not find the early surroundings, but in imagination you will feel something of the spirit of the old days. You will see how they look to-day, among big office buildings and banks and stores, with the commerce and life of the twentieth century all about them. There are a good many other historic spots that you will care to visit, marked with tablets and inscriptions — Boston Common; State Street, with the circular pavement in the street opposite a bronze tablet that will tell you about the Boston Massacre; Dorchester Heights; the wharf where the frigate Constitution was built; some of the old houses where the Revolutionary heroes and patriots lived, and the ancient cemeteries where they were buried.

Then you will cross a bridge over the Charles River,

> Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
> The Somerset, British man-of-war,

as Paul Revere, on the evening of April 18, 1775,

> . . . with muffled oar
> Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

In Charlestown — now a part of the city of Boston — at one of the wharves in the Navy Yard you will see the old Constitution. Then you will go up to

Bunker Hill, where, after the events at Concord and Lexington, the Colonial troops and the British fought the first pitched battle of the American Revolution. You will go over the battlefield; you will see where the Americans threw up their breastworks on the night of June 16, 1775, and where General Warren fell in the battle on the seventeenth. You will see the monument erected to commemorate the battle and the cause for which our fathers fought and died.

That monument was the most inspiring sight of all the things I saw in Boston when as a boy I first visited the city. Later I watched the same tall monument rise above the horizon or sink beyond it, as for seven years — on board a fishing vessel — I sailed in and out of Boston Harbor. Its meaning grew larger with the years. It still stirs my soul as I look upon it and think of the men who gave their lives that I might live in a land of freedom and justice.

Now I want to tell you about the building of that monument. The Bunker Hill Monument Association, made up of men who wanted to commemorate that great event in American history, was organized in 1823, and undertook to raise the funds for a suitable memorial. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Amos Lawrence, and many other patriotic men of their day belonged to the Association. They proposed to raise by popular subscription a sum sufficient to buy the land included in the battlefield and to erect thereon a monument. They secured about $65,000,— of which the State gave $6000, — purchased the land, and decided to lay the cornerstone on June 17, 1825.

They selected that date for two reasons: first, because it was the fiftieth anniversary of the battle; second, because they wanted Lafayette, who was then visiting America, to help lay the cornerstone, as he had helped to lay the cornerstone of the nation during the days of the Revolution. They were not actually ready for the cornerstone at that time, as the plans for the monument had not been completed and the foundation had not been laid. They decided, however, to hold the exercises, and to have Lafayette place the stone where it would stand when the monument came to be built.

Sometime you will read Webster's first Bunker Hill oration, which he delivered on that occasion,— in 1825, — and you will understand what he meant when he said: —

"Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. . . . You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour. . . . Information of these events [the active beginning of the Revolution], circulating through Europe, at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotions which the fame of Bunker Hill and the name of Warren excited in his youthful breast. We are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. . . .

"Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure."

Webster was talking to some of the men who fifty years before had fought in the battle of Bunker Hill,

and who were now there to take part in the laying of the cornerstone. He was also talking to Lafayette, who fifty years before had heard in France of the beginnings of our Revolution and had come to the assistance of the American people.

Then some day you will read the second Bunker Hill oration of Webster, in which he said, "A duty has been performed. A work of gratitude and patriotism is completed. . . . The Bunker Hill Monument is finished." And you must remember that this second speech was delivered on June 17, 1843, eighteen years later. The monument was actually completed on July 23, 1842.

You will wonder why it took all that time to build a plain granite obelisk, thirty feet square at its base, and two hundred and twenty-one feet high. The Association had many difficulties to overcome. First, a railroad was built in 1826, the "granite railway," three and one half miles long, with cars drawn by horses, — the first railroad built in America, — to transport the stone from the quarry in Quincy to the shore, whence it was carried in flat boats across Boston Harbor to the wharf in Charlestown, and then hauled up an inclined plane to the top of the hill. Later they abandoned that plan and hauled the stone by ox team the entire distance, eight miles, from the quarry to Charlestown. Then they had to work out plans for hoisting the large blocks of granite into their place in the monument. None of these things would be very difficult now, but they were new problems then, and one by one they had to be solved.

It had taken seventeen years to build the monument. And it would have taken much longer, had it not been for Amos Lawrence of Boston and Judah Touro of New Orleans. Mr. Lawrence was one of the early members of the Association, and from 1825 a member of the building committee. He was so deeply interested that in 1833 he wrote into his will a provision for a gift of fifty thousand dollars, if needed, to complete the monument after his death.

Upon several occasions it was proposed to sell part of the land of the battlefield which the Association had purchased, in order to raise the necessary funds. Here is what Mr. Lawrence wrote about this to his son, who was attending school in France: —

"I would never permit a foot of the battlefield of Bunker Hill to be alienated; but keep it for your great-great-grandchildren, as a legacy of patriotism worth more than their portion of it if covered with gold by measure. Until you are older, I do not expect you to feel as I do on this subject. . . . I am of opinion that the land owned by the Bunker Hill Monument Association, in Charlestown, will be of great value to posterity if left a public ground. The spot is the most interesting in the country; and it seems to me it is calculated to impress the feelings of those who come after us with gratitude to the people of this generation, if we preserve it to them."

Amos Lawrence and Judah Touro each gave ten thousand dollars to make up the amount needed to finish the undertaking. Though of different religious faiths, for one was a Jew and one a Christian, and

from different sections, one from the North and one from the South, they were united in their love of a common country and in their desire to help erect a memorial to inspire future generations to love liberty more than life — a shrine where children then unborn might come in later years to worship in the spirit of patriotism and dedicate themselves to the ideals of America. For this monument belongs to the children of America —"one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all"; a land of freedom, where race and religion, color and creed, shall be forgotten, and where character and the common welfare shall be exalted; where justice shall prevail; where government shall rest upon "the consent of the governed"; where there shall be obedience to law enacted by the will of the majority, with "liberty under law"; and where God shall rule in the affairs of men.

RANDALL J. CONDON

CONCORD BRIDGE

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth,
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

When I was a little girl, I used to stand for long minutes at a time in my grandmother's broad front hall, looking up at a picture that hung there on the wall. It was like gazing out of a window from the cool dark of the hall into the bright ballroom of a French palace. There before me was a great room, whose high, arched mirrors reflected vistas of the other rooms beyond. There were rich brocade hangings, and many candles, and a shiny floor that reflected the flowered gowns of the ladies.

For the room was full of lovely ladies — ladies with great, ruffled skirts, ladies with white necks and pretty faces and powdered hair and nodding ostrich plumes. There were gentlemen, too, such fine gentlemen, in coats of embroidered velvet and richly flowered waistcoats, with ruffles of lace at their wrists, and swords at their belts, and neat, powdered wigs on their heads, and cocked hats under their arms. And all of this gay company were looking in one direction. They were looking toward a short, stout man, a simple, grandfatherly man, dressed plainly in black, with no sword, no cocked hat, no lace ruffles, no wig on his head, but his own gray hair brushed back from a broad, fine forehead. One lovely lady had raised her white arm above this simple man, and was about to lay a laurel wreath on his head. Another lady on his other side was offering him, very reverently, a bouquet of roses, while all the gay courtiers of the King of France looked on.

Who was this short, stout man, so plainly dressed, about whom all these magnificent people were making such a fuss? I used to stand on my tiptoes and read the letters engraved there under the picture: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AT THE COURT OF FRANCE. The plain citizen of a new, strange, young country at the court of an old, civilized, powerful country. Much later, I found out why it was that so plain a man should win such great respect at the most brilliant court of all Europe.

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy, living with his father and mother in Boston, his father used to repeat to him the proverb of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy; he started out in life with only two years of schooling, and with no money in his pocket, but with this principle that his father had taught him of diligence. It was this principle that made him one of the most eminent men in our country, and he did at last stand before five different kings.

Franklin was born in 1706 in Boston. When he was eight years old he went to the grammar school there. Two years later he became his father's assistant in a candle-making shop. Two years after that he became an apprentice to his brother, who printed a newspaper. While he was working for his brother, he wrote articles for the paper, and also wrote ballads, printed them, and sold them on the streets. All the time, Franklin studied languages, and practised writing good English by copying the fine style of Joseph

Addison, a famous English writer of the time, in the *Spectator*.[1] In 1723 he left Boston and went to Philadelphia.

It was a cold October night when this youth of seventeen landed at the old Market Street wharf in Philadelphia. He was poorly dressed, his pockets stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and all his other possessions in a little bundle in his hand. He bought himself three great puffy rolls of bread, and eating one of them, he walked up the street. In one of the doorways there stood a young girl who noticed this strange-looking boy, eating his roll as he walked. The girl was Miss Deborah Reed, who afterward married Franklin.

Some day, in the book that Franklin wrote for his little son, you may read how he obtained work in a printer's office; how he went back to Boston on a visit and was forgiven by his father for running away; and how he went to England and worked in printing offices there. You will read how he returned to Philadelphia and started a printing office of his own; how he edited and printed a newspaper; how he became a member of the Assembly, and Deputy Postmaster General, and Commissioner to treat with the Indians; and how he filled other important offices. And you will read about *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which Franklin published, and which contained many maxims and proverbs and sage sayings, but more than anything else encouraged thrift and industry.

[1] A famous English periodical to which Steele and Swift (who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*) also contributed.

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy," Poor Richard says. "He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business! let not that drive thee!"

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. There are no gains without pains."

> "Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
> And you shall have corn to sell and to keep."

"If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle."

"We must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful."

> "Great estates may venture more,
> But little boats should keep near shore."

Franklin set himself a great task — to study everything about him and learn how it worked and how it might work better than it did; and also to inquire into his own conscience and learn in every way how to prune away the faults he found there and to make himself stronger-souled each day. He planned for himself a regular programme of self-searching, but

when he became discouraged at faults which cropped up while he was watching to nip off others, he acknowledged that no one could be absolutely perfect, and decided quaintly that he should let some little faults remain, anyhow, "to keep his friends in countenance!" So you see he was very, very human, and knew how to understand other people because he knew himself so well.

Here are some of the things that Benjamin Franklin accomplished in the seventy-nine years before he was summoned to meet great kings.

He discovered that lightning is electricity, which nobody knew before. He proved his theory by an experiment with a key tied to a kite. He invented lightning rods, to carry the electricity away from houses. He was the first to discover that an electric current running through a wire that is wound around a piece of steel will magnetize the piece of steel. Because of this discovery other men have been able to invent the telegraph, the telephone, and the electric motor.

In some old-fashioned houses you may see a queer kind of open stove, like a little iron fireplace, set out into the room and connected with the chimney by a stovepipe. People will tell you that this is a Franklin stove, the first successful stove for burning wood. He believed that if the fire could be brought out into the room, much of the heat that had been wasted up the chimney could be used. This was his thrifty thought; and so he made his iron fireplace, all open in the front for the merry flames, and this was the first stove.

Then he invented a way to get rid of smoke from the stoves, and from the chimneys; and while he was at it he found a way to make a street light that did not smoke. At that time even in London the streets were dark because the lamps were always smoky. One thing led to another; he stopped the smoke in the street lamps, then he organized the first street-cleaning department.

He reached out further and found other ways for civic betterment. He established the first successful circulating library, the first academy, the first hospital in the city of Philadelphia, and he founded the University of Pennsylvania.

He saw the need of protection against losses by fire, and helped to establish the first fire insurance company in America. And he founded the postal service in the United States and was the first Postmaster General.

Larger and larger grew his field of service. He pointed out the advantage of building ships with water-tight compartments, which all large modern ships now use. He was the first to discover how storms travel, and his investigations about the weather resulted in the establishment of the United States Weather Bureau. He was the first to recognize the fact that the Gulf Stream is warmer than the water on each side of it, and the first to make a chart of the direction and course of the Gulf Stream. And he was the first to show that oil poured on stormy waters will still heavy waves. This scientific truth has come to be a symbol for bringing peace out of disturbance —

when you hear it said that someone is pouring oil on troubled waters, it means that the person is a peacemaker.

Franklin himself, the eminent scientist, successful editor, practical inventor, poured oil on the troubled waters of politics and was a great statesmen and a great diplomat. He was the only one of the early patriots who signed all four of the great State papers that gave the United States its national existence: the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution of the United States.

And this frugal, earnest, great man found time to think of little things to make life easier. He invented spectacles for nearsighted and farsighted eyes, and made a pair which he wore himself. He made the first mangle for smoothing washed clothes — George Washington watched a demonstration of this machine. He invented a copying press for duplicating letters written with ink. He drew the first newspaper cartoon; he was the first to print pictures in a paper and to publish questions and answers. He helped to establish eighteen paper mills in America.

In the picture that hung in my grandmother's broad hall, there he was, a short, stout man, a simple, grandfatherly man, with no sword and no ruffles and no wig, looking benignly and with humor, through the iron-rimmed spectacles he had made himself, at the gay company doing him homage — Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France.

When Thomas Jefferson was sent to France in 1785, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs said, "You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear?"

"I succeed him," said Jefferson. "No one can *replace* him."

MARY LEE

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS

THE SPIRIT OF '17

[The United States entered the World War in April 1917. The author of this story is the sister of Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France.]

En route from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Detroit, whither my husband was ordered to join his base hospital, we were delayed in Ithaca, New York. While waiting in the hotel lounge, I chanced to overhear an interesting conversation.

I had noticed a fine-looking man near me, reading the morning paper. He was distinctly the very prosperous city business man; his well-kempt appearance bespoke culture, money, and intelligence. While I was occupied with my speculations about him, a young man, just a boy, in fact, came in. He was a well-set-up chap, with the fresh healthy skin and clear-eyed eagerness of a country lad. He had never been far from the up-country farm where they raised the best breeds of live stock. Just the kind of boy I would like to have call me "mother." His clothes were good, but evidently from the general store of the small town. He carried a good-sized box, which he put across his knees as he seated himself. I knew that it was his luncheon which mother had packed, and that it included fried chicken and cold home-made sausage, cakes, sandwiches, fried cakes, crullers, mince pie and cheese, apples and winter pears, and a few relishes besides. Why — I could smell the luncheon that my mother had put up for my brother forty years ago.

The boy gazed all around, took in each detail of the room and its furnishings, with all the quiet dignity and interest of a well-born American country youth. You know a real Yankee country boy is n't like any other; there is a balance, an understanding, that is natural. It is inborn to be at home in any surrounding, however new and strange, so long as it is real.

After the boy had surveyed the room, he looked over at the man reading. He sat perfectly still a few minutes, then "Oh, hummed," and waited again, and fidgeted a bit; but nobody spoke. I could see that he was fairly bursting with news of something. Finally, to the man: "Can you tell me how far it is to Syracuse, sir?"

"Well," lowering his paper, "not exactly, but three or four hours, I 'd say. Going to Syracuse?"

"Yes, I 've enlisted. I passed one examination, but I'm going to Syracuse for another, and then I'm going to Spartansburg. Senator Wadsworth says, — and it looks that way to me, — that it is just as much our fight as theirs, and we ought to have been in it three years ago; they are getting tired over there. I'd hate to be drafted. I'd feel mean to think I had to be dragged in; besides I want to do my part. Every fellow ought to get into it."

"What part of the service did you elect?"

"The infantry, sir. I'm going to Spartansburg to the training camp." Silence for some moments; then, showing that his bridges were burned, "I've sold my clothes; sold 'em for four dollars, and I'm to send

'em right back soon's I get my uniform. I hope I don't have to wait for the soldier clothes. I think I got a good bargain, and so did the fellow I sold 'em to. I thought I would n't need 'em while I was in the army, and when I got back they'd be all out of style; and then — I may never come back." A ripple of seriousness passed over his boyish face. "But it was a good chance and I took it. Have you a son, sir?"

"Yes, I have a son just eighteen, at Cornell. He expects to go next year if they need him in the aviation."

"I'm just nineteen. I thought I'd better enlist. It's just possible they might draft 'em later, and I just could n't stand it to be drafted. Do you think I'll be able to go home for Thanksgiving?" he asked eagerly.

"I would n't think quite so soon. You'll hardly get there by that time."

"Well, I think I can go home for Christmas, don't you?" And a shade of anxiety crept into his tone. "I live up the road here a way, — Wellsville; you know, — about forty miles. Don't you think I'll get to Syracuse to-night if I go right on? I'd like to get through, so I could be ready for work to-morrow morning. I don't want to waste any time now that I'm all ready."

The boy settled back with a look of forced patience, and the man held up his paper again; but I could see that he was not reading, and there was a look of suffused sadness in his face.

The boy had taken from his pocket a pair of big,

dark blue, home-knitted mittens; on the palms was sewn red wool to reënforce them. He carefully drew them on, folded his hands, thumbs up, on his luncheon box, edged to the front of his chair, and sat thinking with eyes fixed on the far-away places of his dream. He was going over it all again. There was no haste, no excitement, no foolish sentiment, but sure determination, and the courage of youth suddenly turned to manhood. With a little start he came back to the present, and, rising, said, "I guess I'd better be going. You said I could get a train in about half an hour?"

"Before you go, will you tell me, my boy, why you chose the infantry?"

"Well, when you read of anything real hard that has to be done, you will notice that it is always the infantry that does it. They have to be strong young fellows they can depend on for the real hard things. So I chose the infantry, sir."

There was a silence, which he broke with the quiet words, "I think I'll be going. Good-bye, sir."

Springing from his chair, the man grasped the boy's hand. "God bless you, son, and good luck!"

With misty vision we both stood and watched him out of sight. Then, with all previous convention of acquaintance forgotten as we looked into each other's eyes, the man said, "It is the spirit of '17 gone to the colors."

Mary Herrick Smith

LYRIC

I KNOW not what it is, but when I pass
  Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
  And rippled by a trailing alder spray,

Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
  It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
  So full the simple grass is of delight;

And if by chance a redwing, passing near,
  Should light beside me in the alder tree,
And if above the ripple I should hear
  The lusty conversation of the bee,

I think that I should lift my voice and sing;
  I know that I should laugh and look around,
As if to catch the meadows answering,
  As if expecting whispers from the ground.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

NOTE. — Sometimes we can see the heat waves moving, close to the ground or to the sidewalk. Little waves of many sorts are moving about us constantly — waves that we cannot always see or hear or recognize with any of our senses. Animals can tell them sometimes, as they can feel kindness or fear in a person. Have you read in this book the poem called "Blind?"

A BALLADE-CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS

I WOULD make a list against the evil days
Of lovely things to hold in memory:
First, I set down my lady's lovely face,
For earth has no such lovely thing as she;
And next I add, to bear her company,
The great-eyed virgin star that morning brings;
Then the wild rose upon its little tree —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

The enchanted dogwood, with its ivory trays,
The water lily in its sanctuary
Of reeded pools, and dew-drenched lilac sprays,
For these, of all fair flowers, the fairest be;
Next write I down the great name of the sea,
Lonely in greatness as the names of kings;
Then the young moon that hath us all in fee —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Imperial sunsets that in crimson blaze
Along the hills, and, fairer still to me,
The fireflies dancing in a netted maze
Woven of twilight and tranquillity;
Shakespeare and Virgil, their high poesy;
Then a great ship, splendid with snowy wings,
Voyaging on into eternity —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

ENVOI

Prince, not the gold bars of thy treasury,
Not all thy jeweled sceptres, crowns, and rings,
Are worth the honeycomb of the wild bee —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

NOTE. — "The young moon . . . hath us all in fee" means that she holds us in her possession as, in accordance with law, certain estates are held.

The *envoi* is a postscript to a poem, especially a short stanza that points a moral, as morals are pointed at the close of fables.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON

ANTS AT WORK AND AT PLAY

When you watch an ant travel its path, carrying a crumb or the body of an insect larger than itself, you would hardly imagine so industrious a little creature at play. Yet there are times when ants thoroughly enjoy their sports. An ant will run up a swaying grass stem and swing in the warm sunlight, or she will chase another ant gayly about on a pebble, or playfully force it from some favorite spot. Sometimes these little insects carry each other about on their backs for pure fun, or have matches in dancing or wrestling. Again they will stand themselves erect and take part in sham fights. Perhaps it is their good nature in play that makes them such

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ANTS THOROUGHLY ENJOY THEIR SPORTS

intent little people at work, for they throw themselves heartily into all the tasks of their day.

Every hour is packed with its activities, and each ant knows what she should do to help on the life of her community, even though she is not taught in any school, or even by her parents. Her instinct tells her all she needs to know. The family is to be fed and sheltered, and, as the young ants increase by the hundreds, the work of a colony grows apace.

Ants live in a great variety of places — in trees, in sand; in the arctic regions, in the tropics; on mountains and in desert lands. There are many kinds of ants the world over, and they differ in color, from white, yellow, brown, red, or black to those with a metallic lustre.

The women of the community carry on the work. The working ant has two strong mandibles or movable jaws to use in excavating soil or wood, in cutting up food, in carrying about the eggs or the young, and in defending the home. These mandibles are hollowed inside, like the palm of a hand, and serve the same purpose as the beaks of birds. The head of an ant is triangular, with two large compound eyes, and sometimes three more very small eyes, set in a triangle. These compound eyes have many parts, so that the ant may see everything that moves around her, without turning her head. Some of these eyes see things near at hand, while others can see far off in the distance.

Six legs are provided for the ant's wide journeyings, and on each foot a sticky substance gathers, which

helps her to travel downward with the heaviest of loads. Her antennæ, or feelers, have twelve or thirteen joints; with them she finds her way about her underground home, and often salutes her friends.

In many species the ant goes through four stages of growth. From the infinitely small white egg comes a soft, legless being called a larva. When this larva is full-grown, workers bury the helpless creature with earth, so that it may spin an envelope about itself by attaching the threads of its cocoon to the earthen walls. Back and forth, back and forth the larva works its head until the little hollow where it lies has a fine covering of silk. Then other workers carefully clean the outside of the cocoon, so that it can be carried about.

These caretakers busy themselves cleaning and brushing both the eggs and the larvæ, and when a larva has developed enough to come out of her cocoon, the nurses use their mandibles on the outside while the frail, stretching creature inside tries to work away from her binding. When her door is finally open, her legs are still wound with silken threads, and she must free herself from their tangle before she can begin to feel her way around her new home. The nurses give her food so that gradually she becomes stronger and stronger. At first she is not steady in managing her new self in this strange place, but she knows immediately that these antennæ of hers are meant to guide her about, and soon finds herself a real ant, ready to take her part in the community life.

The homes of ants are of many kinds, because of the variety of places where they live. Some ants hardly build nests at all, but make use of hollows under a stone or log. The higher species are true carpenters and architects that work with skill to make suitable abiding places for themselves and their young. The opening to a nest is guarded by sentinels, and may

SOMETIMES THE ENTRANCE IS HIDDEN UNDER A LEAF

be shut at night. On rainy days the entrance holes of all the ant hills remain closed. The ants usually know when rain is coming, and are ready to seal the doors of their elaborate houses as soon as the first drops begin to sprinkle down. Sometimes the entrance is hidden in the grass or under a leaf; sometimes it can be plainly seen, because of the mound above the surface of the ground.

These little mounds of earth are made by bringing up grains of soil from underneath, so that the

workers are miners and builders, both at once. Every grain that is brought above the ground level makes a little more living space below, and the increasing circle above serves as a wall to prevent water from flowing in.

As time goes on, the apartments of a single nest become very numerous. The narrow underground hallways and rooms are constantly extended, and no work is spared in providing for the family, which increases daily. Up and down travel the tireless laborers, depositing bits of earth and swiftly returning for more. When the soil is too dry, they will sometimes bring water from a distance.

Night does not stop their work. Sometimes through the hours of darkness entire stories will be added to a nest. Certain ants build their houses with real walls and columns, carefully planned partitions, and pillars to hold up the ceilings. The rain makes a strong cement on the outside, unless a hard storm destroys part of a nest; then the masons rebuild with wonderful patience. All of this work requires thousands of miners, struggling to open the underground passages. When grains of earth give way, the ants carry them up proudly, and the carpenters often bring in bits of straw for beams, to make the building more solid. Sometimes several helpers place a little stalk in position, for ants are natural engineers and they work together as skillfully as though they had contractors' plans drawn out on blueprint paper.

In making a nest such as we commonly see, the ant uses her mandibles in two ways. When she closes

them, she has a pointed trowel, which she may use to rake soft earth and to mould pillars and roofs for the underground construction. When she opens her mandibles, the ant has the use of their toothed edges. Her forelegs scratch up the soil and pat down the little pellets after they have been put in place by the mandibles.

The ant hills made in the earth have many chambers and galleries. Sometimes a hill has twenty stories in its upper part and even more under the level of the ground. The galleries often lead into one lofty central chamber where the ants may be said to live. The many chambers at different levels are used for storing food, and for resting places for the larvæ and the eggs. Both of these need a certain heat and a certain amount of moisture, and the workers are constantly changing them from one place to another. Eggs and larvæ of the same size are kept in piles by themselves. These are often brought up by the workers to warm, higher levels of the nest in the morning, and in the evening are returned to the shelter of the night nurseries. The chambers have flattened floors, and the galleries are often just wide enough for two ants to pass each other with their burdens. These ways are cleaned with care, and empty cocoons, as well as other matter, are carried to a distance from the abode.

Ants that do not build in soil sometimes gather a variety of material from the neighborhood of the place that has been chosen for a nest. They use pebbles, straws, twigs, leaves, leaf stems, and pine

needles. Certain ants build in swellings on trees, such as oak galls. One of these species of ants has soldiers with rough heads shaped like a stopper. These fit into the round holes through which the workers pass on to the branches of the oak. When a worker wishes to go out, the guard moves its head to one side; when the worker returns from foraging, she strokes the soldier's head and free passage way is again given. Sometimes in trees ants will form a dwelling with many stories and very thin partitions. Their work is as delicate as though they were preparing rooms in a habitation for fairies.

Now these thousands of busy creatures could never work so hard without eating, and their favorite food is the milk they gather from tiny plant lice, or aphids, that live on leaves or bark. These aphids are of different colors — green, black, bronze, or yellow. They have slender, pointed mouth-parts with which they draw in juices from their feeding grounds on rosebushes, cabbages, beans, poppies, willows, oaks, or thistles. At the end of its back each aphid has two tubes (hollow hairs) through which milk or honey-dew passes out in tiny drops. The ants know where these groups of aphids are stationed, and go out to them for milk as a farmer goes to his cows.

It is good fortune for the ant that aphids flock in large numbers. Often ants establish their homes near droves of aphids, so that they may be sure of food. Sometimes a little herd is kept sheltered from the sun. For this the ants build a large frame of damp earth or

wood dust or decayed bark, perhaps against a tuft of grass where aphids are living. This may even form a home for the ants, where they stay for a while and milk the peaceful herd without going out to forage. To such a fold the ants add aphids which are met away from the nest, so that they have a full flock to satisfy their hunger. During the winter, ants are sometimes known to carry eggs of aphids into their own nests, where they care for them tenderly through the cold months. When spring comes, the young aphids are placed on the new shoots of the daisy. In this way the wise ant provides a herd which will yield her food for the coming season.

When an ant has been away from her nest to gather honeydew, she comes slowly home, laden from the milking. She is glad enough to stop to give other members of her household advice as they go eagerly forth to the pasture. The returning ant has fed herself, but is carrying home a body filled with liquid for others. The miners and the carpenters and all the workers that have been employed at the household tasks have been too busy to forage for themselves. These all deserve the food which home-coming ants are ready to share. Then, too, there are the young to be fed; and without stopping for rest these older ants pass from one to another of the tiny ones, offering each a bit of honeydew.

The ants enjoy other food besides this milk. Almost any sweet or animal substance is welcomed. They destroy great numbers of insects, and gather the sap that escapes from leaves or flowers or wounded stems

of plants. If an apple has fallen to the ground so that the skin is injured, ants flock in through the opening, eating to their hearts' content. Grass seeds and flower seeds, bits of dried peaches, oats, corn, and berries are stored in the granaries. These stores are carefully kept in suitable chambers, though sometimes they must be taken out and spread in the sun to dry.

There is an old, old fable about an ant that looked ahead for her winter stores. One summer day she was toiling home with a piece of corn, when she met a grasshopper that was singing cheerily and hopping about, as only a grasshopper knows how to hop.

"Why do you work so hard, when you might stop for a chat with me?" asked the grasshopper.

"I am gathering food to be put away for the winter," replied the ant, "and I advise you to look out for your future in the same way."

"I don't need to worry about winter, when I have plenty of food for to-day," boasted the grasshopper.

So the ant went on her way, continuing to help with the harvest for the months of cold weather. The winter came and, alas, the grasshopper had no food. When he found himself slowly starving, he looked with envy on the ants as they ate of their winter stores.

The grasshopper sighed deeply. "Perhaps, after all," he said to himself, "it is the part of wisdom to look ahead and provide for hours of need."

In every ant community you will find one or more queens; they are the very centre of the family. With-

out them the life of the nest would soon end, for from a queen's body come the eggs which the nurses carry to the brood chamber, and on these eggs depends the future of the colony.

Over the slender body of a princess, when she is ready to become a queen, lie gauzy wings. When it is time for her to start a new home, she and many other princesses pour forth from the nest with the ants which are to be their mates. So many of these winged things fly together that sometimes a shadow is cast over the earth like the shadow of a filmy cloud. In the sunlight they quiver and glance, weaving in and out of the great mass of fellow venturers.

As soon as this home flitting is over, a queen settles on the ground or a tree. As she knows that her wings can be of no use while she is starting her nest in the ground or cutting away fibres of wood, she proceeds to un-wing herself, by pulling the wings off with her jaws, or by twisting and rubbing them off against grass blades or pebbles, or by stroking them off with her forelegs. Then she chooses the location of her new home. If it is to be a ground nest, she starts to burrow a small hole, bringing tiny pellets of earth to the surface until she has made a small chamber to hold her first eggs. The opening is closed in secret fashion, and in the first few eggs that are laid lies the hope of helpers for the queen's establishment.

While this first brood is maturing, the queen cleans the nest and perhaps makes a new room for a nursery. She washes and feeds the small workers until they are ready for business. Then they break the soil above

them and begin to carry their empty cocoons out of the nest and bring in food from the outside world. Other ants are coming to life in swift succession, and all must be fed. Although these first antlings are small, they are able to do the necessary work to help the queen in settling the household.

The little insects feed the weary queen and enlarge the nest to make living space for the growing family. Galleries are opened, leading to room after room. The queen soon spends all of her time in laying eggs and eating the food brought to her by her attendants; for it is the way of ant life to give the queen a body-guard of courtiers to follow her about. These courtiers often form a circle around the queen, and bear the eggs away to the nurseries as soon as they are laid. There are many enemies to the life of an ant, and the mother must provide plenty of young to carry on the labor of the community, even though accidents may come to some of its members. If nothing happens to bring the life of an ant to an end, she may live as long as seven years; a queen sometimes lives to be thirteen or even fifteen years old.

Because of enemies, guards stand near the entrance of the ant hill, ready to spread the alarm through the nest, if danger approaches. Such news excites the whole household. The workers that have the young in charge hurry to carry them to places of safety in the lower rooms of the dwelling. Sometimes pitched battles take place between ants of different nests. The warriors which are most to be feared are equipped with a sting. A fable tells of a bird that saw an ant

drowning in a pool. The bird threw down a branch for the ant to cling to until it floated to shore. When the ant reached land, he spied a sportsman who was about to shoot at the bird. Out of gratitude, the ant hastened to the man's foot and stung him so that he missed his aim, and the lives of ant and bird were saved.

THE BIRD THREW DOWN A BRANCH FOR THE ANT

While the workers are keeping the young clean, they are no less careful about themselves. The nature of their work and of their surroundings requires much time for the cleansing of their delicate bodies. Yet the life of an ant is not all work and play; there must be sleep, although they do not sleep long at a time. When they awake, they stretch and yawn, and then begin to clean themselves thoroughly, as they do before sleeping and after eating.

On their bodies are fine hairs, something like the fur of animals. This hairy covering catches dirt, but the ant has brushes and combs of its own. There are bristles and spines arranged to help keep the body clean. On the forelegs there is a stiff spur with a toothed edge. Each leg has its particular kind of comb. The ant uses her tongue as a cat uses hers to sponge away bits of dirt; on the ant's tongue are ridges which make it resemble a fine brush. The mandibles are used in cleansing the legs, which are drawn through with great care.

Often in the midst of her work an ant stops to freshen herself; then once more she throws herself eagerly into the labor of the throng. Very frequently one ant will brush another all over, and the one that is being cleaned seems to enjoy it thoroughly, often lying easily on her back for greater comfort.

In the morning, workers start out to earn their livelihood, pouring into the surrounding fields. Thousands of bits of life run through the corridors, and the entrance becomes choked in the hurry of affairs. The ants make roads for themselves, not by wearing footpaths, but by really removing obstacles. Sometimes the ways are arches; if a log is in the path, a subway is tunneled. Even though an ant may stray far afield for food, she knows every route for her safe return, and even after rain she is certain of the places which have become familiar to her.

This sense of attachment holds the members of the large community together. The instincts of the ant lead her to work for her large family, and to defend

her nest even at the risk of her own life. Laboring for each other, the responsibility of the home is divided among the members naturally and willingly. There would be no future for her race, if an ant should work for herself alone. That is why she readily follows her strong desire to let nothing remain undone for the good of the home community.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

A DAILY MIRACLE

JUNE'S sunshine on the broad porch shines
Through tangled curtains of crossing vines;
The restless dancing of the leaves
Dusky webs of shadow weaves,
That wander on the oaken floor,
Or cross the threshold of the door.
Scattered where'er their mazes run
Lie little phantoms of the sun:
Whatever chink the sunbeam found,
Crooked or narrow, on the ground
The shadowy image still is round.
So the image of God in the heart of a man,
Which truth makes, rifting as it can
Through the narrow crooked ways
Of our restless deeds and days,
Still is His image — bright or dim —
And scorning it is scorning Him.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND HIS CHILDREN

In a house high up among the Virginia hills two little girls lived with their father. Their names were Martha and Mary — Patsy and Polly their father called them. When Martha was ten years old and Polly was two, their mother died, leaving them with the father, in the beautiful home where they had all been happy together. The father was Thomas Jefferson — that same Thomas Jefferson who had written the Declaration of Independence six years before, and who later became the third President of the United States.

The house on the hilltop was called Monticello, which means, in Italian, "Little Mountain." When Thomas Jefferson was a boy he had lived at Shadwell, not far from Charlottesville. Often he had ridden his horse to the top of the high hill near by, and had sat looking off across the valley, dreaming of the day when he would build himself a house on this Little Mountain. His dream came true, for in 1772 he married, and brought his young wife to the new house.

How happy they were there! How they loved the woods and hills! They watched for the first peach blossom in the spring, and listened for the song of the first bird. Each day a fine thoroughbred horse was brought round to the door by one of the Negroes, and Jefferson would ride out among the hills he loved, visiting his plantations and supervising the work of the farm.

MONTICELLO

Trouble came, however, to break the peacefulness of the life at Monticello. After the colonists went to war against England in 1775, there were days when English troops marched through Virginia, even taking possession of Monticello for a short time, so that the family had to seek shelter elsewhere. Jefferson's part in the Revolution included service as a member of the Legislature of Virginia, as Governor, and as an officer of the American forces in the South. It was during these troubled times that Mrs. Jefferson died, leaving the two sisters and their father. And from then on through many weary years Jefferson's hope for a quiet life in his beloved home could not be realized. Time and time again he thought to be released from public office, and time and time again the call came to serve—first as Minister to France, then as Secretary of State, as Vice President, and finally as President of the United States. It was not until his daughters had grown and married and had children of their own that Jefferson came to know once more the peaceful happiness of his home in the Virginia hills.

When Jefferson went to France, Polly was taken to the home of an aunt until she should be old enough to travel, but Martha crossed the ocean with her father, in a sailing vessel, and was put in a school near Paris, where she was taught French, Latin, and music, along with little French girls. Her father came to see her every week, and sent her letters. Once when Martha found the Latin hard, her father wrote to her: "We are always equal to what we undertake with resolu-

tion. . . . If you always lean on your master, you will never be able to proceed without him. It is part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate; to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance."

"The more you learn, the more I love you," he wrote to her later, "and I rest the happiness of my life on seeing you beloved by all the world. Lose no moment in improving your head, nor any opportunity of exercising your heart in benevolence."

Although he was concerned with great affairs of state, Jefferson did not neglect any detail of his daughter's upbringing — he even saw that her clothes were right, saying to her in one letter, "Above all things, and at all times, let your clothes be neat, whole, and properly put on. . . . Be you, from the moment you rise till you go to bed, as cleanly and properly dressed as at the hours of dinner or tea."

It was a happy day when Polly was at last old enough to cross the sea to her father and sister. She was eight, and Martha, who had been six years in the French school, was quite a big sister by that time.

"Our dear Polly will certainly come to us this summer," Jefferson wrote to Martha. "When she arrives she will become a precious charge on your hands. The difference of your age, and your common loss of a mother, will put that office on you. Teach her above all things to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others nor set any value on ourselves. Teach her to be always true; no vice

is so mean as the want of truth, and at the same time so useless.

"Teach her never to be angry; anger only serves to torment ourselves, to divert others and alienate their esteem. And teach her industry, and application to useful pursuits. I will venture to assure you that, if you inculcate this in her mind, you will make her a happy being in herself, a most inestimable friend to you, and precious to all the world."

Many people would have been filled with pride at being Minister to the Court of France — the most brilliant court in the world. But Jefferson, as he moved through the mirrored halls of the French palace, listening to the chatter of the ladies in their brocades and their powdered hair, and watching the bowing of the men in their satins and their lace ruffles, longed always for his quiet home in the hills of Virginia.

"Your letter has kindled all the fond recollections of ancient times," he wrote from Paris to a friend in America, "recollections much dearer to me than anything I have known since. There are minds which can be pleased with honors and preferments; but it is only necessary to possess them to know how little they contribute to happiness — or rather how hostile they are to it. I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage with my books, my family, and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post that any human power can give."

It was on the eve of the great French Revolution, in September 1789, that Jefferson and the two

daughters — Martha now a tall girl of seventeen, fair and stately, and Polly eleven, very lovely to look at — left France for their loved home in Virginia. It was a happy home-coming. In the eagerness and joy of the Negro workers who gathered to welcome their beloved master, the horses were unhitched from the carriage and it was drawn by hand up the long slope to the summit of the hill, to the door of Monticello. Men, women, and children, they crowded round the carriage, shouting and calling their greeting, pushing and jostling to get near enough to touch their master.

"When the door of the carriage was opened," wrote Martha later, "they received him in their arms and bore him to the house, crowding around and kissing his hands and feet — some crying, others laughing. It seemed impossible to satisfy their anxiety to touch and kiss the very earth which bore him. . . ."

Two months after the day when the Negroes had dragged the carriage home to Monticello, a wedding took place in the beautiful home, and Jefferson gave his daughter Martha away in marriage to Thomas Randolph. A few days later he left for New York, — the seat of government at that time, — to take office as Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, leaving his daughter and his new son-in-law in charge of his beloved home.

Jefferson sorely missed his daughters when he was in New York. "Where are you, my dear Maria?[1]

[1] In the French convent the little French girls pronounced "Mary" like the French name, "Marie," and even after she returned to America people called Polly Maria — a name that clung to her for the rest of her life.

How are you occupied?" he wrote to Polly. "Write me a letter by the first post, and answer me all these questions. Tell me whether you see the sun rise every day? whether you repeat a grammar lesson every day? what else you read? how many hours a day you sew? whether you know how to make a pudding yet? to cut out a beefsteak? to sow spinach? or to set a hen?

"Be good, my dear, as I have always found you; never be angry with anybody nor speak harm of them; try to let everybody's faults be forgotten, as you would wish yours to be; take more pleasure in giving what is best to another than in having it yourself; and then all the world will love you, and I more than all the world. . . ."

Jefferson wanted both his daughters to be practical, capable women, and he considered that they were fortunate to live in the country, where they could keep watch of their own gardens, and manage their own domestic affairs. "Interesting occupations are essential to happiness," he wrote to Martha. "Indeed, the whole art of being happy consists in the art of finding employment."

"When I come to Virginia," he wrote to Maria, "I shall insist on eating a pudding of your own making, as well as trying other specimens of your skill. . . ."

Jefferson cherished every tree and bush, every bird and beast on his lands at Monticello. His love of nature showed itself in the letters written from the cold North to his daughters in the South.

"We had not peas nor strawberries here till the

eighth day of this month," he wrote from New York in June of 1790. "On the same day I heard the first whippoorwill whistle. Swallows and martins appeared here on the twenty-first of April. When did they appear with you? And when had you whippoorwills in Virginia? Take notice hereafter whether the whippoorwills always come with the strawberries and peas."

After a time the government moved to Philadelphia, and Jefferson with it — bringing him a step nearer home. "On the twenty-seventh of February I saw blackbirds and robin redbreasts," he wrote Polly the next spring. "And on the seventh of this month I heard frogs for the first time this year. Have you noted the first appearance of these things at Monticello? . . . Tell me when you shall have peas; when you shall have chickens hatched; when every kind of tree blossoms or puts forth leaves; when each kind of flower blooms."

Always the heart of the first Secretary of State was far away with his family in Virginia, and all the time he was in Philadelphia he longed to be at home with them. For Thomas Jefferson truly did not like holding public office. When he was nominated for the presidency, he wrote to Madison, "I am unable to decide in my own mind whether I had rather have it or not have it." Yet he served four years as Vice President, and eight years as President of the United States.

When his term was finally over, he wrote: "Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and farms; and having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on

my friends still buffeting the storm with anxiety indeed, but not with envy."

On the fifteenth of March, 1809, Jefferson came home to Monticello, free at last from the responsibilities of public office. "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God," he had written many, many years before. At last he had been chosen, and he returned to a Monticello gay with the laughter and happiness of his grandchildren. What good times they had together then! The children loved to run along beside him in the garden, and he would pick the biggest strawberries for them, choose the ripest figs, gather the reddest cherries with a long stick and a little bag.

Every day the children ran a race on the broad lawn. Their grandfather would place them all, from the tallest to the smallest, giving the little ones a head start. Then he would stand with his white handkerchief in his hand, count three, and drop the handkerchief. Off they would go, bare legs twinkling back and forth, hair flying in the wind, in a great circle round the lawn, to come back panting, to a finish in front of him. He decided who had won, and always there was a prize for the winner — three figs or prunes or dates, with two for the second, and one for the lagger who came in last.

The child who often got the three figs was little Ellen, one of the younger children, whose stout legs were swift and strong. A long time afterward, when grown to be a woman, she wrote about the happy days at Monticello, and about the grandfather whom they so loved: —

"Every day he rode through his plantation and walked in his garden. In the cultivation of the last he took great pleasure. . . . I remember well, when he first returned to Monticello, how immediately he began to prepare new beds for his flowers. He had these beds laid off on the lawn, under the windows, and many a time I have run after him when he went out to direct the work, accompanied by one of his gardeners armed with spade and hoe, while he himself carried the measuring line.

"I was too young to aid him except in a small way, but my sister Anne, then a beautiful woman, was his active and useful assistant. I remember the planting of the first hyacinths and tulips. The roots arrived labeled, each one with a fancy name. There was 'Marcus Aurelius' and the 'King of the Gold Mine,' the 'Roman Empress,' and the 'Queen of the Amazons.' Eagerly, with childish delight, I studied this brilliant nomenclature, and wondered what strange and surprisingly beautiful creations I should see arising from the ground when spring returned. These precious roots were committed to the earth under my grandfather's own eye, with his granddaughter Anne standing by his side, and a crowd of happy young faces, of younger grandchildren, clustering round to see the progress and inquire anxiously the name of each separate deposit.

"Then, when spring returned, how eagerly we watched the first appearance of the shoots above ground! Each root was marked with its own name, written on a bit of stick by its side. What joy it was for

one of us to discover the tender green breaking through the mould, and run to grandpapa to announce that we really believed that Marcus Aurelius was coming up, or the Queen of the Amazons was above ground! With how much pleasure, compounded of our pleasure and his own, on the new birth, he would immediately go out to verify the fact, and praise us for our diligent watchfulness!

"Then, when the flowers were in bloom, and we were in ecstacies over the rich purple and crimson, or pure white, or delicate lilac, or pale yellow of the blossom, how he would sympathize with our admiration, or discuss with my mother and elder sister new groupings and combinations and contrasts. Oh, these were happy moments for us and for him!

"It was in the morning, immediately after our early breakfast, that he used to visit his flower beds, and his garden. As the day, in summer, grew warmer, he retired to his own apartments, which consisted of a bedchamber and a library opening into each other. Here he remained until about one o'clock, reading, writing, and looking over papers. My mother would sometimes send me with a message to him. A gentle knock, a call of 'Come in,' and I would enter, with a mixed feeling of love and reverence and some pride in being the bearer of a communication to one whom I approached with all the affection of a child, and something of the loyalty of a subject. Our mother educated all her children to look up to her father as she looked up to him herself — as one standing on an eminence of greatness and goodness. . . .

"About one o'clock my grandfather rode out (on horseback), and was absent perhaps two hours, when he returned to prepare for his dinner, which was about half past three o'clock. He sat some time at table, and after dinner returned for a while to his room, from which he emerged before sunset to walk on the terrace or the lawn, to see his grandchildren run races, or to converse with his family and friends.

"The evenings, after candlelight, he passed with us until about ten o'clock. He had his own chair, and his own candle a little apart from the rest, where he sat reading, if there were no guests to require his attention, but often laying his book on his little round table or his knee, while he talked with my mother, the elder members of the family, or any child old enough to make one of the family party."

Let us leave the statesman-grandfather there, happy in his family, the children loving him, as the people in many distant parts of the United States and in far-away France loved and reverenced him. Perhaps some day you will walk up the road that climbs to Monticello, across the lawn where the children ran their races, under the pillared portico, into the broad hall, where stands the clock which Jefferson himself made, and then through into the drawing-room beyond. Perhaps you will imagine that you can see the family sitting there, quiet, in the candlelight, and you, too, will feel something of that reverence and that love.

THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

THE little Road says Go,
The little House says Stay:
And O, it's bonnie here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When the little Road says, Go.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

NOTE. — Every mother hesitates to have her child leave the shelter of home. But the little Road must take him out into the world. If you turn your eyes back at the first bend in your own little Road, you will recognize how very lovely distance makes a house seem. The little Road knows its own children and waits to lead them from the little Houses. Roads are very wise, and are to be followed with both confidence and caution.

THE COMING OF MAN

If we betake ourselves to the heart of the deepest forests which are still left upon our northern hills, and compare the bird life which we find there with that in the woods and fields near our homes, we shall at once notice a great difference. Although the coming of mankind with axe and plough has driven many birds and animals far away or actually exterminated them, there are many others which have so thrived under the new conditions that they are far more numerous than when the tepees of the red men alone broke the monotony of the forest.

We might walk all day in the primitive woods and never see or hear a robin, while in an hour's stroll about a village we can count scores. Let us observe how some of these quick-witted feathered beings have taken advantage of the way in which man is altering the whole face of the land.

A pioneer comes to a spot in the virgin forest which pleases him, and proceeds at once to cut down the trees in order to make a clearing. The hermit thrush soothes his labor with its wonderful song; the pileated woodpecker pounds its disapproval upon a near-by hollow tree; the deer and wolf take a last look out through the trees and flee from the spot forever. A house and barn arise; fields become covered with waving grass and grain; a neglected patch of burned forest becomes a tangle of blackberry and raspberry; an orchard is set out.

When the migrating birds return, they are attracted to this new scene. The decaying wood of fallen trees is a paradise for ants, flies, and beetles, offering to swallows, creepers, and flycatchers feasts of abundance never dreamed of in the primitive forests. Straightway, what must have been a cave swallow becomes a barn swallow; the haunter of rock ledges changes to an eave swallow; the nest in the niche of the cliff is deserted and phœbe becomes a bridge bird; cedar birds are renamed cherry birds; and catbirds and other low-nesting species find the blackberry patch safer than the sweetbrier vine in the deep woods. The swift leaves the lightning-struck hollow tree where owl may harry or snake intrude, for the chimney flue — sooty, but impregnable.

When the great herds of ruminants disappear from the western prairies, the buffalo birds without hesitation become cowbirds, and when the plough turns up the never-ending store of grubs and worms, the birds lose all fear and follow at the very heels of the ploughboy — grackles, vesper sparrows, and larks in the east, and flocks of gulls farther to the westward.

The crow surpasses all in the keen wit which it pits against human invasion and enmity. The farmer declares war — all unjustly — against these sable natives, but they jeer at his gun and traps and scarecrows, and thrive on, killing the noxious insects, devouring the diseased corn sprouts, doing great good to the farmer in spite of himself.

The story of these sudden adaptations to conditions which the birds could never have foreseen is a story of

great interest, and it has been but half told. Climb the nearest hill or mountain or even a tall tree, and look out upon the face of the country. Keep in mind that you are a bird and not a human being — you neither know nor understand anything of the reason for these strange sights, these bipeds who cover the earth with great square structures, who scratch the ground for miles, who later gnaw the vegetation with great shining teeth, and who are only too often on the lookout to bring sudden death if one but show a feather. What would you do?

WILLIAM BEEBE

NOTE. — If you start to number the robins seen in a season — or any other kind of bird you may choose — the game will be fascinating to the accompaniment of a special magic form or charm. When white horses were not so rare as now, boys and girls used to count them, making a record, each time one was seen, by this charm of three very swift motions: First, the chin was touched with the right forefinger; then the left palm was touched with the same finger; after which the left palm was tapped soundingly with the closed right fist, thumb side up.

Charms may be devised to record the number of apple, elm, or other trees seen. It is especially interesting to identify trees by their shapes when the branches are bare. Birds may be recognized from their songs; but, to make the game fair, do not use the charm for a bird whose voice you hear until you see him with your own eyes.

STARS [1]

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That æons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

Sara Teasdale

Note. — Have you a younger friend to whom you can point out something about the stars?

[1] From *Flame and Shadow*, by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

OLD TOM AND THE YOUNG MARE

[This is an extract from *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor*, by Richard Doddridge Blackmore. In the words of the plain farmer himself, John Ridd tells the stirring tale of the outlawed Doones in the depths of Bagworthy Forest, and the beautiful maiden brought up among them, and Tom Faggus, the horseman who rode the strawberry mare.]

It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old, and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteen, and a great deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and the bark from the woodricks washed down the gutters, and even our water shoot going brown), that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white (as the fashion then of ducks was), not, I mean, twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and, without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the overexcited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, duck-

sey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again. Now I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roistering, roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck-wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard, where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgence and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the

brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts and tadpoles and caddis worms and other game — this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down like a wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle, six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine, at milking time, from straying away there, drinking (for in truth, they are very dainty), and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, buffeted almost flat, and, thatched (so to say) with the drift stuff, was going see-saw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters. But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of rushes and flood wood and wild celery haulm and dead crowsfoot, who but our venerable mallard, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot

full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly, against his will, by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with the turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely a screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt, by the way he sputtered and failed to quack and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried. "Get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare — she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful — and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job, yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty

HE CAUGHT UP OLD TOM WITH HIS LEFT HAND, AND SMILED AT HIS FAINT QUACK OF GRATITUDE

forelegs sloped farther and farther in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee on her.

Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried downstream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks, and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and

sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

R. D. Blackmore

"IZ. WA."

"For this time I have neither a willingness nor leasure to say more then wish thee a *rainy evening* to read this book in, and *that the east wind may never blow when thou goest a fishing*. Farewel.— IZ. WA."

In these words does Izaak Walton close the introduction to his famous book.

Anglers the world over belong to a common brotherhood. The learned doctor seeking rest and delight along the courses of a mountain stream is angle brother to the barefoot boy he meets, with string and bent pin and willow twig of shining fish. "What luck?" is the password. And one and all, anglers everywhere acknowledge as charter member of their society old Izaak Walton. Old, not because he was hoary with years when he wrote *The Complete Angler*,

but because the companionable spirit bubbles so freshly from his quaint discourse that he seems never to have died at all. Rather he seems to have gone on aging from spring to spring until he has become some impossibly old angler brother. But though he seems still dressed in the fashion of *Pilgrim's Progress* and the Puritan days in England, he still knows as practically as ever just what the trout you are waiting for is going to do to your fly, and sees with a very wide-awake eye just the flutter of leaf and ripple of surface that you see, and hears and smells and feels and does the same things that you are hearing and smelling and feeling and doing.

The exact title of the book as first printed was—

The
Compleat Angler
or the
Contemplative Man's
Recreation.
Being a Discourse of
FISH and FISHING
Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers*.

It was first published in London in the year 1653, the same year that Oliver Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. The title-page bears for decoration a scroll of dolphins and a shell, with two strings of fish hanging from the corners of the scroll, which are the tails of two of the dolphins. The book is a careful treatise on the art of fishing, interspersed with songs and pleasant observations, ambling along in the same

delightful way that the fisherman's thoughts amble on. And the old printed pages are as full of the old-fashioned long S's as a pickerel is full of bones.

"His feeding is ufually *fifh* or *frogs*, and fometime a weed of his owne, called *Pikrel-weed*, of which I told you fome think fome *Pikes* are bred; for they have obferved, that where no *Pikes* have been put into a Pond, yet that there they have been found, and that there has been plenty of that weed in that Pond, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them."

The discourse is between an Angler (*Piscator*) and a Traveler (*Viator*) whom he meets on the road from London to a neighboring town. They make their journey on foot together, and agree to meet at sunrise the next morning and go fishing. They continue to fish with rod and line for several days, the Traveler placing himself under the instruction of the Angler, who shows him how to prepare baits of various kinds, and how to take a great variety of fish. At night they are joined at a pleasant inn by two friends — an angler brother, Peter, and Coridon, a countryman, with whom they make conversation and good cheer.

In Izaak Walton's quaint spelling the following extracts tell of the first day's sport.

THE ANGLER TAKES A CHUB AND WINS A DISCIPLE

Pisc. I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a *Chub*.

Viat. Oh, Sir, a *Chub* is the worst fish that swims. I hoped for a *Trout* for my dinner.

Pisc. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout, and the Sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a *Trout* till evening; and though a *Chub* be by you and many others reckoned the worst of all fish, yet you shall see I'll make it good fish by dressing it.

Viat. Why, how will you dress him?

Pisc. I'll tell you when I have caught him: look you here, Sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close) there lye upon the top of the water twenty *Chubs:* I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one.

Viat. I marry, Sir, now you talk like an Artist, and I'll say, you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do; but I yet doubt it.

Pisc. And that you shall see me do presently; look, the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, and that looks like a white spot; that very Chub I mean to catch; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'l warrant you I'l bring him to you.

Viat. I'l sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

Pisc. Look you Sir, there he is, that very Chub that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail; and I'l be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him. I'l now lead you to an honest Tavern, where we shall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windowes, and twenty Ballads stuck about the

wall; there my Hostis [1] has drest many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

Viat. Come Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest my self too.

Pisc. Wel Sir, and you shal quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Pisc. Come Hostis, how do you? wil you dress this *Chub*, as you drest my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten daies [2] ago?

Host. I will do it, Mr. *Piscator*, and with all the speed I can.

Pisc. Now Sir, has not my Hostis made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

Viat. Both, upon my word Sir, and therefore lets say Grace and fall to eating of it.

Pisc. Wel Sir, how do you like it?

Viat. Trust me, 't is as good meat as ever I tasted: now let me thank you for it, and beg a courtesie of you; that from henceforth you wil allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your Scholer,[3] for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cook'd this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholer.

Pisc. Give me your hand: from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this Art as I am able.

[1] Hostess. [2] Days. [3] Scholar.

HOW THE CHUB WAS TAKEN

Pisc. And first I will tel you how you shall catch such a *Chub* as this was; & then how to cook him as this was:

Go to the same hole, where in most hot days you will finde floting neer the top of the water at least a dozen or twenty *Chubs;* get a *Grasshopper* or two as you goe, and get secretly behinde the tree, put it then upon your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the top of the water, and 't is very likely that the shadow of your rod, which you must rest on the tree, will cause the *Chubs* to sink down to the bottom with fear; for they be a very fearful fish, and the shadow of a bird flying over them will make them do so; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again: when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best *Chub*, which you setting your self in a fit place, may very easily doe, and move your Rod as softly as a Snail moves, to that *Chub* you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for hee is one of the leather-mouth'd fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose his hold: and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and doe as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

Viat. Truly, my loving Master, you have offered mee as fair as I could wish: Ile goe and observe your directions.

Viat. Look you, Master, what I have done; that which joyes my heart; caught just such another *Chub* as yours was.

Pisc. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly Scholer of you. I now see, that with advice and practice you wil make an *Angler* in a short time.

Viat. But now what shal be done with my *Chub* that I have caught?

Pisc. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body, for Ile warrant you Ile give you a *Trout* for your supper; and it is a good beginning of your Art to offer your first fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it.

HOW THE CHUB WAS DRESSED

Pisc. And now lets walk towards the water again, and as I go Ile tell you when you catch your next *Chub*, how to dresse it as this was.

Viat. Come (good Master) I long to be going and learn your direction.

Pisc. You must dress it, or see it drest thus: When you have scaled him, wash him very cleane, cut off his tail and fins; and wash him not after you gut him, but chine or cut him through the middle as a salt fish is cut, then give him four or five scotches [1] with your knife, broil him upon wood-cole or char-cole; but as

[1] Cuts.

he is broiling; baste him often with butter that shal be choicely good; and put good store of salt into your butter, or salt him gently as you broil or baste him; and bruise or cut very smal into your butter, a little Time,[1] or some other sweet herb that is in the Garden where you eat him: thus used, it takes away the watrish[2] taste which the *Chub* has, and makes him a choice dish of meat, as you your self know; for thus was that dressed, which you did eat of to your dinner.

THE ANGLER TAKES A TROUT, AND THINKS TO TAKE A SECOND

Pisc. And now we are come again to the River; I wil (as the Souldier sayes) prepare for skirmish; that is, draw out my Tackling, and try to catch a *Trout* for supper.

Viat. Trust me Master, I see now it is harder matter to catch a *Trout* then a *Chub;* for I have put on patience, and followed you this two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your Minnow nor your worm.

Pisc. Well Scholer, you must indure[3] worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good Angler. But what say you now? there is a *Trout* now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him: Now you see he lies still, and the sleight[4] is to land him: Reach me that Landing net: So (Sir) now he is mine own, what say you? is not this worth all my labour?

Viat. On my word Master, this is a gallant *Trout;* what shall we do with him?

[1] Thyme. [2] Waterish. [3] Endure. [4] Trick.

Pisc. Marry ee'n eat him to supper: We'l go to my Hostis, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother *Peter*, a good Angler, and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodg there tonight, and bring a friend with him. My Hostis has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tel tales, or sing Ballads, or make a Catch, or find some harmless sport to content us.

Viat. A match, good Master, lets go to that house, for the linnen looks white, and smels of Lavender, and I long to lye in a pair of sheets that smels so: lets be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little good Scholer, I caught my last Trout with a worm, now I will put on a Minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you Scholer, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all: Have with you (Sir!) on my word I have him. Oh it is a great loggerheaded *Chub:* Come, hang him upon that Willow twig, and let's be going.

THE ANGLER TURNS HIS THOUGHTS TO A PRIMROSE HILL

Pisc. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholer, towards yonder high hedg: We'l sit whilst this showr falls so gently, and gives a sweeter smel to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant Meadows.

Look, under that broad *Beech tree* I sate down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the

adjoining Grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an Echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that Primrose hil; there I sate viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous Sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pibble [1] stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into fome: [2] and sometimes viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful Sun. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possesst my soul, that I thought as the Poet has happily expresst it:

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possesst joys not promis'd in my birth.

AND IS SOUGHT BY THE HOSTIS WITH NEWS OF THE ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS

Pisc. Look, yonder comes my Hostis to cal us to supper. How now? is my brother *Peter* come?

Host. Yes, and a friend with him, they are both glad to hear you are in these parts, and long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper.

"IZ. WA." tells us that they gave the Scholar's chub to a milkmaid and her mother, who agreeably sang them each a song after the shower — old-fashioned songs, "made by Kit Marlowe and by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger dayes." But what

[1] Pebble. [2] Foam.

became of the second chub — the one that was hung on the willow twig — the angler does not say. He leaves it for us to guess, or perhaps relish "to our own dinner," and find "choicely good."

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — A *chub* is a common European fresh-water fish like those of the carp family. Locally in America, any of several very different fishes, such as the blackfish, black bass, and so forth, are called chubs. The adjective *chubby* comes from the name of this fish, and means like a chub — short, plump, and round.

Christopher Marlowe, an English poet, was called "Kit" Marlowe.

WITH THE RIVER

I SAT for a long, long time
  On a log by the river's brim;
It happened to be a day
  When I fancied a talk with him.

I only remember now
  The things that I saw and heard,
For the way I talk with a mountain-stream
  Is — never to say a word.

MARGARET HAYWARD KING

THE WAVES OF BREFFNY

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh[1] are dearer far to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

NOTE. — *Breffny* is an old name for a part of the province of Ulster, Ireland.

[1] Pronounced klōō′ näk.

HEROES IN TIME OF PEACE

If it had been an ordinary morning, the revenue cutter, which had started in search of the survivors of the Larchmont, would doubtless have reached its goal and made the rescue, but the February storm had driven the boat back beyond all hope. If it had been an ordinary morning, the fishing schooner Elsie with its gray-haired master and his crew of seven, would have started out at four in the morning on their daily cruise. Or yet again, if it had been an ordinary morning, the few remaining passengers of the Larchmont would not have been in such sore need of rescue, as they huddled together on a tossing raft, waiting in desperation for some helping hand.

It had been close to midnight when the steamer Larchmont had been cut down by a schooner off the coast of Rhode Island. Of the one hundred and seventy-five people whom she was carrying, many had escaped in boats, but after the steamer had sunk, a small group of men and women, eight in all, were left clinging to a bit of deck which had been torn away by the force of the waves, as they rolled twenty feet high. The temperature was near zero and the wind blew the drifting raft with terrific force.

The very fury of the storm was what had hindered the master of the Elsie from setting out from port as usual. He and several of his brothers and nephews, all hardy men of the sea, had gathered at Old Harbor on Block Island, waiting for the gale to subside, but

the signs were so unfavorable that they decided to return to their homes. Just then news of the Larchmont disaster was cabled to the village from the mainland ; the light keeper was informed that the steamer had sunk, and that a raft was drifting with survivors toward the open Atlantic.

When the captain of the Elsie suggested to his crew that they undertake the rescue, although they were fishermen by trade and not regular members of the coast guard, they volunteered as one man to sail forth. Into the open sea they headed, and not until after a mighty struggle did they sight the raft. It was a bitter fight, with ice coating the decks and the high sea persistently refusing to allow the schooner to draw close to the raft. The captain held the Elsie against the wind, while some of his men set out to the perilous task in a fishing dory. When the boat was finally hauled up, the few survivors were clinging to each other while the spray dashed over them. The eight scarcely living forms in frozen clothing were taken off only with the utmost difficulty. Three trips were made, heading boldly each time into the teeth of the gale. Each helpless person was hoisted aboard the Elsie with ropes, as her deck rocked uncertainly in the grip of the storm. At noon she brought into Old Harbor, with all her crew not only exhausted but severely bitten by the frost.

Now because these rescuers ventured into so wild a sea — so wild, indeed, that they had abandoned all thought of going about their usual business of fishing

CARNEGIE HERO FUND
ESTABLISHED APRIL 15th 1904

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS

— the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, after investigation, deemed them worthy of real reward. So it came about that the captain and his seven men each received a gold Carnegie medal, together with a substantial sum of money for the education of their children.

In time of war there are countless heroes whose love of country or of some cause leads them to risk life and dare the unknown. But on this medal is the likeness of a man who paid special honor to heroism in time of peace. His name was Andrew Carnegie.

On March 12, 1904, Mr. Carnegie gave the sum of five million dollars for the purpose of recognizing heroic efforts to save human life on the part of those who were following peaceful vocations. He gave his fund for these heroes of civilization in order to provide for their families if life had been sacrificed, or, in case of injury, to help the hero until he might again be able to work. In certain cases, money was to be granted for education or other worthy purposes, when the deed warranted such a gift. To each hero a medal was to be given in recognition of the self-sacrificing act. These medals the Commission had cast in bronze, silver, and gold, with the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

One of the splendid things about these awards is that anyone, old or young, of any race or any religion, rich or poor, may be the hero or the heroine. Accidents will happen even to careful people, and often careless folk have to learn hard lessons. It is,

of course, foolhardy for anyone to walk on railroad tracks, to skate or walk on thin ice, to go into holes or wells where there might be gas, to touch dangling or broken electric wires, to play with fire, or to go into deep water without knowing how to swim. Yet, since some people, through either accident or carelessness, fall into dangers from which they cannot extricate themselves, it is a happy thing that there are brave, self-forgetting souls, like the crew of the Elsie, who are ready to risk their own lives to rescue fellow men from peril.

Of course, no real hero would undertake a brave act just to receive a medal. His first and whole thought would be for the person who was in danger. In fact, not every little act of rescue could possibly be recognized with an award, so many are the brave deeds our country over.

If, in addition to bravery, a hero has skill and a cool head, the deed may be doubly fine. The boy or girl who knows how to swim, how to row, or how to apply first aid may be very useful when someone is in distress. Not that it is ever a reasonable thing for anyone to risk his or her life unduly; many a life is lost in the name of heroism, because the physical power of the rescuer is not equal to his desire to help.

It is a noble instinct to wish to save another's life, and Mr. Carnegie appreciated that the homeliest heroism is invested with a certain dignity. So we find Carnegie medals being given to people in all kinds of employment, including a carpenter, a deck hand, a

draw tender, a coal miner, a housewife, a machinist, a student, a ticket seller, a storekeeper, a cook, an engineer, a teamster, an electrician, a jeweler, a schoolboy, a blacksmith, a butter maker, a teacher, a roundhouse man, a dentist, a bank clerk, a farmer, a nurse, and a delivery boy. And among the dangerous things voluntarily faced by the receivers of these medals have been runaway horses, prairie fires, railroad trains, floods, machinery, and mines full of deadly gases, as well as the angry waves of the sea. There are as many heroic stories to be told as there have been medals awarded, and some of them in brief would read like these: —

A nine-year-old girl in Illinois saved a seven-year-old boy from drowning by seizing him and holding on to a bridge until help arrived and they both could be lifted out.

It was a nineteen-year-old boy, a student, who one day rescued a woman from a runaway horse. The boy and the woman were both on horses that became badly frightened and bolted. The woman lost her rein and held fast to the horn of her saddle as her horse ran at an increasing pace. The boy regained control of his horse and hastened in pursuit of the woman. When he found that he could not grasp her reins, he threw himself across her horse's neck and clung there. His weight caused the horse to lower its head, but though it seemed about to fall, it continued to run. After going a hundred feet farther, they drew near to a telephone pole. The boy jumped backward, seized the woman with one arm, and pulled

her off the horse. The horse struck the pole, but even then continued to run before it could be caught.

Somewhere in the State of Georgia, a man was being overcome by fumes in a deep well, and every one of fifteen men was afraid to attempt a rescue. A colored farmer, who was well aware of the danger he was about to encounter, said that he would go down. He tied himself to the well rope and was lowered into the well. There he tied another rope around the suffocating man and they were hoisted to the surface. But the hero himself had become unconscious, and in spite of medical care he was disabled for some days. For his act he was rewarded with a bronze Carnegie medal and one thousand dollars for a worthy purpose, as needed.

Another young hero was a Massachusetts schoolboy of twelve who saw a three-year-old child wandering out on thin ice over a river. When the little one was twenty feet from the bank, where the water was over six feet deep, he was seen to break through the ice to his chest. Swiftly the older boy ran out and held the child with one hand while he clung to the ice with the other, working both himself and the small boy up on to the ice. Then he completed the rescue by rolling away from the hole until he could carry the little fellow to the bank.

One day in a certain Michigan city, a baby girl, only one year old, toddled to an electric car track and fell across the rail when a car was only thirty or forty feet away. The motorman, a young man of twenty-six, thought quickly and reversed his motor,

putting on his air brakes. The car slowed down, but the man instantly saw that this would not be enough to save the child. As he made these motions with his left hand, he moved toward the car steps, which were about seven feet from the child. Jumping and swinging in front of the car, the motorman landed on his feet, close to the rail. He leaned forward, seized little Lillian's clothes, and was lifting her when the car struck him. He was knocked eight feet and landed only two feet away from the track, but, strangely enough, neither he nor the child was seriously injured.

On a morning when the thermometer was fourteen degrees below zero, a woman somewhere in the state of Washington had to flee from her burning home with two of her children, who were only partly dressed. The snow was six feet deep and the three refugees had almost perished from freezing, when their cries for help were heard by another woman, who left her house in spite of the weather. She relieved the woman of her baby, carrying it to her home, followed by the mother; then she returned to rescue the young son, and in the end was barely able to reach home herself.

Another woman, in Oregon, rescued two girls from drowning. After taking one ashore and going for the other, she became so exhausted that she could hardly have accomplished the rescue, had not her dog followed into the water and helped her with his strong swimming.

Even a cripple, on one occasion, sprang in front of a train to save a child of six, and the two barely fell

alongside the track as the train went flying past them.

None of these brave deeds could have been planned in advance. Mr. Carnegie did not expect to stimulate heroism by his fund, because he knew that heroic action must come on the spur of the moment. But he did believe that, if a hero was injured in his attempt to serve or save his fellows, he and his family should not come to need because of the fine exploit. Of course these awards are made only after thorough investigation of a deed, together with all the circumstances of the event. According to the rules, they are given for "acts in which conclusive evidence may be obtained, showing that the person performing the act voluntarily risked his own life in saving, or attempting to save, the life of a fellow being, or voluntarily sacrificed himself in an heroic manner for the benefit of others."

No one in all history had ever given such a fund for such a purpose as this, but through his forethought and generosity, Andrew Carnegie has invited everyone to think of self-sacrifice as one of the most splendid expressions of human nature. He looked forward earnestly to a day when men might forget how to make war, and might strive for peace and good will throughout the earth. For great acts of heroism in the peaceful walks of life, therefore, he liked to think that, long after his death, men and women would receive medals of recognition bearing the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

THE WHISTLE

[FRANKLIN'S famous words on paying too dear for the whistle are from a letter addressed to a French lady, in 1779, while he was in France and at the height of his fame.]

I AM charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and

the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above

his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

VACATION

ALL the drifting hours while I
Watch the rounding sapphire sky
Bow to meet the dancing sea —
Somewhere people toil for me.

Little breezes are at play
In the willow near the bay,
Little skiffs ride in a fleet —
But somewhere children bear the heat.

Of all the many Wheres and Whys
This one wears the strangest guise —
That while the world is green and blue,
The Others cannot be here, too!

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

TO A FOUNDER OF FREE LIBRARIES

No man who sows the seed of unselfish public service can tell beforehand what part of it will fall upon stony places and what part into good ground. The great benefactors are those that sow in faith. Little could Colonel James Anderson know that, among the boys whom he was trying to help by giving them access to his private library, was one who in the years to come would sow half a continent with libraries free to all. This inscription, which appears on a bronze tablet in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, tells its own story: —

TO COLONEL JAMES ANDERSON

FOUNDER OF FREE LIBRARIES IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA — HE OPENED HIS LIBRARY TO WORKING BOYS AND UPON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS ACTED AS LIBRARIAN — THUS DEDICATING NOT ONLY HIS BOOKS BUT HIMSELF TO THE NOBLE WORK — THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE BY ANDREW CARNEGIE — ONE OF THE "WORKING BOYS" TO WHOM WERE THUS OPENED THE PRECIOUS TREASURES OF KNOWLEDGE AND IMAGINATION THROUGH WHICH YOUTH MAY ASCEND

OLD SAYINGS ABOUT THE WEATHER

When the dew is on the grass,
Rain will never come to pass.
When the grass is dry at night,
Look for rain before the light.
When grass is dry at morning light,
Look for rain before the night.
A deep, clear sky of fleckless blue
Breeds storms within a day or two.

When the wind is in the east,
It's good for neither man nor beast.
When the wind is in the north,
The old folk should not venture forth.
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.
When the wind is in the west,
It is of all the winds the best.

Evening red and morning gray
Sends the traveler on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Sends the traveler home to bed.

Red sky at morning, the shepherd takes warning;
Red sky at night is the shepherd's delight.

If a rooster crows standing on a fence or high place, it will clear.
If on the ground, it does n't count.

THE "SOCKEYE" SALMON, WHO ALWAYS COME HOME

If you look into the clear water of one of the lovely lakes that are hidden away in the forests of the northwest of our country and Canada, you can often see tiny, silvery fish swimming around. These are the young of the salmon. While they are still small, a little sack full of food hangs around each neck, so that until they have learned to swim quite well and to dodge swiftly under rocks and stones, they do not have to search for things to eat.

Later, when they are bigger and the food in each little sack has been used, they begin to feel hungry. To keep alive, they must find more food. Their life as independent, grown-up salmon is just beginning. Now they must dart out from the brown shadows of the rocks after some speck they can see floating in the sunny spaces that come down through the clear water, and dart back again so quickly that none of the bigger fish can catch them for breakfast. As they flash in and out to get their food, the little salmon get braver and more enterprising.

Spring comes round, and every day the little salmon see more and more silvery light coming down into their dark reaches of water. The ice is gone, and they can poke their noses into the air above. The silvery light warms the water a little and makes them restless. They are three inches long now, and growing bigger all the time. They dart round more quickly

than ever before, and grow bolder and more curious as the days go by. Now and then they swim to the edge of that queer, rapid water at the end of the lake, where the water starts downhill to the great sea. Perhaps the little salmon wonder what lies beyond that trembling waterfall. Perhaps they know.

At any rate, one fine day in the late spring or early summer, they gather at the top of that waterfall, noses upstream after the fashion of all good salmon, letting themselves drift with the current farther, farther, perilously near to the swift water. With a sudden flash of silver one of them slips over, tail foremost, and is lost in the foamy ripples below. With a thousand little flashes, the other little salmon from the lake follow him, and drop tail foremost into the dappled waters of the river that runs away, downhill. . . .

Down and down they swim, these delicate, silvery fellows. They plunge over waterfalls, whirling in the air, sometimes in clouds of spray, and land in the whirling water at the bottom. They dodge through the branches of fallen trees and through fishermen's nets, and flash across the shallow places in the sunlight. They come to the waters of some harbor at the river's mouth, where they escape strange whirlpools of bubbles in the wakes of steamers, and dart about, doubly swift in fear. But they never turn back. They grow braver and braver every day; for are they not swimming to the sea?

At last there comes a day when they dodge out into the sea — that great, green, open space which is like nothing they have ever seen before. The water

is different here, with no current to carry them along, to tell them which way to face. But it is full of life, full of something that the young salmon has been hunting for. He swims out into it with all his might, and perhaps he feels himself a truly big fish now, even though he is only four or five inches long.

Here, in the great ocean, we cannot follow the salmon any more. They swim out into the sea, and that is all we know about them for three long years. Where they go, and what they do there in the green depths of the Pacific, we cannot tell, for no fisherman ever catches them in the broad sea. All we know is that they swim free, and eat, and grow to be great, beautiful fishes with shiny, blue backs and firm, pink flesh underneath. They grow strong muscles, so that they can leap many feet out of the water into the air.

After three years, the salmon come back to the coast again. And the wonderful thing about them is this: that they come back to the mouth of the very river that they swam down as little fellows three years before. After all those miles of swimming in the vast, trackless ocean, they find their way back to that very bit of coast line from which they swam away. They meet again — those who are left of the thousands — at the mouth of the river that comes from home.

Not all the salmon who came down the river as little fish are there. Hundreds of them have been eaten by bigger fish, or swallowed by sea lions in the cold waters of the north. Those who are left are the

strongest, finest fish, the ones who could swim the fastest, dodge the quickest, leap the highest when their enemies came upon them. Their sleek sides glisten. They are plump and full of reserve food. The males have turned a fine brick red, and have grown noses so long that they cannot shut their mouths. They are nervous, and ready to be off up the river to that native lake.

How can they get up over the waterfalls down which they fell when they were little things? They leap over them. With a fine, long, lashing stroke of each silvery body they flash, a streak of silver lightning, through the air and drop into the pool on the other side. And if they find a difficult fall in their path and, beside it, an easy turning in the river, leading to some other lake, do they turn aside? Scientists [1] think not, for the droves of salmon in each river in the northwest are found to differ a little from one another. Each member of the same drove is like his fellows; but each member is a tiny bit different from the members of the drove in a neighboring stream. So the scientists believe that the salmon go back always to their own river.

If the salmon find a rapid that is rushing too hard for them to force their way up through it, they do not turn away and find another home. They wait in the pool below until the flood is past, and then try again. All this time they are coming to be very hungry, too, for they have grown so used to salt-water

[1] Notably Dr. C. H. Gilbert of Leland Stanford University, an expert on the ways of salmon.

food that they do not eat anything when they get back to the river, and they grow thinner and thinner.

As they wait there, starving, do they dream, perhaps, of the cool, clear lake, with its overhanging trees, its pleasant, sunny spots, its slowly running, limpid water, awaiting them there above? Do they long for a rest after their long travels in the ocean? We do not know. All we know is that they go through many hardships, and that they hunt diligently for some way of getting back. And usually many of the strongest of them find a way of reaching home.

At last, after all that long, perilous journey, they reach their goal. Perhaps only one in ten, perhaps one in fifty of the delicate fellows who plunged over the waterfall so long ago comes back again to the clear lake, so peaceful and alone amid the forests of spruce and hemlock. But the strongest and quickest of them are there. They are thin now from their hard journey, but still the fine, strong muscles can make one supreme effort, that carries the fishes up through the waterfall into the still waters beyond.

The salmon are at home again. For a few days they swim nervously, confused by the flowing current of the lake. Up through the deep waters of the middle of the lake they push, to the clear streams that flow into it at the upper end. For they know that their eggs must be laid in the shallow, gravelly places under the running waters of these little streams.

Their life is full of danger still, for on the shore of these inlets lurks the cinnamon bear, ready to toss

them into the air with one spat of his great paw and eat them for his dinner. Or on the stump of a dead tree there may perch an osprey, or fish hawk, ready to swoop down and carry them away in his sharp claws. . . .

Nevertheless, each mother salmon swims toward the ripply places in the little streams that come down from the mountains to the lake. And close behind her comes the father salmon, watching her every move. The mother finds a gravelly place near the mouth of some stream, where the water flows only a few inches deep. She lies sideways on the gravel, her head upstream. Then she bends her body and quickly straightens it again. This makes a hollow in the gravel, the size of the palm of a man's hand, and, below it, a little hillock of the tiny stones that came out of the hole. This is the nest.

In this hollow the mother fish lays the eggs. Then the male fish takes her place and fertilizes them. In each nest, the size of a man's hand, the mother salmon lays five thousand eggs. Some of these float down among the stones of the little hillock and lie there until they are hatched. All the eggs which do not happen to float into the hillock fail to come to life. Perhaps the mother fish knows this, for if she sees another mother salmon coming to make a nest too close to hers so that her hillock would be disturbed, she darts out and attacks the newcomer. A furious fight follows, and the weaker of the two must swim away.

By the time the eggs are laid, and ready to be left, the parent fish are thin and very weak. They have

not eaten a single bite since they left the ocean. All the fine, pink flesh that they had stored up in their three years' journey in the sea has been used. The gravel of the spawning grounds has worn sore places in their bodies. A tiny fungus lurks in the shallows, and attaches itself to these places, eating away the flesh.

Weakly, painfully, the salmon swim back again to the deep waters of the lake. For a few days they lie there, miserably, on the bottom. They do not eat. They do not swim about. They just wait for the end. And surely and swiftly it comes. They float upward to the surface, too feeble to keep themselves below the water. Here they drift with the current, helpless. And yet, even in death, their old instinct does not desert them. The dying salmon float tail foremost with noses upstream, salmon fashion, after the instinct that made the tiny fish go tail foremost over the waterfall years before!

Floating so, they come near the shore, where a bear or an Eskimo dog may jerk them out of the water for his food. Some of them sink again, and their thin, worn bodies fall to pieces at the bottom of the lake. Autumn has come now, and the clear water of the lake freezes over.

Under the ice are thousands of little salmon that were hatched the year before, who will start their long journey by tumbling, tail first, over the rapids in the spring. Under the edges of the ice, near the shore, lie the eggs that the old salmon laid before they died, ready to hatch out into baby salmon with

little food sacks round their necks, who will be big enough to tumble over the rapids the following year. And somewhere, thousands of miles out to sea, are the middle-aged salmon, who tumbled over the rapids last spring, and the spring before, and the spring before that. They, too, when they have grown strong and fine and had their taste of the great world of the ocean, will make their way up the stream, leaping the waterfalls, running through the rapids, urging their way back to the mountain lake, to lay their eggs before the round of their life is ended.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Note. — "A reverent interpreter of Nature, Man, and God," Emerson has been called. Have you seen some words of his on the title-page of this book?

THE SOUND OF SUMMER

Besides the singing and calling, there is a peculiar sound which is heard only in summer. Waiting quietly to discover what birds are about, I become aware of a sound in the very air. It is not the midsummer hum which will soon be heard over the heated hay in the valley and over the cooler hills alike. It is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing. If the branches wave and rustle, they overbear it; the buzz of a passing bee is so much louder, it overcomes all of it that is in the whole field. I cannot define it, except by calling the hours of winter to mind — they are silent; you hear a branch crack or creak as it rubs another in the wood, you hear the hoar frost crunch on the grass beneath your feet, but the air is without sound in itself.

The sound of summer is everywhere — in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad-branching trees, in the grass as it swings; all the myriad particles that together make the summer varied are in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades — for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge — are drawing their strength from the atmosphere. Exceedingly minute as these vibrations must be, their numbers perhaps may give them a

volume almost reaching in the aggregate to the power of the ear.

Besides the quivering leaf, the swinging grass, the fluttering bird's wing, and the thousand oval membranes which innumerable insects whirl about, a faint resonance seems to come from the very earth itself. The fervor of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood rings on the strung harp of earth. It is this exquisite undertone — heard and yet unheard — which brings the mind into sweet accordance with the wonderful instrument of nature.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

From *The Pageant of Summer*

NOTE — The vibrating prongs of a tuning fork, plunged in a glass of water, will show a fine shivering design. The vibration that is seen in the water is the same that in the air makes sound waves reach the ear. So does all growth vibrate.

Noon

Morning has passed with its fresh winds and fair colors, its untrodden paths, its high resolves. The dews and quiet of evening are still far off. It is noon, now, the peak of the day, the time when human hearts are least prone to think of Thee. Lord of all the hours, let us feel as near Heaven here in the broad sunlight as we feel at the quiet time of dusk. Make us strong to go on with our unfinished tasks; keep our minds clean and alert, our hopes bright, and our courage high. Hear this prayer, lifted silently above the noise and bustle of the world, and bless noon to our good and to Thy glory.

TWO STICKS AND A STRING

When a boy goes out with a bow and arrows, he is really doing over again what men first did long ago — so long ago that no one now knows who they were or where they lived. For the bow and arrow is the oldest weapon in the world except the club and the spear. And archery, which is shooting with the bow and arrow, is the oldest sport except fishing and dancing.

How the first bow came to be made is guesswork, but those who have studied the matter most carefully believe that it was the result of accident. They think that some hunter, in the days when man's best weapon was the spear, may have noticed a very simple and natural happening. When he raised his foot from the limb of a tree that had bent down as he climbed over it, this limb may have sprung back and tossed into the air a stick or a stone that was lying on it. In thinking this over, the man may have said to himself, "I wonder if I could make a bent limb throw a stick or a stone straight." After many trials he found, perhaps, that by holding a pebble against the flattened end of a piece of springy wood and bending the wood backward, he could drive the pebble somewhere near where he wished it to go, just as a boy of to-day can snap a bean from a flat piece of bamboo or the thin blade of an ivory paper-cutter.

The next step was finding a way to make the bent stick drive something that would strike a heavier

blow than the pebble; for what the old-time hunter needed was a weapon that would bring down the wild animals on which he depended for food. Eventually some man found the way by tying a string to the stick with which to bend it, using a small spear instead of a pebble, and holding the spear on the string instead of against the stick. When he drew the string back and let it go, the spring of the stick drove the spear with considerable force, but not very straight.

Then one day some blades of grass caught in a sliver at the rear end of a hunter's spear and trailed behind it as it flew, and the spear went straighter than before. The man tried it again, with the same result, and in that way he learned that anything that acted as a drag at the rear end of the spear would hold it straighter to its course. Trying one thing after another, men found at last that feathers were the best for the purpose, and they began to attach feathers to their little spears.

So the bow and arrow has come down to us from days before the Pyramids were built, and in all the ages since then it has changed but little. The bow of to-day is only the bent, springy stick of the savage, more carefully shaped and finished; the feathered arrow is but a spear, made smaller and lighter; and the taut string still drives it.

But although the bow and arrow itself has not changed much since it was first invented, the lives and fortunes of whole races of mankind have been greatly changed just because that unknown savage began to think about what had happened when his

foot let go of the branch that he had stepped on. For knowledge of the new invention spread from man to man and from tribe to tribe, until the bow became the weapon of nearly all the nations of the earth, both for hunting and for war.

When Isaac was old and near to death, he called his son Esau, the hunter, and said to him, "Now therefore take, I pray thee . . . thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savory meat, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die." It was as if a modern father should say, "Take your gun and go out and shoot me a partridge. I am hungry for a game potpie." To Esau the bow was what the rifle and the shotgun are to the hunter of to-day — the chief weapon of the chase.

Now the bow had also become a great weapon in war, for when Saul went out against the Philistines, "the battle," says the story, "went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him, and he was sore wounded of the archers." And when he died and David ruled in his stead, one of the first things the new king did was to order all the men of Israel to learn to use the bow.

All down through history the same story runs. One nation after another was conquered by the bow. Then the defeated peoples adopted it as their weapon and, by mastering it, became in turn the conquerors of other nations. Even we Americans owe many of our laws, our customs, and some of the words in our language to the bow and arrow. For when William the Conqueror landed with his armies on the shores of

England, it was the strength and skill of his Norman archers that overcame Harold, the English king, at the Battle of Hastings. But the conquered Saxons at once began to study the weapon that had defeated them, as Israel studied it after the death of Saul, so that the English archers soon became the best in the world. Then they crossed the Channel and conquered France.

That period and the century or so that followed it were the golden age of archery. On every village green and in the open fields about the towns and cities stood butts, or walls, made of turf, on which were pinned the archers' marks; and on every Sunday afternoon and every holiday groups of men and boys were to be seen shooting from one butt to another, often at distances that now seem very great. For it was the law that every man under sixty, except clergymen and judges, should practise shooting with the bow; and that every boy of seven years or more should be provided by his family with a bow and arrows suited to his years. In order to train up men of sturdy backs and strong arms, no one who had attained his growth was allowed to shoot at a mark less than nine score yards distant.

That was the training that bred such men as the bold and gallant Robin Hood and his followers, and made possible the free life they led in the great forest of Sherwood. Little is known of Robin's birth or history, except that he was of the old Saxon blood and was probably driven by the cruel and unjust laws of the time to take refuge in the forest, where his

strong bow and his skill in using it won him an easy living from the wild game which was then abundant. Other bold spirits, outlawed for some offense as he was, gathered to him, and in time he had a hundred strong yeomen, all skillful archers, dressed in foresters' green and ready to go through any peril to serve their leader or one another.

How they took from the rich oppressors money gained by fraud or cruelty and gave it to those in trouble or in need; how they rescued from the gallows men who were to have been hanged for such slight offenses as killing a deer in the royal forests or trapping a hare; the pranks that they played on the haughty officials who came to arrest them; their merry dinners in the forest openings, and the evenings of song and the music of the harp by the camp fire — those are tales that will stir the blood as long as men speak English and love the wild, free life of the woods.

And what of the bow to-day? Has it ceased to be used of living men, and become only a memory? Far from it. Long years ago firearms drove it from the field of battle and all but ended its use as an implement of the chase. But not quite. There are men who still cling to it and use it as a hunting weapon; who prefer it because it gives the game a much greater chance than firearms give; who like to feel that it is the strength of their own bodies that gives it power; who love its silence and its simplicity; and who feel within them something of the history, the traditions, the romance, and the poetry that cling to it. Even within this twentieth century some of those men, using

the same simple weapons that turned the tide at Hastings, have killed the biggest and most dangerous game on the North American continent, and have stopped charging lions and panthers in Africa, even as the kings of Egypt and of Assyria stopped them with shafts aimed from racing chariots.

Still other groups of men and boys use the bow as a companion of their days in the open, when they rove from field to wood, shooting, not at game, but at any other mark that offers — a stump, a knot on a tree, a hummock in a pasture. He whose arrow strikes nearest has the right to name the next mark.

Still a third group — and this is much the largest — is made up of men and women who use the bow only as a target weapon, and practise archery as a game. They have their local and national organizations, their rules, and their regular targets and ranges; and once a year the larger organizations meet for a three- or four-day tournament.

Among all those who still keep to the use and practice of this ancient weapon, the charm of it lies largely in its simplicity and the ease with which anyone of even a little skill can make it; for after all, a bow and arrow is only two sticks and a string. Every part of the country has woods suited to making bows. The Pacific coast has the yew, noblest and best of them all; the Central states have the Osage orange, almost as tough and springy as steel; and the Eastern states have white ash and hornbeam and mulberry; and wherever there is straight-grained Norway pine or spruce or fir or long-leaved pine, there is wood for shafts.

So, when you see a boy "playing" with a bow and arrow, do not laugh at him, but listen, for it may be that he hears a sound that has not reached your ears — the far, faint call of a silver bugle blowing in Sherwood Forest, and the light footfalls of men in green, running.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — The typical archery target is a gay and beautiful thing, set against the woodland green. It is of coiled straw, like a thick, round mat, faced with oilcloth painted in circles of white, black, blue, red, and at the centre gold. The purpose of the straw is to hold the arrows firmly, without breaking them.

An arrow, too, may be a precious thing for the straightness of its shaft and the fineness of its balance. When an arrow buries itself in the turf, it should be carefully withdrawn to avoid damaging any part. He who owns fine arrows should keep them always in repair, splitting, trimming, and gluing new feathers into place when the old are torn, and replacing points that are lost. An arrow has three feathers: two usually dull in color and one bright banded — the cock feather. The two dull feathers are on one side of the notch or "nock" in the arrow, and lie toward the bow as the string is drawn, while the cock feather stands on the outside. The body feathers of a turkey or a peacock are the best to use.

Where the feathers are glued to the shaft, a line of oil paint — vermilion is the happiest color — will serve as protection against a dewy night. It is the way of arrows to snake themselves under the grass and defy all search until by chance they come to light next day, or next. And if perchance a favorite hides for many nights, it is sad to find that arrow warped and unfeathered, with its point all rusted. Around the shaft below the feathers a distinguishing ribbon of one's chosen colors may be painted. Those who feathered or "fletched" arrows in the days of Robin Hood were called "fletchers," as the makers and sellers of bows were called "bowyers."

In the great archery contests a silver arrow was the first award. The words of an old ballad run:—

"So an arrow with a golden head
And shaft of silver white,
Each man that day did bear away,
For his own proper right."

At Harrow, one of the very old English schools, this sport was so highly thought of that an arrow used to be stamped on the covers of the books, and was sculptured on many parts of the old schoolhouse. "You shall allow your child at all times bow, shafts, bowstrings, and bracer, to exercise shooting," was a rule addressed by the founder to the parents of the boys enrolled; and for about a century "an arrow with a golden head and shaft of silver white" was provided annually for the Harrow students.

Twelve competitors assembled at these bow meetings, dressed in white, green, and sometimes scarlet satin, and equipped with braces, gloves, and belts, beneath which

"Their shafts were buckled fast."

Every time a boy planted an arrow within any of the circles he was saluted with a blast of hunting horns. He who shot twelve times in or nearest to the centre came off victor, and claimed the silver arrow to carry home, followed by music and a procession of his schoolfellows. A ball in the great schoolroom, attended by the families in and near Harrow, concluded the happy day.

One of the old records tells us that on July 5, 1765, the silver arrow was "won by Master Davies, from twelve competitors." On this occasion some Indian warriors attended to witness a sport in which they were themselves such admirable adepts. When the game was about half over, one of them intimated to the young gentlemen, through their interpreter, that he thought he and his friends could win the prize, if they were allowed a chance of doing so. But doubtless they were not allowed, for Master Davies won.

TAPESTRY

I saw the brown deer feeding,
Dappled like adder's-tongue,
And quietly were they leading
Their nimble-footed young,

By some enchantment herded
Among the bamboo trees,
Whose stems with light were girded
In flickering fantasies.

And as I stood there gazing,
In sunlight and in shade,
They raised small heads from grazing,
With soft eyes unafraid.

I could not pull my golden dart
Out of its broidered case.
It seemed as if my very heart
Were silent in its place.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

NOTE. — A deep packing box with one of the long sides taken out will make the foundation of a theatre in which to experiment with stage settings and puppet pantomimes and plays. "Tapestry" holds suggestions for a beautiful setting.

With the box set upon a table or bench, a frame of heavy painted cardboard is nailed across the open side for the front of the stage. The curtain is in two parts, drawn on rings along a curtain rod, and is weighted at the bottom. For "Tapestry" a quiet curtain would be good, perhaps in the softest tones of gray. For a puppet play of a simple setting, with only the most striking features shown, a decorative curtain might be used — perhaps of a gay orange color, with two black stenciled dragons that move as the folds part and the scene is disclosed.

The theatre may be wired for stage lighting. For the most part the backgrounds are painted on cardboard and the scenery of the foreground is hung from wires strung across the top of the box. In "Tapestry" the figures of brown deer with soft eyes and the hunter with his golden dart may be flat, as they appear in old needlework.

Other pieces in this book which suggest stage settings are: "Two Sticks and a String," "Thomas Jefferson and His Children," and "The Whistle." "The Whistle" would produce well on a bare stage, with wooden puppets roughly made, each with some special mark — a bit of silk to indicate a rich man; a cotton scrap for a poor man; black to show the miser; gay brocade for the man of pleasure. The puppets for the Jefferson play must be delicate and beautiful.

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river —
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger:
White as meal the frosty field —
Warm the fireside haven —
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me.
All I ask the heaven above,
And the road below me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOTE. — This is a good song to say in the mind as you swing along the open road. It carries the step and the heart with it. "Tewkesbury Road" is another to while away the miles, and "A Sea Song" rolls buoyantly when comrades sing together.

ALAN SEEGER, SOLDIER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION [1]

. . . SOME there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette.

ALAN SEEGER: "Memorial Day Ode"

THERE were a great many Americans who fought for their country in the World War. The United States, after the war, made a shrine at Washington to the Unknown Soldier, who died, like so many others, fighting in our armies. But there were some American young men who went into the war before our country

[1] The quotations are taken by permission from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War against Germany*, by Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe; copyright by the Harvard University Press.

declared war on Germany. These Americans fought for France, because they believed that France was right and Germany was wrong, and because they thought that by fighting for France they were helping to make the world a better place. You remember how, in our own Revolution against England, Lafayette came to America to help the colonists fight to make themselves free. The young men who fought for France in the last war fought with the same spirit that Lafayette had brought to America: the spirit of helping another country that is fighting for freedom.

One of these young men who fought for France was Alan Seeger. Alan Seeger was a writer, and at the time the war broke out he was living in Paris, feeling the beauty of France, and writing poems. In August of 1914 he enlisted in the Foreign Legion, a regiment of the French Army made up of soldiers from other countries who wanted to fight for France. "Why did they do it?" you may ask. Here is Alan Seeger's reply: —

"In every case the answer was the same. That memorable day in August came. Suddenly, the old haunts were desolate, the boon companions had gone. It was unthinkable to leave the danger to them and accept only the pleasures oneself, to go on enjoying the sweet things of life in defense of which they were perhaps even then shedding their blood in the north. Some day they would return, and with honor — not all, but some. The old order of things would have irrevocably vanished. There would be a new companionship whose bond would be the common danger

run, the common sufferings borne, the common glory shared. 'And where have you been all this time, and what have you been doing?' The very question would be a reproach, though none were intended. How could they endure it?"

So he joined the Foreign Legion, and in it he fought alongside of soldiers from every part of the world, and of a few other Americans who, like himself, had given their lives over to France. From the very first the Legion was at the front, usually in the very hottest part of the fighting, and gradually Seeger learned the lesson that every good soldier must learn — to shed his own personality and become a small cog in the great wheel that grinds through the war.

"It was my pleasure in those days [the old days in Paris] to be noticeable, just as now it is exactly the opposite," he wrote. "Where once it was my object to be individual, now it is an even greater satisfaction to merge into the whole, feeling myself the smallest cog in the mighty machinery that is grinding out the future of the world, whatever that is to be."

To his mother he wrote: "You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle. . . . There should be no neutrals. . . . If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud.

"There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean something worse to the good soldier. So do not be unhappy, but no matter what happens, walk with your head high and glory in your large share of whatever credit the world may give."

Alan Seeger fought, like any good soldier, and while he fought, he kept always before him the true objects of the war — the freedom and safety of France. All the way through he enjoyed the loveliness of the French fields about him, and the companionship of his fellow soldiers who came from all the ends of the earth. Sometimes, too, he found time to write a poem, and many of these we have still — poems which show the spirit of the war and of those brave young volunteers who gave themselves so gladly that France might live.

These lines are from one of the poems that Alan Seeger wrote : —

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH[1]

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

[1] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, from *Poems*, by Alan Seeger.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

. . . . . .

And I to my pledged word am true;
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

In July of 1916 the Foreign Legion took part in a great battle. On the fourth of July, the day we celebrate our own independence, Alan Seeger fell for France. Rif Baer, an Egyptian, and a friend and fellow soldier in the Legion, has written about that day: —

"The first [Alan's section] formed the right and vanguard of the company, and mine formed the left wing. After the first bound forward, we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us. . . . I caught sight of Seeger, and called to him, making a sign with my hand.

"He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the cornfield. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect, and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw my friend."

Alan Seeger fell in the fields outside a little French town on that July day, and while he lay dying among the nodding wheat and scarlet poppies, he called out

words of cheer to his companions as they rushed past him to take the town. . . .

Some day, if you go to New York, you will ride down Fifth Avenue on a bus to Washington Square, to see the Washington Arch and the pretty old brick houses that surround the square. In the south side of the little park, on the triangle of green grass that lies across from the row of low houses, you will see a slender young oak tree growing, opposite a doorway that bears the number 8. If you look up at the dormer window of Number 8 Washington Square South, you can see through to a little corner of the room where Alan Seeger lived before he went to France. On the fourth of July in 1920 some of Alan Seeger's friends planted the oak tree there, so that it might grow tall, and beautiful, and green, in memory of him.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — In the World War, when the American troops, "not unmindful of the antique debt," went to France, General Pershing visited the tomb of the great Frenchman who had helped us fight for our independence, and there spoke the famous words, "Lafayette, we are here."

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

TENNYSON

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

THACKERAY

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

MICHELANGELO

THROUGH THE SHARKS

All Hayti was in a blaze of insurrection against its French masters, and the Negro guerillas, skilled in bush fighting and aided by the deadly climate of the West Indies, were pressing back the diminished forces of France, step by step.

The retreat of General Leclerc and the main army had cut off the garrison from all communication with their countrymen, and the enemy had lost no time in blockading it with a large force, meaning to starve it out, as it was too strong to be stormed. And starved out it seemed only too likely to be; for the last mouthful of food had been eaten, and famine in its worst form was now staring the forlorn band in the face.

Could they but send word of their plight to the general, help was certain, the fort being too important to be let go easily. But how was this to be done? Of the three native messengers sent out in succession by Colonel De Malet not one had ever come back; and all his men knew well that death itself would be mercy compared with the hideous tortures inflicted by the insurgents upon all the prisoners whom they took, even those of their own race and color. Brave as they were, both Frenchmen and natives shrank from this horrible and seemingly certain destruction; and no one replied to the colonel's summons.

"Does no man offer?" repeated De Malet, looking round him.

Then, amid the gloomy and freezing silence a shrill, childish voice called out from behind, "I do!"

The colonel turned to see who the reckless volunteer might be.

It was little Cæsar, a negro boy of twelve, but already a man in courage and energy, to whom the colonel, pleased with some feat of daring which he had seen the lad perform, had given his freedom, attaching him to his own service.

"You!" cried De Malet, with a flush of shame at the thought of letting a child face the deadly risk from which so many strong and daring men had shrunk. "My poor boy, what can *you* do?"

"Master make Cæsar free," said the young hero, in broken French: "Cæsar be killed for master any day, willing! Master no fear — Cæsar got plan!"

"Tell me your plan, then," said the commandant, leading him away; and the two had a long talk, at the end of which De Malet returned, looking greatly astonished.

Indeed, every man of the garrison was as much amazed as himself, and with good reason, for what Cæsar had undertaken to do seemed absolutely impossible. On one side of the fort lay thousands of armed enemies, watching the doomed garrison day and night; on the other side stretched a broad, deep inlet of the sea, literally swarming with those terrible West Indian sharks which are to the water what wolves are to the land. As the enemy had learned from a deserter, the French had no boat and no means of building one, and any man who had tried to swim

that fatal creek would have been torn limb from limb ere he had made half a dozen strokes. To be tortured to death by the Haytians or devoured by the sharks — such was the choice; and well might the commandant and his men be surprised at the young hero's bold offer.

They would have been more surprised still had they seen how he was employed that afternoon. Going into the now deserted stable, — for the last horse had been killed for food the day before, — he took two horse hides, sewed each into a kind of bag, leaving one end open, stuffed them with hay, and then stitched up the open end. After this he corded the two bundles together, having first smeared them all over with oil, and fixed a light square piece of thin wood on the top of them.

The boy's quick eye had already noted that the Haytians had very few sentinels along the creek, thinking that side well enough guarded by the sharks. Hence he planned to cross the perilous inlet after dark on this frail raft, such as he had often seen used by his own people, and then to steal off under cover of the night through the unguarded country beyond.

Night came at last, stormy and black as pitch, with a furious wind and pelting rain — the very night for Cæsar's purpose. As soon as it was quite dark the brave little fellow dragged his impromptu raft down to the water's edge, and, placing himself upon his knees on the flat board that surmounted it, pushed off on his terrible venture, while Colonel De Malet and

his officers strained their eyes in vain into the gloom that swallowed him.

But if they could see nothing they could hear only too much. There was a sudden stir in the sullen waters below, and then the *lap-lap-lap* of ripples against the bank, telling but too plainly that the sharks had scented their prey and were astir to seize it.

No cry or sound followed, however, and the listeners were beginning to hope that their bold messenger might have escaped after all, when all at once there came ringing from the blackness of the farther shore, sharp and sudden through the tomb-like silence, a single shot. Then all was still once more.

"God help him!" hoarsely muttered the stout old colonel through his clenched teeth. Half a dozen deep voices echoed the prayer, and the anxious watchers, shaking their heads gloomily, went back into the fort with sinking hearts.

Then followed two long, weary, terrible days of sickening expectation, during which the gnawing agony of the famine that tortured them seemed to grow more and more intolerable with every hour. The few small fish that they contrived to catch seemed only to mock their hunger instead of relieving it; and though two or three of the defenders still tried to hope against hope that their daring young messenger might have got through in safety after all, most of them were fast giving way to despair, and even the colonel began to think that the time was come for trying his plan of rushing out, and dying, sword in hand.

But all this time what had become of Cæsar?

During the whole time of his slow passage across the terrible creek he had heard the hungry sharks stirring in the unseen waters around him, and had felt the jar of their snouts and back fins striking against his frail ark of refuge. Happily its smooth and well-oiled sides gave no hold to the cruel jaws that were gnashing all around, or Cæsar's mission would have ended there and then; but even as it was, the poor boy had but a hair's-breadth escape from being seized by one huge ravenous monster as he sprang to the farther shore.

So far so good; but another peril almost equally great was still before him. To creep through this matted mass of thickets without making some noise was quite impossible, even for such a practised bush-boy as Cæsar; and it happened by ill luck that just as there came a momentary lull in the roar of the storm a dead bough broke under him with a sharp snap. The noise was instantly followed by the sound of a deep, harsh voice close beside him, which called out fiercely, "Who go dere? Speak, or me fire, shuah!"

And, sure enough, the black sentry — who had taken shelter from the storm under a large tree — did fire the moment he had uttered his challenge, and the ball whistled close to poor Cæsar's head. But quick as thought the ready-witted boy dropped on his hands and knees, set up a grunt and a squeal that would have deceived the oldest farmer in New England, and went crashing away into the bushes with as much noise as any real pig could have made.

The sleepy soldier was quite taken in, and turned

away with a hoarse laugh, muttering that it was only "one ob dem stray hog," while our hero crept onward with all the speed that he could make.

Just before daybreak on the third morning the forlorn defenders of the fort were startled by a clamor of confused cries and distant firing, above which rose the well-known shout, "France! France! Long live the Republic!" telling that help was at hand.

That sound acted like magic on the fainting, half starved men. Seizing their arms, they rushed forward in a body, and fell furiously upon the panic-stricken besiegers, who, taken by surprise, and attacked on both sides at once, fled almost without striking a blow.

When the war ended a few months later, De Malet took Cæsar back with him to France, and there the brave colonel lived many a year, to tell his friends how the faithful Negro had once saved his life by the boldest deed that he had ever known.

DAVID KER

THE ONE WHO WENT AND THE ONE WHO CAME

SOMEBODY went away last night, when all was dim and dark,
The hall clock slow, the lamplight low, the fire but a spark,
The chamber chill, the nursery still, a ghostly moon agleam,
In every bed a sleepyhead, in every heart a dream.
Somebody tiptoed softly out, his bundle on his back,
And good and glad and queer and sad the contents of that pack: —

The things you did, the things I did; the things we hoped and thought;
The things we ought n't to have said; the other things we ought;
The smiles we smiled; the sighs we sighed, the little schemes we schemed,
The laughs we laughed, the tears we cried, the little dreams we dreamed,
And all the rest, a gaunt, gray guest had gathered in his sack —
The Old Year, the bent Year — and he never will come back!

Somebody else crept in last night, when the door was
left ajar —
A tiny stranger, slim and slight, who had not traveled
far;
A curious empty bag he bore across one dimpled
shoulder,
And in it many a treasure'll go before he's one day
older:
The things you'll think, the things I'll think, the
doings that we'll do,
The words you're going to say to me, the words I'll
say to you.

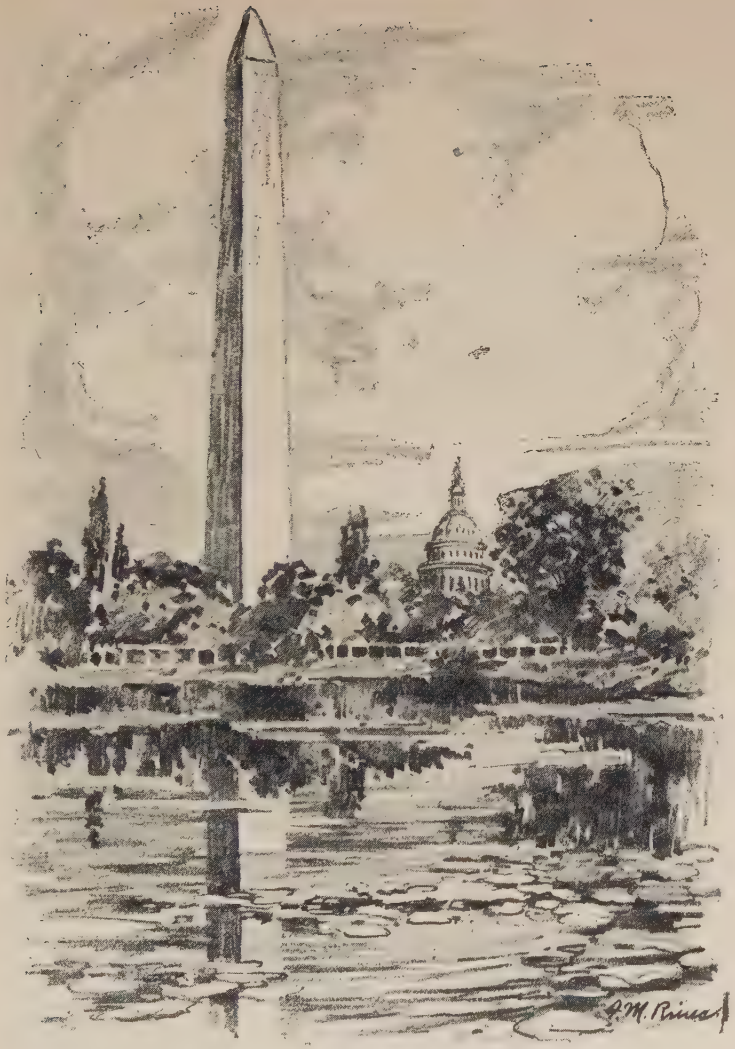
The time we'll use, the time abuse, the plans we'll
make and break —
He'll peep around till each is found, and every one
he'll take;
The New Year, the Young Year! We'll greet him;
but remember,
He may not stay with us alway, and the last of next
December,
When he has gathered what we gave, then, in the
other's track,
Old, too, and gray, he'll slip away — and he never can
come back!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE GUIDANCE OF WASHINGTON

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington that, having been entrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits. The experiment certainly was entirely new. . . . By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington.

Daniel Webster



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE LONE WINTER

[THESE are entries from the diary of a woman who lived alone on her farm in the lovely Green Mountain State of Vermont, while her daughter "Babs" was away at school. Through all her loneliness the mother found companionship in the living creatures about her, including the feathered people of the air.]

October 5

THE farm seems so still. Not a voice — nor a laugh — anywhere. Occasionally there comes a roar from Kim, the pony stallion, staked in the mowing, or Goliath [the collie] noisily scratches his ear, banging his hock on the porch floor; but for the most part there is just a whisper of leaves, a murmur of wind in the woods, the pipe of a lone bird . . . and silence. For I am alone. Dolly and the yellow cart have just brought me home from the station. My child has gone to her school in town, and I am to stay and take care of things here. . . . There seems no way, this winter, for us both to leave the farm and its precious creatures. . . .

Our crops are all in; there will only be the herd of Shetlands and the horses and Cressy-cow to look after.

October 6

The care of the ponies will be simple. There won't be very many of them — only sixteen or so. . . . As for the beloved saddle horses, and Dolly that we drive, they will be half one's company. They and the ponies are in pasture now, though I found three rascals

A CAT, A COLLIE, AND A COW! I FELT DELIGHTFULLY ESCORTED

of Shetlands out in the mowing the day I drove home from the station. . . . When snow comes, the yard and pony sheds will be their home for the winter, although Elizabeth R., our darling fuzzy baby colt, will be in the cow barn, where it is very warm. . . .

As I rode up our hill on Polly yesterday, I thought that, if one is going to be alone anywhere, this is a pretty gorgeous place to be alone in. Woods and winds and mountains make up for a lot. Our little gray farmhouse — it's more than a hundred years old, and a darling — sits at the head of its valley, surrounded by orchards. In the rear there's a high mountain pasture; wooded arms stretch out on both sides. Across our front valley is a blue mountain — a very special mountain; in the depths of the valley wanders a brook. That brook is tiny, but so nice. It is blue, often, or it glints whitely up at you. Always it is a charming pattern. . . .

November 13

. . . As the ponies slowed down by the bars, and began to leak through, a wild voice from the other side, a collie voice desperate with responsibility, shrilled at them; collie yelps echoed in the woods, and — yes! bless him forever! — up through the trees they came, worrying along, single file, nudging and nipping at each other, the sunlight glinting on white and yellow and bright bay. . . . Secreted by our wall, I watched them file by, and with such peace at heart. For if something had n't turned them, they would have darted off to the wide world again, with all the long process to do over.

Behind the last tail came faithful Goliath, pacing demurely along. He never hurries an animal that is going where it ought; and the dears were just then a picture of conscientiousness. Uphill is good for their morals. Downhill they are imps. Elizabeth's fat fuzzy sides were heaving, I saw, as she pressed close by her mother's flank, while Thalma's eyes, in her little black head, rolled watchfully backward . . . that dog! If they only knew how angelically harmless he is! But heaven has given him a screech like tack-nail across a windowpane — it pierces their little souls; and what this farm would do without it, goodness knows! With much guile we got them into the sheds, after which Gli put his kiss on my hand, then hung two golden paws, with their dear little silver tips shining in the sun, over the edge of the trough, and delicately lapped. . . .

But there was still Polly to be rescued from her sumacs, so over our front wall I went. Boo-boo [the cat], who loves walks, was delightedly following me, and of course Goliath; but I *was* rather surprised when, with a crashing and walloping of stones, Cressy, who had slipped her rope, also blundered over that front wall and came gamboling after me! . . . A cat, a collie, and a cow! I felt delightfully escorted. Much elated at her feat, Cressy went leaping down that hillside, waited for me at the bottom, crossed the brook, and started, with coquettish head-shaking, up the other side. The old dear! It was sweet of her to want to walk with her Missis, but after one had labored achingly up the tremendous slope, and ridden

all the way around by road, there was still an errant Cressy, at large in a strange pasture, — and cows are usually idiots in a strange pasture, — to redeem. . . .

The poor thing had followed me as far as she could, and I had left her staring over the wall into the sumacs, murmuring "*Mm-baw!*" to herself. The note of cow disappointment. . . . But when Polly and I reached the bar-way, expecting a long climb to get her, there she was quitè near us, nid-nodding busily down one of the trails, and talking as she went. "*M-m! . . . Mm-baw!*" I gave one casual "C', boss," and she fairly galloped to meet us. Lonesome, she said she'd been; and a very happy cow paced feverishly ahead of us, up the wooded pitches toward home.

Boo-boo had reached there first, and, upright on his special stone on the wall, a scenic stone, whence he surveys the world, he greeted us warmly, falling in behind Cressy as she waddled to the barn. . . .

January 5

On clear days it is one of my amusements to set my watch by the sun, that is, by the time the paper says it rises at sea level, plus the presumable interval it takes him to climb our mountain tops. It is a source of great discussion between Babs and me, as to how long he would be in getting up those two thousand or more feet.

But to-day, as I was dressing, with one eye out of my eastern window, the interval seemed no more than a blink. The color had been wonderful, clear

green and gold, with a golden shaft flaring up over a sash of lazy purple cloud; and when the gold behind Pisgah grew blinding bright I ran to look at Ascutney. It is his exhibition moment of the whole day; as the sunrise stole through his valley, he stood there amethyst and rosy gold against a horizon of apple green. Other hills near him were bright blue.

And then the sun popped up. In one instant the color sank. Long Hill grew cold; the forests blackened; the snow fields lost their glow. . . . After one beam, the sun retired into the purple cloud; and a very horrid-looking world he left us. On *kind* mornings, glory stayed about until one's hair was done and one could rush out into the freshness and the glow . . . and breathe it all in; and here the extinguishing had happened while I was buttoning my blouse! Later, the sun came grudgingly out of his cloud; but it was a whole hour before Ascutney had his blue again.

February 12

. . . As afternoon came on, tremendous were the tail-wavings, the assaults, the dashings up and down. Even Sunny awoke and flew about; and Queen attempted to rival Elizabeth at that small person's very own specialties — the lamb-leap, the pirouette, and the heaven-going kick. They all seemed glad to see me again; when I appeared, everybody immediately kicked everybody else and rushed up to be petted. It was really touching; never had I seen so many affectionate sets of teeth in action all at once. It

took a little manœuvering to escape from some of the target practice — Ocean Wave's especially. Ocean is a funny pony. She has the sweetest disposition in the world, but as I walk across the yard, she looks threateningly about her; when I reach her head, she reaches out and bites savagely at the nearest pony; when I lay a hand on her, she gives me a sweet, transient beam, then backs wildly in every direction, biting and kicking, until I can contain my laughter enough to draw her with me to some quiet corner, where she becomes an angel at once.

March 5

For days we have been melting; temperature at forty, brooks shouting, everything running away in streams. . . . Wet, yellow gravel is showing on our hill. On the pasture a semicircle of grass is fairly out in the sun; greenishness is visible! And in our woods such brown banks have emerged, with ferns pressed close upon them — hardy ferns, still green after a winter's flattening. . . .

On the stretches of clear ice, squirrels have scattered assistance in the shape of myriad hemlock cones, red brown and clinging. Their seed vessels are sprayed over the gray ice coating. And how golden green, in this warm sunshine, the branches of the hemlocks! Quite different from their midwinter coloring; and the arch of the hill road beneath them, as I looked up it, was newly beautiful under that warm swaying.

Last night the wind was straight out of the south, and very warm and salt. "The sea, boy!" I told

Goliath; and we both stood, sniffing. When, after years by the shore or in harbor cities, we first came here, I missed the sea — the great flat blue, the scent and splash of it. From my little house on a dune we had seen everything it could do. It threw wrecks in our front yard, rang a bell buoy at us, reflected sunsets, and put wild color on our garden flowers. Also it sang songs, tore up a creek, and back again, and sent salt smells into the house, requiring lighthouses, too, to be set up here and there, to wink diversely at us. There were five. We loved those lighthouses — indeed, the sea's whole programme, including the daily draining of our neighbor, the salt marsh, till only round pools were left, containing tommycod. The dogs spent all their energies on those tommycod. Even our cat took to fishing, and sat daily on the edge of the pools, coming home with her arms wet to the elbows. . . .

In the mountains we miss all that; but with the right wind still comes that faithful breath of saltness, and in the woods any wind will give you the steady roar of the surf. . . .

March 12

. . . Elizabeth, poor darling, has not been feeling well of late. Mud cannot be good for her. I found her with swollen eyes one morning — so swollen that she could hardly see, but stood very still, fronting me mournfully. Dropping my fork in dismay, I knelt down on the straw to condole with her. . . . I examined the baby dolorously. She cheered up a little

as she went out into the air, but just as she was picking her way up to the salt rocks some rollicking person bumped into her, and she rolled completely down the miry slope. Poor baby! This would never do! so I led her and a very unwilling mother into the dry barn.

All day long she drooped, lying in a little mournful heap, — Elizabeth usually scorns to lie down! — refusing her grain, or indeed anything but a bran mash with salt in it, which it takes a very sick pony to resist. Next morning her eyes were open, but a swollen ridge had presented itself down one side of the little face. I fingered it in perplexity. "Wolf tooth, Elizabeth?" I murmured; and explored inside, to Elizabeth's vast disgust, but without finding anything wrong. Such a funny little mouth, with half-through teeth here and there, a little pale pink tongue, hardly large enough to take hold of, — as is the rude habit of investigating humans! — and a delicate web of lampas on the roof. Of course, as I peered, a desperate champing and head-twisting was going on, but I held and petted her till alarm subsided and a white-rimmed eye had ceased rolling up at me in terror. . . . Nor for very much would one forfeit a baby's regard and confidence, which one had been all winter in gaining. Last autumn she was as wild as a bird. . . .

All that day she prescribed naps for herself, selecting a pile of hay and curling down on it with fuzzy little knees folded under her chin. At noon she nibbled at an oat or two, taken from my hand; and by the next day was quite a plucky baby again, with requests to go out into the March sunshine, which

had come out for her benefit. The eyes were cured, the swollen jaw had subsided; and I have no idea what was the matter with Elizabeth — unless, indeed, it was mud! . . .

April 9

Stranger and stranger grow the days. Fresh snow on Ascutney; bloodroot blooming in the woods! Ascutney is beautiful this gray morning, with a sprinkle of white on his dark blue; but I prefer the blossom white that sparkles among the brown leaves under maples and beeches. Those very first flowers, in a glass on the table this morning, gazed adorably at me from their charmingly set petals with their golden eyes. I smiled at them; we had marmalade. Festivity was in the air. Nature, instead of being something to combat, has all of a sudden grown coöperative. Spring and I are floating together, hand in hand, down an easy stream. Everything progresses, whether I do anything to help or not: grass is bright green; rhubarb is shooting — mere crimson bumps in the shade of the corn barn, but puckered foliage and two-inch stems in the sun. The pale, swollen buds on the elderberry bush have turned into fat little clumps of leaves. . . .

In the woods, the mottled leaves of adder's-tongues have thrust through their matted covering. The wood creatures are racing to get ahead of me. . . . It is wonderful, after the long obstinacy of winter, to be so helped. I had n't even wished for bloodroot yet; but there it was, and I had to steer Polly so

that she would n't step on it. Hepaticas, too, a spray of them, pale lavender, springing from the gray-brown leaves. Hepaticas are rare in our woods. Polly by that time was tied to a tree; I was the one who nearly stepped on them. I was n't *dreaming* of hepatica! . . .

It had been three years since I had seen one. City dwellers rarely do. . . . A fragrance, as of forgotten springs, swept through them on a little breeze; violets, hemlock, leaf mould, the cold smell of pure waters — what was n't there in that whiff? Polly, at her tree, drew a deep breath of it; her ears steadily pricked, she gazed at far mountains. "Bloodroot, Polly?" I remarked, and held out a cluster. But she did not even nibble. She sniffed very gently at the blossoms, ears still pricked, a sweet, far-away look in her eyes. In the stable she would have grabbed unromantically for those flowers! Here, her expression was actually sentimental. She held her nose out for a moment more, then very slowly withdrew it. My Polly! who does everything in jerks! And for a little I stood there, simply enjoying the sight of my dear steed, who had been one wild fidget under the saddle, in this idyllic and absent-minded state. Her eyes, full of sweetness, were on the far mountains again; her rubber nose twitched slightly. Bless her! And I turned away, adding three hepaticas to my bunch, but leaving seven in the clump; would that be enough for seed, I hoped. I was ready to go home, but could n't bear to hurry Polly out of that rare mood. Let her stand at her sapling and dream. . . . I know the joy of a mood!

ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

A SEA SONG

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
  The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

HOW THEY TOOK THE DIPHTHERIA SERUM FROM ANCHORAGE TO NOME

Diphtheria threatened the people of Nome. It was in the winter of 1925 that several children fell ill with sore throats. In the middle of January an Eskimo came to Maynard-Columbia Hospital to ask for Dr. Curtis Welch. His child was very sick at home, the man said. Dr. Welch hurried to the Eskimo's house. As he opened the door, he recognized the unmistakable smell of a case of diphtheria. The only diphtheria serum in the town was four years old. Dr. Welch gave the child this serum, but the little life lasted only a day or two.

The doctor notified the mayor, and the schools were closed. More people in the town fell ill. Over the telegraph wires, which span the miles of snow and ice that separate Nome from the nearest railroad, the town authorities sent out a call for serum. The nearest place from which fresh serum could be brought

was Anchorage, a town nearly a thousand miles away, across ranges of mountains and river valleys frozen fast in the snow. The serum could be sent as far as Nenana by train, but from there it would have to be carried six hundred and fifty miles by dog sledge; and the sledges that brought mail took three weeks to make the trip. In three weeks everybody in Nome might catch the diphtheria. Nine days was the very shortest time that dog sledges had ever traveled from Nenana to Nome. And nine days, for people threatened with the plague, is a long time to wait!

What could be done? The mayor asked that the serum be sent by airplane. The answer came back that there were no airplanes in Alaska ready to fly. They would have to trust to the dogs. Quickly the officers of the United States Signal Corps sent out a message to all the villages along the Yukon, asking for volunteers to carry the serum.

From tiny villages all along that great frozen waste, men offered themselves. The best mushers[1] on the Yukon came. The finest matched teams of Siberian huskies[2] came. And unknown Indians and Eskimos came, driving teams of Alaskan wolves. Quietly, out of the cold, dark places of the frozen land, these men stepped forward, ready to drive out into the night, into the teeth of gales and blizzards along the frozen reaches of the Yukon, to carry the life-giving serum to their neighbors in the North.

[1] *Mushing* means traveling with dogs and a sledge. A *musher* is a local name for the driver of a dog team.

[2] Eskimo dogs.

On Tuesday, January 27, Bill Shannon pulled out of Nenana with the twenty-pound package that had been handed to him from the train. It was night when Bill gathered up the reins across the backs of his nine huskies. The temperature on that black arctic night was 58° below zero. Old-timers, waiting at the station to watch the start of this race with Death, said it would take till a week from the next Saturday to get the serum to Nome. There had been several deaths in Nome already, so they understood from messages that had gone over the wires. Many people could die in ten days! But Bill Shannon, cracking his whip over the heads of his dogs, said he'd make his sixty miles to Tolovana in one mush.

"Be there in the morning!" he shouted. "Mush on, boys! Haw!" A little cloud of snow flurried up behind the sledge, and Bill Shannon disappeared into the blackness.

At eleven next morning, he pulled up the last slope into Tolovana. The townspeople gasped. Fourteen hours from Nenana. Good going, that! Never better! But there was no time to be lost in wondering. Here was Bill Shannon before the post office, the hood of his fur shirt thrown back, his bronzed face intent on the job of unlashing the box of serum. No time to waste in getting it on to Jim Kalland's sledge, waiting there, his dogs nipping and growling at each other in the frosty air.

The bundle was on, lashed into place. Jim Kalland pulled on his fur gloves, pulled up the fur hood round his face.

"Hot Springs by eight to-night," he shouted, as his long whip cracked, and he disappeared with his dogs into the white distance. On went the serum into the cold North. All day the dogs pressed forward, their breath forming a streak of silvery mist above them as they put mile after mile of trail behind.

That night darkness and furious cold enveloped Hot Springs. At the Signal Corps office, a group of men waited, anxiously discussing the news that had come over the wires from Nome. Dr. Welch, the only doctor in the town, was getting worn out. He was working day and night. So was Miss Emily Morgan, the Red Cross Nurse at the head of the hospital. Would the serum get there in time?

A shuffling on the porch, and the door opened. Out of the blackness strode Jim Kalland, his face hidden under a mask of ice. It was Wednesday night. The serum had gone one hundred and twenty-five miles of the six hundred and fifty that separated Nome from Nenana.

Not a moment was wasted. The precious package was caught from Kalland's sledge, and Titus Nicholai and his partner were off into the darkness at full speed. Down the frozen surface of the Tanana River the dogs ran. Before light they had gained the upper reaches of the Yukon. Swinging left, they followed its frozen surface to the southwest. Thursday night, and the two teams pulled into Ruby, three hundred and fifty miles from Nenana.

Just three minutes it took, that night in Ruby, to give over the serum to Tom Green, who waited with

his team of Alaskan wolves, their great jaws open, showing their long, pink tongues; for Alaskan wolves run with their mouths open. It was fifty below zero along the Yukon when the wolves dashed out into the blackness of the night.

"We'll keep going night and day," said Green as he left.

And keep going he did. Hour after hour the wolves ran forward, from the dark of the morning, through the short span of Alaskan daylight, into the dark of afternoon, and again far into the black of night. On, on they went, carrying the life-giving serum through the vast snow blanket that stilled into a deathly quiet the frozen valley of the Yukon. By Friday afternoon, Tom Green and his wolves pulled the chance for life into Kaltag.

At Kaltag, John Folger carried on. With the serum lashed tight on his sledge, he turned his dogs' noses up from the valley of the Yukon. Slowly they pulled their load up the hills west toward Norton Sound. Somewhere on the shores, where the ice was breaking up and drifting out to sea, Sepalla was waiting to take the serum across the most dangerous stage of its journey. The arctic night closed down, and John Folger pressed on along the trail that wound among the hills.

In the town where Folger rested for half an hour and fed his dogs he found the news that things were getting bad at Nome. Five people had died. Twenty-two more had the disease. Thirty others were suspected of having it. And the only cure lay there,

on his sledge. . . . A great storm was brewing in the west. Did he think he'd make it, they asked him.

For answer he cracked his long whip, and the dogs dashed forward toward where the white snow cut across the blackening sky on the horizon. If the serum did not get across Norton Sound before the threatening storm burst, Folger knew it might never reach Nome.

It was dark when he reached Unalakleet, by the sea on Norton Sound. At the post office he turned over his bundle to Eskimo Pete. Leonard Sepalla was waiting higher up, Pete said, at Shaktolik by the shore of the Sound. The ice was cracking in the bay, people said, and it would not be safe to cross, but the way around the shore would add a hundred miles to the trail. And they must get to the western shore before the fury of the storm hit them. Would Sepalla cross, they asked? Eskimo Pete said nothing, but loaded on his bundle and started northward into the night.

Saturday morning the serum reached Leonard Sepalla at Shaktolik — Sepalla, the champion dog-driver of the North, with his twenty Siberian huskies, unbeaten, unbeatable. For twenty-four hours Sepalla had waited, watching the ice as it cracked and floated in the Sound. Everyone had told him that it was too dangerous to cross. Over the wires came advice from the other shore, telling him to go round. But going round meant that hundred extra miles, in the face of a blizzard that would rage to-morrow. Sepalla did not say what he would do. He cracked his thirty

feet of caribou hide over the Siberians and was gone.

Late Saturday afternoon, in the glowering darkness, in the teeth of a gathering gale, Sepalla turned westward, down the bank and out on the ice of Norton Sound. Between the blizzard and the moving ice pack he had made his choice. All night he and his Siberians battled in the blackness with the treacherous ice. . . .

Sunday morning Sepalla, stumbling along on foot beside his tired dogs, staggered into Golovin on the Nome side of Norton Sound. He gave over his precious load to Musher Olsen. Sepalla had crossed the Sound, he said. That was all. After he had made his dogs comfortable, they let him go to sleep.

On into the blizzard marched Olsen. Drifting snow, like prickling needles, burned his face as he struggled on behind his dogs. Sunday! He thought of the people at home in Nome, praying that the precious serum might come through in safety. He thought of Gunnar Kasson waiting at Bluff to take the package on, and of Ed Rohn waiting still farther along at the camp of Safety. Safety! Nothing was safe in this weather! The wind, swooping at eighty miles an hour down from the mountain tops, battered against the man and dogs and the cold stung them. He must get to Bluff that night. He *must* get there! The night closed in about him. . . . On. . . . On, into the dark and the stinging snow. . . .

Bluff — with the temperature at thirty below zero, and the wind still coming at eighty miles an hour!

Swirling, biting snow! Through it a dim, rosy light from a lamp in a window. Outside the window, Kasson's big team of Siberians, with Balto, the best single leader of all the Northland, at their heads. Balto, who led Kasson's team to victory in the Moose Race in 1915; Balto, who took Roald Amundsen north on his dash for the pole. There, in the middle of the blizzard, head up, eyes sparkling, stood Balto, ready to lead the last lap of the race with death. Olsen, weary, cold, exhausted, stumbled up to the little patch of light, and handed over his bundle to Gunnar Kasson. Only fifty-three miles now to Nome!

Out into the night, out into the teeth of the screaming blizzard, went Gunnar Kasson. He could not see the trail. He could not even see his dogs. But Balto, off ahead somewhere in the swirling, snowy darkness, knew his way. Kasson trusted to him. He knew that if he gave Balto his head,[1] Balto would take him home. With the sure instinct of all his wild ancestors, Balto plunged ahead into blackness. . . .

At Nome, that stormy Sunday, the people's hearts ached. Twenty-nine townsfolk had fallen ill, and more than a hundred were suspected of having diphtheria. Dr. Welch went on about his work, day and night, but his strength, they knew, could not last forever. Miss Morgan and the three other nurses were fighting bravely. The blizzard had broken the telegraph wires, but before they broke, Ed Rohn, waiting at the town of Safety, reported that the serum had

[1] Allowed the dog to lead without rein.

not come. What if it had been lost in the storm? That Sunday night the people of Nome went to bed with weary hearts.

At the hospital, white under its pall of snow, shone lights. Among the beds the nurses moved quietly, tending the sick. They did not see the shadowy row of forms that dragged themselves up the street outside and stopped under the hospital windows. Someone called. The nurses rushed to the windows. Ah, it was a dog team! Four of the dogs had frozen feet and limped badly. The nurses scraped the frost from the windowpane, and peered out.

"Ed Rohn!" said one. "The serum!"

"No, Kasson. Gunnar Kasson! That is Balto, the big black dog ahead. Poor Balto! He looks dead tired! He must have brought the serum all the fifty-three miles from Bluff. Five and a half days from Nenana — think of it! The fastest it has ever been done is nine. . . ."

Outside, in the snow, Gunnar Kasson bent over his dogs, feeling of their legs. It had been a bad night. Four of the team had been frostbitten, and Balto, even Balto, was suffering from the strain. He lay in the snow and looked up, panting, at his master. From the sledge the people at the hospital were eagerly unloading the serum that was to bring health and life back to the people of Nome. The race with Death was won!

If you asked them how they did it, those mushers of the Northwest, perhaps they would all tell you, as Kasson told the people next morning, that it was the dogs, or the other fellow down the line.

"It was Balto that did it," said Kasson. "I could n't see the trail. Many times I could n't even see my dogs, so blinding was the gale. I gave Balto his head and trusted to him. He never once faltered. Balto led the way. The credit is his."

So they crossed those six hundred and fifty miles of snow and ice, those dogs who knew the way, and those drivers who, like their dogs, never once faltered.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — So does the Conquest go on forever, each man doing the day's work for to-day, bequeathing the unfinished task to the next in line. From one generation to another the spirit of conquest passes in the Great Relay.

And some will ride with lance and shield, like Sir Galahad and the Maid of France. Some will win, like Peary, and some will go to a great defeat, like Scott and Nathan Hale. There will be poets like Alan Seeger, who can sing a thought so beautiful that it lifts the heart; for those who bring joy and beauty ride with the Conquerors. Some will overcome evil in themselves, or gain victory by yielding to others. Illness and misery and ignorance fly before the undaunted will; Roosevelt and Stevenson won through in spite of physical handicaps. And at the last stand of the Utes a great man paused to give comfort to an enemy.

Many men who have left their gifts to the world are mentioned in our everyday speech. When we speak of watts and volts and amperes, we are commemorating Watt, the Scottish inventor, Volta, the Italian student of physics, and Ampère, the French scientist. They were all "fellows down the line," who passed their conquests on. Some of you will make your names shine through the centuries; some may be remembered in a household word. The memory of others will be written only in the hearts of those they love. But if these hearts reach out to still others, who can say to what wondrous heights common deeds may climb? Every conqueror leaves a spiritual heritage.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE diacritical (distinguishing) marks employed are those used in the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.

The principal accent is indicated by a heavy mark (′), and the secondary accent by a lighter mark (′), at the end of the syllable. Syllable division is indicated by a light hyphen, except where this is replaced by an accent mark, or by a heavier hyphen used to join the members of words written with a hyphen.

ā as in fāte
å as in senȧte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
a̋ as in finăl
ä as in fäther
å as in åsk
ȧ as in ȧbound

ē as in ēve
e̊ as in e̊vent
ĕ as in ĕnd
e̋ as in recĕnt
ē as in evēr

ī as in īce
i̊ as in admi̊t

ō as in ōld
o̊ as in o̊bey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ as in fŏrest
ő as in cŏnnect
o̊ as in so̊ft

oi as in noisy
o͞o as in mo͞on
o͝o as in wo͝ol
ou as in out

ū as in ūse
ů as in ůnite
û as in fûrl
ŭ as in ŭp
ű as in circűs

ĸ for ch, as in German *ach*
ŋ like ng
ɴ French nasal tone, as in *bon* (bôɴ)
th as in thin
t̶h̶ as in then
' as in pardon (pär'd'n)

VOCABULARY

Amazon (ăm′*ȧ*-zŏn), in mythology, one of a nation of women warriors with whom the Greeks often fought.

Ampère (äɴ′pâr′), André Marie, a French scientist (1775–1836). The unit of electrical current called an ampère (ăm-pâr′) was named for him.

Amundsen (ä′mŭn-sĕn), Roald, the Norwegian discoverer of the South Pole (1872–).

Anchorage (ăŋ′kēr-ăj), a town in Southern Alaska at the head of Cook Inlet.

Arbois (ȧr′bwä′), a manufacturing town in France.

Ascutney (ăs-kŭt′nĭ), a mountain in Vermont, 3320 feet high.

Bach (bäĸ), Johann Sebastian, a German composer and musician (1685–1750).

Blake, William, an English artist and poet (1757–1827).

Buenos Aires (bwā′nōs ī′rās), the capital of Argentina.

caddis (kăd′ĭs), a caddis worm, which is the aquatic larva of a four-winged insect called the caddis fly. Caddis worms live in, and drag about, a silken case covered with bits of shell, gravel, and the like.

Cagni (kän′yē), Umberto (o͞om-bĕr′tō), an Italian arctic explorer who sought the Pole by way of Franz Josef Land in 1900.

Carcassonne (kȧr′kȧ′sôn′), a city in Southern France.

caste (kȧst), one of the classes into which the natives of India are divided; hence, any similar division or class.

chelonian (kē-lō′nĭ-ăn), a tortoise or turtle.

concerto (kŏn-chĕr′tō), a musical composition in which the part of one instrument (or, sometimes, more than one) stands out in bold relief.

Cornell (kŏr-nĕl′) **University,** an institution of learning situated at Ithaca, New York, founded by Ezra Cornell.

Cromwell (krŏm′wĕl), Oliver (1599–1658), the English general and statesman who was Lord Protector of the Commonwealth after the Civil War in England.

De Long (dē lŏng′), George Washington, an American arctic explorer (1844–1881).

delphinium (dĕl-fĭn′ĭ-ŭm), a genus of plants with handsome flowers of irregular form, comprising the common larkspur and many other species.

droshky (drŏsh′kĭ), a low, four-wheeled, open carriage, used in Russia, in which the passengers ride as on a saddle.

Emerson (ĕm′ẽr-sŭn), Ralph Waldo, an American essayist, poet, and philosopher (1803–1882).

Erebus (ĕr′ē-bŭs), **Mount,** a volcano on an island near the Antarctic continent, 13,370 feet high.

Exmoor (ĕks′mo͝or), a tract of moorland in Somersetshire, England.

Faneuil Hall (făn′′l; făn′yĕl; fŭn′′l; *the last is the oldest pronunciation, still often heard; the others are due to the influence of the spelling*), a market building containing a public hall in Boston, Massachusetts. In it were held the meetings of the Revolutionary patriots in Massachusetts (whence its name, the "Cradle of Liberty").

Francesco (frän-chās′kō), Italian form of the name Francis.

Francis (frăn′sĭs), or **Francis of Assisi** (äs-sē′zē), Saint, an Italian friar; founder of the Order of Franciscans (1182–1226).

Francis de Sales (dē sālz), Saint, a bishop of Geneva and one of the founders of the Order of the Visitation (1567–1622).

Franklin, Sir John, an English arctic explorer (1786–1847).

fraternize (frăt′ẽr-nīz), to associate; or to bring into fellowship as brothers.

Galápagos (gä-lä′pä-gōs) **Islands,** a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean on the equator. They have an area of 2951 square miles, and belong to Ecuador.

galaxy (găl′ăk-sĭ), the Milky Way; therefore, an assemblage of brilliant or noted persons or things.

Giotto (jôt′tō), a Florentine painter and architect (1276?–1337?).

Goethe (gû′tē), Johann Wolfgang von, a German author (1749–1832).

Greely (grē′lĭ), Adolphus Washington, an American soldier and arctic explorer (1844–).

grouper (gro͞op′ẽr), any of numerous carnivorous fishes of warm seas, belonging to the same family as the black sea bass.

guerilla (gĕ-rĭl′*ȧ*), an irregular war waged by independent bands; also, one who carries on such warfare, especially a member of a band of raiders in war time.

gunwale (gŭn′ĕl), the upper edge of a vessel's or boat's side.

Haakon (hô′kŏn) **VII,** the king of Norway since 1905 (1872–).

Hale, Edward Everett, an American clergyman and author (1822–1909).

Hale, Captain Nathan (1755–1776), an American patriot; executed as a spy.

haulm (hôm), stems or stalks, as of cereals; straw or litter.

igloo (ĭg′lo͞o), an Eskimo hut, often made of snow blocks.

James, William, an American philosopher and psychologist, or man versed in the science of the mind (1842–1910).

jongleur (zhôN′glûr′), in the Middle Ages in France and Norman England, a wandering minstrel who recited or sang verses at courts and elsewhere.

jura (jo͞o′r*ȧ*), a mountain range, lying for the most part between France and Switzerland.

Kane, Elisha Kent, an American arctic explorer (1820–1857).

kayak (kī′ăk), an Eskimo canoe, usually of sealskin with a covering to lace about the paddler.

lampas (lăm′păs), in horses, a congestion of the mucous membrane of the hard palate.

lave (lāv), the remainder, the rest. (An old word, seldom used except in Scotch or in English dialect.)

Leclerc (lē klĕr′), Victor Emmanuel, a French general, brother-in-law of Napoleon Bonaparte (1772–1802).

lee (lē), the side protected from the wind.

Leicester (lĕs′tēr), a city in England.

Lister (lĭs′tēr), Sir Joseph, an English surgeon (1827–1912).

Long Parliament, the Parliament which carried on the Civil War in England in the days of Cromwell and the Puritans; called "Long" because it lasted for twenty years.

MacMonnies (măk-mŭn′ĭz), Frederick William, an American sculptor (1863–).

mallard (măl′*ȧ*rd), the male of a common duck.

mantelet (măn′t'l-ĕt), a movable shelter used by besiegers.

Marcus Aurelius (mär′kŭs ô-rē′lĭ-ŭs); full name Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (ăn′tō-nī′nŭs), a Roman emperor and philosopher (121–180).

medusa (mē-dū′sȧ), a jelly fish.

Mendelssohn (měn′dĕl-sōn), Moses, a German Jewish philosopher (1729–1786).

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (měn′dĕl-sōn-bär′tōl′dē′), Jakob Ludwig Felix, a German Jewish composer, familiarly called Mendelssohn (1809–1847). The name Bartholdy comes from his mother's family.

Michelangelo (mī′kĕl-ăn′jē-lō) **Buonarroti** (Italian pronunciation, mē′kĕl-än′jȧ-lō bwô′när-rô′tē), an Italian painter, sculptor, and architect (1475–1564).

Miller, Joaquin (wä-kēn′), pen name of Cincinnatus Heine Miller, an American poet (1841–1913).

Minnesinger (mĭn′ē-sĭng′ēr), one of a class of German poets and musicians, usually of noble birth, who sang of love and beauty, often appearing in poetical contests at court.

Monticello (mŏn′tē-sĕl′ō; -chĕl′ō), the residence of Thomas Jefferson, near Charlottesville, Virginia.

Morgan (môr′găn), one of a celebrated American strain of horses which originated in Vermont; named after Justin Morgan, a horse breeder.

mouch (mo͞och), to skulk or sneak about.

Munich (mū′nĭk), the capital of Bavaria, Germany, on the Isar (ē′zär) River.

Nansen (năn′sĕn), Fridtjof, a Norwegian arctic explorer, naturalist, and author (1861–).

Napoleon (nȧ-pō′lē-ŏn) **I,** Napoleon Bonaparte, the great general who became emperor of France (1769–1821).

Narborough (när′bŭr-ō), one of the Galápagos Islands.

Nome (nōm), a mining town in Western Alaska, near Cape Nome.

nomenclature (nō′mĕn-klā-tūr), the system of names used in any science or art.

oratorio (ŏr′ȧ-tō′rĭ-ō), a dramatic text or poem set to music for voices, with orchestral accompaniment, but without action, scenery, or costume.

overtone (ō′vĕr-tōn), a note heard with and above a fundamental tone.

Oyster Bay, a village in the northwestern part of Long Island, the home of Theodore Roosevelt.

parabola (pȧ-răb′ô-lȧ), a certain geometric figure much used in science.

Parry (păr′ĭ), Sir William Edward, an English arctic navigator (1790–1855).

Pasteur (pȧs′tûr′), Louis, a French chemist (1822–1895).

Peary (pē′rĭ), Robert Edwin (1856–1920), an American naval officer, and the discoverer of the North Pole.

Perugia (pā-rōō′jä), a city in Central Italy.

Philharmonic (fĭl′här-mŏn′ĭk), the name of a musical society. *Philharmonic* means "loving harmony or music."

Phipps (fĭps), Constantine John, an English arctic explorer (1734–1792). He wrote a *Journal of a Voyage toward the North Pole.*

pileated (pī′lē-āt′ĕd), having a crest covering the *pileum* (pī′lē-ŭm), which is the top of the head of a bird from the bill to the nape. *Pileum* is a Latin word meaning "cap."

piscator (pĭs-kā′tŏr), a fisherman, an angler. (A Latin word.)

poddling (pŏd′lĭng), waddling. (This is a word used in English dialect.)

polloi (pŏ-loi′), from the Greek phrase, *hoi polloi* (hoi′ pŏ-loi′), meaning "the many," or "the masses"; often used to mean "the common people."

port, the left side of a vessel looking from stern to bow.

Portiuncula (pōr′tĭ-ŭŋ′kû-lȧ), one of the three churches at Assisi, in Italy, repaired by Saint Francis.

provost (prō′vō), a superintendent or official head.

provost marshal (prō′vō mär′shăl), a military or naval officer appointed as a head of the police.

quartet (kwôr-tĕt′), a composition in four parts, each for a single performer.

reincarnation (rē′ĭn-kär-nā′shŭn), a new embodiment; a rebirth of the soul in another body.

rendezvous (räN′dĕ-vōō), a meeting by appointment.

Richter (rĭK′tĕr), Jean Paul Friedrich, the German humorist known as "Jean Paul" (1763–1825).

sargassum (sär-găs′ŭm), an olive-brown seaweed with berrylike air vessels, widely distributed in the warmer parts of the Atlantic, especially in the Sargasso Sea.

sea lion, any of several large seals of the Pacific; the largest reaches a length of about twelve feet.

Shackleton (shăk″l-tŭn), Sir Ernest Henry, a British antarctic explorer (1874–1922).

sheet, a rope or chain which regulates the angle at which a sail is set.

shrapnel (shrăp′nĕl), an explosive shell used in warfare.

sinister (sĭn′ĭs-tēr), indicating lurking evil or harm.

slew (slōō), to turn about a fixed point; to twist.

"sockeye" salmon, the blueback salmon.

Sorbonne (sôr-bŏn′), the seat of the public courses of the faculties of science and letters of the University of Paris.

Spartan mother, a mother who, like the women of ancient Sparta, uses rigorous discipline to make her children hardy and valorous.

Spitzbergen (spĭts′bûr′gĕn), an archipelago in the Arctic Ocean, north of, and belonging to, Norway.

St. Vrain, a river in Colorado.

symphony (sĭm′fô-nĭ), an instrumental composition for a full orchestra, having three or four movements or divisions which are contrasted in rhythm.

Tanana (tä′nä-nä′), a river in Alaska, flowing into the Yukon.

Terra Nova (tĕr′rä nō′vä), the name of the ship used by Scott, the explorer. It means "new land."

terrestrial (tĕ-rĕs′trĭ-ăl), earthly; consisting of land, in distinction from water.

Tewkesbury (tūks′bĕr-ĭ), a municipal borough in Gloucestershire, England.

Toulouse (tōō′lōōz′), a city in Southern France.

troubadour (trōō′bà-dōōr), one of a class of lyric poets who flourished in the south of France and in the north of Italy.

Umbrian (ŭm′brĭ-ăn), of or pertaining to Umbria, a division of Central Italy.

Vergil (vûr′jĭl), a Roman poet (70–19 B.C.).

viator (vī-ā′tŏr), a traveler, wayfarer. (A Latin word.)

Volta (vôl′tä), Count Alessandro, an Italian scientist (1745–1827).

Watt (wŏt), James, a Scottish inventor (1736–1819).

Weimar (vī′mär), a city in Central Germany.

Whitman (hwĭt′măn), Walt, an American poet (1819–1892).

wolf tooth, a certain small molar, one or more of which are sometimes present in the mouth of a horse on each side in front of the normal grinders.

wrasse (răs), any of numerous edible sea-fishes, usually brightly colored.

Yeats (yāts), William Butler, an Irish author and poet (1865–).

Zelter (tsĕl′tĕr), Karl Friedrich, a German musical composer (1758–1832).